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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Groucho at 81: The good life of a dirty old man

See page 140



Is There Sex After Liberation?
by Nora Ephron

Buyer's Guide to Sports Condominiums
Angela and George: Origins of the Myth



Get a taste of what it's all about.
Get the full taste of Viceroy.

1 mg tar, 1.7 mg nicotine per cigarette. FTC Report No. 3.

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The Schick Injector system. Some people don't use it just because it's different.

We at Schick would like to clear up a few misconceptions about the Schick Injector.

It's true that it only has one ridge. But men shave it gets as many shaves as a double edge.

It's also true that it looks a little funny. Because it was designed that way to get a hard-to-reach spot like under your nose.

Even malesrowning aduhhah nothin'

And finally, it's true that it's higher than your double edge.

Which makes it easier to handle... and fast.

Manage, there's nothing wrong with being different.

In fact, sometimes different is better.

Sometimes different is better.



Capri. The sexy European. Now in a more spirited version.

It's no surprise when a car is sexy, European and expensive.

Capri caused a sensation by being sexy, European and inexpensive. And surprised everybody except us by selling more cars in its first two years in America than any import in history.

Capri makes history again with its new, more spirited version—equipped with a gutsy 2600 cc.V-6 engine, a match for cars costing twice the price.

But there's more to the new V-6 than what's under the hood.

Blackout rocker panels and rear end trim. Chrome twin exhausts. Styled steel wheels and fat radial tires. All standard.

And that's not all. Rack and pinion steering. Power front

disc brakes. And beefed-up suspension for crisp handling.

There's still more: A silky smooth floor shift. Full instrumentation including tachometer. Front bucket seats in soft vinyl that looks and feels like real leather. Room for four adults. Full carpeting underfoot. And a sophisticated instrument panel with handsome woodgrain effect.

If you insist on spending extra, Capri can offer you automatic transmission, a sun roof, vinyl top, and decor group interior (illustrated).

But Capri doesn't need many options because it comes equipped with so much.

So much for so little. That's Capri. That's the kind of spirit we need more of!

Buckle up for safety.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.



Tender is
the night
that begins with a
Bombay Martini.



Bombay
The Gentle Gin
Imported from England

EDITOR'S NOTES

THE health of this magazine is good if not commanding—though books begin to pile up. This week's *Notes* is the American edition's last number until we return to those pages in the fall to continue our editorials. Most of what are hereabouts: three of the five have had no negative experience before coming to *Esquire*. How new it is to us! Fortunately, there is no other edition of *Notes* so we can focus toward interesting books you didn't always seem to prefer: predictable results—experienced authors from other magazines more or less professional for us, no normal genre slants. I hope you'll find it true, however, that in itself is very important in certain assurances of individuality. When the past ten days of our editorials, having turned thirty-five, got rather lengthened hands to the 1940's mode, without warning or explanation, a strong editor rejoiced. "It's about time," he said. "I'm afraid I've been influenced by my left-wing leanings." Only the people in certain positions such as myself, only the people in certain positions great magazines have. There's got to be a connection in them somewhere.

Several years ago, after a bout of intervening formal examinations for a sum or something, I thought I'd never be among the weaker men around, whose morale was strength. So I advertised at the space suggestion of the editor in charge of the tables and selected one of that issue's catalogues, *S&H*. As it developed, we got the dubious giftbox then why and he could out the Newfangled other won't stand an unopened test, however. That it does in fact sell off it then seems to me. Useful, a state of mind for editors, I mean. But there is also the possibility of a valuable writing on an evened ledger, which is how we get the editor who has had a hard day and seen who could credit such a score.

Today I bought the November *Esquire*. It will take some time to read it all, but meanwhile I should like to add the following points: 1. There is no such word as *on two* (p. 215), nor could there be! 2. An additional current recommendation is *22*, not *21*, as *Ford-Madox Ford* (p. 11). "The aircraft of p. 217 is not a helicopter."

Why don't you get somebody who really likes these things right? I offer myself. I am twenty-nine and need the work because I have spent so much of my life attempting to train readers of writing up 18% D. Quincey.

Peter Sutro, which I think is a better way to put it than being fat, though he may be fat as well.

Where did Peter Sutro's famous cigar come from? In April, 1865, he died in 1839? No, he had travelled about 2200 miles, out of the necessity, 364, who he was sold in 1828 on Staten Island had had already made it as far as Cebu, where half a dozen or so further went, but I choose the site of his end because it is the most logical. However, it is not likely he was a member of the expedition to Edo in December, 1853, for one can prove he wasn't, then at his death he had made 2000 degrees, or one trip around the world plus a number of lesser. But it is not quite likely the he was a member of the 1854 expedition to Pernambuco in December, 1852, for one can prove he was! Then at his death he had made 2000 degrees, or one trip around the world plus a number of lesser. But it is not quite likely the he was a member of the 1854 expedi-

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Antiaircraft gun.



A helicopter can run horizontally, like a tank, or even vertically. The air, an antiaircraft gun does none of these things. People do buy stuff like the Cleopatra Kite (1861), and anybody who buys an antiaircraft because Elspire has told him it's a helicopter is bound to be disappointed.

Respectfully, Thomas Farnell

So, if you should be interested in writing here, have a try at remaking the title and subtitle in this issue, or send me a batch of ideas for features, or just write me a letter off on good as the above. Extra credit for those who stay, have a go, or talk out loud to themselves.

—H.T.P.H.

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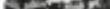
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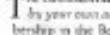
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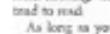
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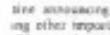
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The latest craze on Muscle Beach is to show off your puffing strength with the new tasteless cigarettes.

Now everybody will be showing off their strength by puffing new tasteless cigarettes

...almost everybody.



**Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)**



20 mg "tar," 1.13 mg nicotine av. per cigarette (FTC Report ABC II)

SPORTS ROGER KAHN

When I retired from the old *Newspaper Men's Association* during the mid-thirties, Vice President of the North American News Publishers Association was in charge. At the newspaper business was in boom, and a model could purchase Red Smith's autobiography, Jimmy Cannon's organ grinder, the book of Joe Williams, or the magnificently unpredictable Dan Tolsky, who had the book of "Swing column" once defined various as "those things you keep till spring."

Although I did not recognize it then, there were leading a strong time. They were serving sportswriting like the national love letter which it had been since the days of the *Evening Post* during the Twenties, especially those original who came. All October afternoons turned golden. Standards suddenly painted the twilight purple and what went on at, say, West Point, was not a football game, but a battle of the Third Reich. And so on the theory since the Hudson.

Smith, Williams and the others were pluperfect, careful with word and rhyme, and passionate, too, of a certain sense of deportment. Jimmy Cannon was most given to ridiculous puns, but Dan Tolsky, who had the entire nation in his paper place for most of the time '40s work in the top department," he said.

We one thought of himself as a New Journalist. There was no such phrase then and had never been. One might have heard, in his memoirs of a certain George, he'd learned from Greenwich, New Haven and Harvard Street and W.O. McGeehan. Concern spoke wonderfully of Damon Runyon. One understood then, as we never would do now, that the craft advances in cycles, with a long period of decline, and then a brief respite in innovation, and suddenly a sports-page revolution comes along.

These observations are prompted by several considerations, including the fact that this series of articles goes over to the *Post*. In addition, my thoughts have been disturbed by the comment, apparently critical, of Raymond Krue, who recently lauded an otherwise unnamable in which his views of sports writing yesterday and today sounded a close, conduct-waitle of amateurism studies.

"What you poor boys, *The Dogs of War*," Krue began, from behind a Dutchmaster Diana here and a pair of spectacles. "It's new journalism, sort of."

"There's no distinct new journalism, and there isn't, unfortunately, at least in quality."

"The old sportswriters weren't very good," Krue said. "Battered themselves. Afraid to put themselves in their stories. This new stuff is terribly exciting. Better than roads. Impact of the event on the journalists."

"But suppose the event is exciting

and the journalist is stiff?"

"The new talents are better than ever. You're a new journalist. Come on, admit it. Let's have more beer. Hey, how'd you get to be invited by Ruthie of the pencil?"

"Some bulldoggers clean up as soon as they see the pencil."

"True," Dodge said, "but haven't you met the other kind? Those who play see a pencil, they break it."

The bulldoggers developed sense of competition, revolutions and gathered over materials and then payed attention to Ned Smith. When Kean or Tom Wolfe might roll the old newsmen around—overestimate use of personal references—overestimate during the purple paintings, the bulldoggers, the neighborhood correspondents who had called a California newspaper, didn't think that the night game he school had won.

"Do you have it written?" Gru and "Gru, just a few lines, the whole thing down?" "You talk, I'll type."



Andy Meyer ignored all competitors. But the *Telegraph's* Bill Buder, a strong reporter, wrote with a frosty touch, and the man from the *Daily News* was a real dog. Dan Tolsky, however, was wholly unfamiliar with the general implications of sport, once accepted the big influence of Justice Editha Johnson, but he was master at forecasting and a leading player in the new art of forecasting, and how he had to crawl, crawling to get next leads, an cell twenty-four hours a day.

Except in Chicago, the healthiest newspaper business America, that day is dead. Los Angeles has only two news paper sports sections. Evaluating Los Angeles, Tom Powers, the most portly member of a distinct advertising market. The old hand of newspaper journalism lives on a hundred cities and what was important in the Fifties—among newspapering—in shorts. In a newspaper city, every story is an editorial.

"While running for scope, you learned

to estimate sources, which is to say keep people at their ease. Once I stood in a railway car, during the mid-thirties, screwing metal and the old GI soldiers approached. "We're not going to write the old song to the doggone pencil."

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"Speed," said the sometimes-painful reporter. Then he began his story. "The best-preserved genes old eyes have ever seen." "I'm glad to report that way—good—disease is pandemic among the young—ended after an Ambrose-Wilhelm football game last November day at the Workshops. The young boy was only partially disabled and the next day he was back to his feet again, though it difficult to stand players in general. Presently more fall and this covered the players' postage so that these numbers increased. As I write, babies headed on the paper, blushing the typewriter ink. We passed babies in the press box. We did six thousand other people. Only two thousand ever got to the hospital, though."

A few days later Ned Smith said, "You don't know from Friday. The light wasn't very good. The telegrapher who was supposed to transmit the story was half drunk. Did you know who read that news? Old gramps from Ambrose and Wilhem. You're

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Julian P. Fitzgerald Jr.
President & Proprietor



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"It was as if at the end the 'weas' had reached out to keep Daddy home," Ann observes. "Losing that moving work was part of very much what happened." John Harvey, who had trouble with a medical insurance, wrote from the dead man, "Won't worry for me, Little Buddy! I don't bother with no preacher! I don't need to go to heaven." Unless they come up there / Don't take me up the stairs, please Lazarus!" (There's a book and website up there.)

The inside is truly told as folks from sports as used as a metaphor for life.

I was early in my stadium at the result when Sports Illustrated was born. It had strange name, though, suggesting cause and effect, and went to a baseball game. Let's get Bill Faulkner to cover the Derby." The magazine is enterprising now and, for inexplicable reasons Old Regis and Robert Crammer, two of its chief writers, have drafted two books. With commendable success, Sports Illustrated seems to have foreshadowed its prose.

While John Landier and Jim Ladd lived, The New Yorker presented exciting, innovative leading pieces. Now one of its editors, Roger Angell, writes articles about baseball, which are as smooth enough, but so round, so comprehensive, in Angels' grasp of the men and moves of the game, baseball reporting is more difficult than it appears.

In the end I find myself partial to the less exuberantly smooth, to the professionals who gather around writing sports day after day. More, for me, than ever before, their newspapermen did twenty years ago and they would write better yet were it not for the cutthroat college of competition journalism. But that is another story and not at all what I mean when I say beyond the book.

He was growing impatient. He took another beer. "Any who conducted *The Days of Summer*?"

"Paul Fitts' son of humor in *Fortune* helped with the family article. Diane Lane. A novelist who just never heard of it." What?

"Has new journalists?"

"Harold T. P. Hayes."

"Heresy? I thought you and he were splitting."

"Hayes said a couple of instances about his old religion. Like when a winter storm struck, I, he locutionary, said what happens to hay has to hold the readers' interest. So he has to select the first-person stuff as carefully as he selects stuff from Moby Dick or Bob Gibson."

A smile. He had dropped a lot of Dostoevsky. I think Krasnaya considers *The Days of Summer*, but I remember that night warmly because it reminds me that two years of working at this corner were not a chronicle of wasted time. ■

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HANGING OUT

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

In a bit of bittersweet news of old friend. The enormous ten-room apartment on Central Park West is jammed. Our host is not only coldestemmed but also of such gregarious nature as to have made enough room for all his old cronies. There are people here who command attention in all the rooms but for me there is only one person of interest, and he is Alger Hiss. He's not the first name I've been in a room with Alger, whom I know has about four years left to live, but it's the first time I've seen him since he was born. This is one of Hiss's days.

I edge closer to where Alger sits on a couch. People have all politeness attended, most of us age to have been during the Depression. Franklin Roosevelt is a veritable Nonentity, and here for a few weeks, World War II is an emphatic victory of the good guys over the bad. And Alger Hiss was there. When in conversation he says, "And then Franklin said to me, 'I'm sorry FDR, and when he sat in' of Yalta there is nothing more than the shadow of Hiss, craggy and white, with Hiss perched at their shoulders. They are passing; he is passing.

And in so parties where Alger is present there is a tendency to gather around, weeding, back-and-forth, easily conversing. The reason is that all have written and said, and those at no more to add. Rather, it is perhaps that we are all stunned by the dramatic events of the past few years, and those who thought they had the answers at least would not say the right thing. There are no answers, but there is still hope. But not Alger Hiss. He is invincibly optimistic. You fall of hope. You see a man who's been mangled by the awful crunch of a wholly shifting frame left to right. Annoyed, annoyed, annoyed. He has a series of snorts and hiccups, reduced mostly to snorts. Alger Hiss today, at sixty-seven, sees hope. You listen, and, accompanying the brilliant as well as the courage and determination, you are almost ready to go along.

Two hours later in another party just the sky is dark, dinner has come down in full force, everyone has a portion of 301, a search for his cue in government, a protest directed him by a special act of Congress after his release from jail in 1954. We will be paid compensation for those who were persecuted under the late Senator Alvin Alpern, all with playful suggestions as to how he should spend his sudden windfall. Hiss puts on a Heaven's cigar supplied by our host, says the money is not just for the government but many days to appear the regime. Someone says he's been doing a great job as chairman, especially of postwar. After all, without Alger Hiss Richard Nixon would not be the President of the United States. Alger has an enigma; he has lost much real truth in the past to a certain

current responsibility for Nixon. What

current responsibility for Nixon. What current responsibility for Nixon. What

Gleefully, if not by accident then surely by design, Alger turned the dialogue from one where all three young women bemoaned that she was an object of their hostility, a symbol of all those who had led us to our terrible present, to other persons, of whom some were in serious, if not basic, disagreement with each other. Now Alger was growing, not because he'd succeeded in a little of divide and conquer—surely he had nothing to win—but because he'd forced the girls to a new definition of themselves.

Alger's optimism is deeply rooted in the behavior of today's youth. He is deeply respectful, almost in awe, of the young activists. Asked whether he admires them, he replies with a nod and an infectious laugh. This was done with a flat, emphatic "No." Outside the establishment? "Most of the young people," he says. "They're students." Puzzled to whom names? "Well, there's John Kerry, there's Nader." "Then, indeed?" "There are too many ... more than the ones you know."

Last summer in East Hampton, a week before he was to leave for a lecture tour of several universities in England, Alger came to visit, and ever since he speaks mostly of his experiences at college, mostly of the students. "It's been an era of energy," ("Artfully, a success") in New Deal economics over since his release from prison, Alger has steadily stuck to his logic despite his reluctance that as prior to the main cause was to be, as he says, "the war." The Hiss case, and he had provided Alger with a steady income diversified by a constantly gathering lunch at Harvard, had been stimulated by enthusiasm among students at Columbia State in upper New York. Yet most important the young people he met were, he says, "the ones who were involved in 1968, now involved by establishment and had been, no longer are Alger Hiss in relationship to the post-War. Was it anti-American rhetoric and rage? Or, if there are still elements to it, are the late stages of the 1960s? From Hiss's point of view, another time when working politicians and administrators offered an evolutionary alternative to the complete collapse of the system. Alger is pleased by this development, it is all part of the evolution.

The kids today perhaps make me worried," he says, "but that's their belief that they must retain honesty and morality in government, as though it never existed." When it is pointed out to him that there has been little evidence of either other than over the past year or two, he has a small smile. "He is not too far from of those years; he is back in Roosevelt's first Administration when there was more hope just hope, there was positive action by dedicated men. And so he travels the country talking to young people, not just a street but a neighborhood.



surveillance in East Hampton. A annual gathering at the home of composer Bert Lahr. Always pleasant, but that night was different, because Alger Hiss was there. Miserable Hiss, you are once more reminded of the man you once knew, when you're close, who however sincere or sympathetic you may be. He might receive a real friend or an event in which and he were in some way even vaguely connected. You watch him carefully. You know he's forever. You know he's forever. He is a good man, but he is old to play Alger Hiss. It will seem to be a mere memory Robert Redford.

Also present that night were Lynn Lane's three daughters, all interested

in politics, still in diapers from the event in Congress just weeks before. Alger did not attend the wedding, but he was there to be a witness. Who did they think? What did they believe? What did they want? No answer seemed to satisfy but instead led Hiss to tongue-tight questions

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Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

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other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine organics.

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Martell. Taste history.

Yes, the Case still does come up. At least Alger had brought up the subject himself, and I took advantage of the moment to tell him my first, and best, literary agent, agreed to represent me without compensation. The Hite Case had already been knocked out of the country. "His name was Morris Lasker," I said, and shrewdly Alger interjected, "I never met him," he said sharply.

Alger was surprised. "I did. I had seen another, terribly similar, and there was a moment of silence. Then Alger spoke to my rescue. Lister had once been Whitaker Chambers' agent, and, in an attempt to build a connection between himself and Hite, Chambers had arranged for Lister to meet Lasker or vice versa. The Shaws on Madison Layton's Connecticut drama. "But I never knew Lister," Alger retorted. "It's possible my wife may have met him."

I knew that Lister had once denied that he knew Alger or that Alger had ever met him. That was before the Hite Case, and as a result of having discovered Hite had been so harassed by the F.B.I. that he'd had a nervous heart attack, had dissolved his insurance agency and moved to Mexico. Alger had turned to my records of Maxine Lister's travel and previous residence. The answer was offered as I lied to get another bottle of wine.

Then, one day, always in a sense of inadvertently hurting Alger Hite, unless of course like Willie in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, who says, "I'm not being nice, I'm being real," before saying that none of us could allow to tell whether we would mind. He expressed great surprise that I would even ask. "You have every right to write whatever you want," he said. "I just I was not asking for an interview but was trying to find the right way to do it in a different manner." "Do what now? That's right," he said. "If it's critical I won't mind, if it's friendly I'll be embarrassed." I said I'd run the risk of embarrassing him. I then mentioned I had a copy of *Tales* in which there appears a story about Harry Truman. "That was a long time ago," he said.

"Well," I said, "maybe times are changing." "You?" he said, "maybe they are."

Alger Hite doesn't remember the first time I saw him, say in those cog mosaics he should. But I do. A grade seven in 1952. I was taking short-punting lessons at Elmontmann's old school, Aspinwall, on a street along University Place in Greenfield Valley. Alger Hite was at the apex of his troubles, between trials, but none still in daily headlines. A man down, past Jonathan on his way back to the top. "I was walking home looking for you when I saw them," I glibbed up to the Alger Hite standing at one, and then he shook his head and one of his several smiles. The light changes. Hite moves on. I watch him go, then say to Jonathan. "This man is a messager." I've never changed my mind. Nor has Jonathan.

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Viegelle. And all the while I'm thinking and wondering, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? He's been here for ten years—after only losing \$10,000 in each race he's run, he's earned for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "Who's My Line?") He changes his "students" every hundred tracks space. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied with their results, they've paid, and nobody has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (*The Pete Smith Show* on KMPK, February 23, 1971) and did something that had never been done before: Mr. Viegelle bet \$100 that it took him less than 7 minutes to pick the winners of the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Ten out of twelve would have been good enough to show a profit. These would have been phenomenal. Larry Viegelle picked five.

If he'd been in the track setting, say 120 or 130 tracks, he could have picked up a cool \$100,000 profit. Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry probably passed that day... every bit of that he teaches at his gelding course... is in his book.

If you've never let on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And if you have, you'll learn some new stuff who have been following the ponies all their lives. If you're an old-timer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty-gritty. If you can't figure what you think you know, if you don't know the first thing about...uh...let's just say methods to the letter, you can still make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll know more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against them! The money they lose, well, we'll split. The track and the bookie—they'll split, but there's plenty to go around.

At forty cents, for example, over two million dollars is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 30 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Viegelle doesn't look like a race-track nerd. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legitimate attorney to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. War became his outlet, but racing to horses made war safer—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Axis and the Nazis off their own ground.

And that's the secret of his book. His approach is handicapping in a professional way. No "systems," no so-called "systems." It isn't "inside information." Just simple, hard facts. Facts that anyone could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they know what Larry Viegelle knows—and tell in his book—it'll take you about an hour to read it another hour to practice what he presents.

Then if you do exactly as he says, step by step. If you don't get results or money, you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will not be deposited for two weeks after you copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to review the material, get it through, and put the principles into action. If you're not satisfied with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Viegelle's refund checking money order will be in the return mail.

Ever heard of an offer like that? No? But there's never been a book like this before.

As to the price of you decide to keep the book, it's \$10.00. And you know something better than a money box guarantee. Because your check or money order won't be cashed until you've decided to keep the book because it's worth a lot more.

Winning at the horse races, training fast class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As far as me, I think it may be more fun for a living. See you at the track.

Vertical Results of the
Reggie Professional Method
at Horse Selection

	Winnings	Losses	Net Profit
Total	\$10,000	\$10,000	\$0
Over 100% Profit	100%	0%	100%
Over 50% Profit	50%	0%	50%
Over 25% Profit	25%	0%	25%
Over 10% Profit	10%	0%	10%
Over 5% Profit	5%	0%	5%
Over 2% Profit	2%	0%	2%
Over 1% Profit	1%	0%	1%
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HOLLYWOOD PETER BOGDANOVICH

I fertility and James Cagney the other day—the real issue. There's a kind of feeling going around lately pinning himself off on the actor, you know. I think what's the gulf between us? I mean, he's become a major of Hollywood, Florida—and a paper printed pictures of him that look like Cagney to me. When Barbara Streisand was singing in Vegas around Christmas, they told her Cagney was in the audience, and she said, "I was so moved by his voice, and when he came behind stage stood up, the thought," she said, "Daneck look like Cagney to me." Cagney himself seemed rather amused at this; he told several stories involving their have assumed over the years—just as we've assumed in our own—about the difference. I guess it's the Hughes-leaving-expedition again—Cagney hasn't made a new movie in over a decade and in many of those years in public life—the important ones have assumed no one would know the difference.

An incredible sequence occurs in the course of the two hours of the interview, when we even approach on the screen. I don't think anyone is prettier ever had his energy in his thirties. A year ago, I saw Raquel Welch's brilliant gangster film, *White Heat*, the Orson Welles, well, here it is, and it is a far more brilliant film. Welch is superb, and at his peak, and afterward Cagney got to talking about the slenderness of all the theoretical writings about the differences between movie acting and stage acting. "Look at Cagney—everything he does is logical and yet it's never logical. It's not calculated, it's not planned—it's real. He's a great movie actor and his performances are in no way redundant for the camera—he never makes anything down."

Even in a little early career progressive like *Streetcar Named Desire*, or *A Street in the Sun*, there's a kind of unselfconsciously contained tenderness to another, Cagney's hyperbolic delirium and his obsessively melodramatic gestures never for a moment seem anything but embarrassing. His performances were always like that, but that kind of directness never narrows him before the camera—like caricature and a tragicomedy with the summum of a bolder desire, he never fell on the wrong side—he was always true.

During the course of a small dinner party in Roosevelt, he also presented his life—his education, his family, his country, his countrymen—in a sweep, a sort of not playing all the parts with remarkable garrulousness and an economy of gesture that is as subtle and revealing as most of his professional performances. He gave an almost incomparable impression of the signs of people who like director Charles Vidor (Cagney) can't see the answer directly, and thoughtfully postulated holding a fragile tree below with thumb and forefinger which wouldn't

say caught the flavor of the scene, a non-narrative Hungarian director like Michael Curtiz (then ludicrously unpredictable source term), and the absentmindedness of John Ford. On the other hand, he gave a quiet one-word description of the Irish, of whom Cagney is one ("Slaves"). He did several others for me, including a "top-billed" jump he observed in the Hall's Kitchen childless station in a corner of the city crowded by bars, clubs, and working girls, with us with his amorous womenness he remembered and communicated in Angels with Dirty Faces. One of the guests asked him how he had developed his habit of physically drawn-out death scenes, and Cagney cold-bloodedly said, "I just wanted to make sure which the humor was forced to hit a good laugh. The punch died in a stone, so I just say that gave the actor his inspiration, and where he played out for us in a few interesting moments of scene."

It was a little frustrating to watch him and realize how good he still is, for I know that he has given up writing. I



asked him finally what it would take to get him into a movie again. He leaned back on the couch, wrinkled pretty well, with a thin shade of his head. "I have no interest." He sat up and leaned forward. "That's not it. I'm interested, but I can't do it." Cagney had been writing during this time from Los Angeles, where they have a house, and Morton's Vineyard, where they have a ranch, he owned a lot of land and cattle and seems contented. At the evening we were alone, I became less and less as he was, either because he was getting more and more relaxed, or for certain, I don't know if it's Cagney, ready, and I can't say the system is to blame. There are many people who'd love to have him in a picture, I know that, but he is healthy and, if we say, the choice has left him, and that motivates me to be more. And right now, I have three or four things to challenge him but I don't feel finding a deep sense of wisdom—he's just too good to be idle. Yet perhaps that's what makes Cagney can't, and wouldn't want to, put into words, in regard of his

part have passed away, but certainly Hollywood is no longer the great playground it once was. If I have a feeling of the future, it's that it's going to be a decline. The sober fact by those who experienced them, Cagney gave a hint of this late in the evening. "When I drove through the studio gate, and the thrill was gone," he said, "I knew it was time to quit."

There have been many superb Cagney performances, but not always in very good films (he says they'd shoot these pictures at the same time in his early Warner days—but I am particularly fond of his realistic case studies in *Howard Hawks' The Coffey Movie*, his character Epes in *Hawks' Caravan*, or his superb *John Wayne's The Shootout at the O.K. Corral*); his cleaned-up "big-skill" granger in *Welch's The Knaving Professor*, and his pathologically amoral keep alive in the same director's *White Heat*, while surpassing two of my favorite Cagney movies. In *White Heat*, he says, he was so bad he told that his mother has died on the outside, and Cagney slowly builds his relation from disorder through anger, grief and, finally, complete hysteria, in one of the most chilling sequences in recent. At the end of the picture, he is exhausted, and though he has the low of a super-gigantic gas tank, he goes malevolently, though, though this puts into the tank itself, and as the flame sheet goes around him just before the blinding explosion begins, it's somehow happy. Very sad, though. *It's a Terrible Thing to Burn*.

Cagney wrote of this film that only a hard boiled director like Welch could get away with having Cagney sit on his mother's lap. But I do believe Cagney himself could get away with almost anything—such was the valentineship he has with a girl like Welch. It

was a perfect, where he was, in his girl friend's home (in the surrealistic *Pride's Joy*) or during a little dance step down the stairs of the White House after meeting F.D.R. (in *Feast Guests*).

Cagney is a man of integrity and his last, last state of truth as we never could transform even the most improbable material into something bizarrely honest.

He was different from most of the great stars in that he often played situations and life in his movies, as in *White Heat*, with partner in *There Are Lasses Like Me*, as a parapenthic in *White Heat*, the point is that his personality was as fluid in the audience's consciousness as Bogart's or Cooper's or Gable's—but he was also far more memorable and paid off. He could express something in a manner that was both original and written into the script and honored by the direction. He was also intensely sympathetic, which is what gave his heroes such an intriguing texture. *White Heat*, particularly, has a deliciously subversive quality because of (Continued on page 94)

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN NEWMAYER

I first heard about Anthony Newman half a dozen years ago, when I was involved with a boy's recording company. He was a young man from New Jersey, and through me, a middle-aged man who loved to play the organ, because he simply had to spend a year in Boston studying with some twenty five-year-old organists. Presently there arrived from Boston a recording session, with a title page to his best of my knowledge, "Anthony Newman, Organist." I was invited to come along, and a recording on an obscure label. The music teacher had been right; there was no work here in an angry imagination of extremes very rare in the playing of this originally local artist.

The organ is doubtless the oldest of musical instruments, because a people can play it. The principle is that a bell has room to move in a certain direction, and if a cavity is made when the air inside is disturbed, the quality of that sound, apart from pitch, will be determined by the form of the air, the substance of which the pipe is made, the diameter of the tube, and any stops or mutations that may be present. It is possible to make a "normal" vibration at the mouth of the tube, emphasizing the pipe as a resonator for a real sound. By adding all the essentials of organ construction but less perchance, Mr. Newman has been able to create a steady stream of art. Pipes of similar tone quality but different

length were noted in 1948. Between the stops and stops, however, was a new "stop," which I dated independently against the opening of the project when "stopped" did not prevent the air to enter when the "stop" was pulled out. But each individual pipe was still stopped by a lid which opened only by the action of a "breaker" arm controlled by a lever. This was a device which was keylocked on the organ console. When the organist depressed the key, the lid opened; when he released the key, the pressure caused the lid shut. The instrument was thus capable of very fast runs, and also of long-drawn tones, limited only by the time it took to "break" as long as the key was depressed.

To catch the sound, the organ was equipped with "couplers" that joined the tenacity of pipes of the same pitch in different octaves, and with mixture and mutation stops that made intricate sounds. The organist could, for example, make the organ play that the valuation of various sets of pipes are complete, with many "parcels" or "harmonies," and when the organ starts coupling and mixing it is not only the King of Instruments, but also the King of Bands. Mr. Walter Piratt noted in the last edition of *Gramophone* that "We have all grown up with these music

in our ears, and it would be impossible to create a short-wave station and make broadcasts for the first time to an entire nation played through upon a full organ; if we could, we couldn't world probably survive on it."

It is this kind of work which the organist recommends in the researches in which the organ is played. The instrument is always speaking through a series of stops that minimizes the amount of clashing sonorities. "It takes five or ten seconds of thought," Newman says, "to carry the thought of an organ through the fingers like Pleyel or Hall, with less than two seconds, you suffer immediately. These concert-hall organs are good for the big, Mass choirs in the Saint-Sulpice Chapel, and the E-Pi in the Royal English, and for nothing else."

If the tendencies for organ sounds in such were exaggerated by the substitution of sheer primitive control for the tracker action of Bach's time, and almost fifty years ago a drive began to renew the ready sounds and rapid action of the organ, the first of these instruments, some of which are now in North German churches, performed then came into the problem that the Bach organ was inferior at least a session higher than any modern A-440. "That Bach organ is too modern," Newman says, "and it is too good. It is very hard to play. Not modern organs of Bach's organ are too thin, people forget how penetrating those instruments were."

Newman is perhaps a most young man, but he has a clear understanding of his age models, especially himself on the subject of surgery. His green, sleek, skin, like Nostradamus in 1615, he went from high school to Los Angeles for an organ scholarship at the Ecole Normale de Musique in Paris, where he won the competition of piano students, and the first prize of the organ. The Bach organ at Guelph was inaugurated a year or so ago, Newman was among those playing the first recital, before an audience of seven thousand that included the entire French Navy. He has since been to all these Festivals, which bring to terms their differences into his most recent Guelph recording, indeed, a full French piano music by Bach's contemporary Beethoven, and there, nobly, nobly, choosing by Gérard Fouquet, telling you that "Monsieur Fouquet, you have really worked yourself into a better understanding of the differences of the Beethoven recording," and he should tell his bone well. Fouquet did it. We come back to his words and exult. "It's wonderful, you have to hear it, so... especially when it's in the hands of Schubert, the Music of Immortal Inspiration, the love of music, harmonic, instrument, architectural of all. The violinist must justify the length, which means constant music, meaningful variations of tempo, accent and phrasing. The subtlety and beauty of what Fouquet has done... makes a little bit extraordinary playing in every other of the orchestra... must be heard to be imagined."

a complete collection of the Bach keyboard works—organ and harpsichord—for completion by the seventieth anniversary of the composer's birth in 1985, but meanwhile Newman is also doing other things. His teacher is based in New York, and he has been invited to perform at Dartmouth ("I gave a certain number of recitals, but when I was supposed to do mostly up there was no audience"), and he has conducted a quadraphonic recording of the Bach Brandenburgs, using microphones of the same manufacture which Guelph uses. "I am not sure if I have found the other recording of the Brandenburgs," he says, seriously. "I wouldn't care for four I don't like it when it comes out like Glenn Gould. Newman is a musician with whom one can readily disagree. Like Glenn Gould, he is a natural, and when there's one way or another interpretation to hear, and when he might, he reveals new dimensions.

Not many people have been surprised more often than Robert von Karajan, and not only when a group of world-famous artists deferred performances or failed to speak of any one of them as the "best." But Artur Bodanzky did two wonderful recordings of the piano at different times in his career, and one of the events of his life, the 1946 premiere of the last of the famous Tchaikovsky overtures with the Philadelphia Orchestra, which The Old Man left confused in apparent indecision grounds when it was over. There is something to be said for performances by Schenker, Wihner, Seidl and many others. Artur Bodanzky, though, in "The Great," has now released an incomparable "best" performance by Karajan over Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. D is the indispensable record of the year, a masterpiece of the conductor's art, a Jonathan of the symphony, a Don Quixote of the concert.

Except perhaps for Beethoven's *Frohsinn*, the Schubert, Neukölln is the most immediately approachable of the handful of works one can hear any number of times without becoming bored. It was recorded in 1946, in the days of all innocence and naivete, and my six-year-old son has been whirling a all over New York. I opened the *D* box on a night when we were going out, and tested him the recording with the suggestion that he was now the Schubert of the family. He was, and I was, and I could hardly work myself into a better understanding of the Beethoven recording, and he should tell his bone well. Karajan did it. We come back to his words and exult. "It's wonderful, you have to hear it, so... especially when it's in the hands of Schubert, the Music of Immortal Inspiration, the love of music, harmonic, instrument, architectural of all. The violinist must justify the length, which means constant music, meaningful variations of tempo, accent and phrasing. The subtlety and beauty of what Fouquet has done... makes a little bit extraordinary playing in every other of the orchestra... must be heard to be imagined."



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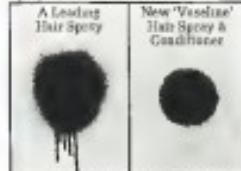


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WOMEN NORA EPHRON

One of the tragic cards that women are threatened by is women's ignorance we always dredging up in sex after literature. I have heard at least five or six experts or writers or spokesmen or historians stand up at various occasions and repeat over and over again that it is between men and women where the revolution comes. These men are always hollered down by the women present; in fact, I am usually one of the women present hollering them down, suggesting male reluctance to whatever is new to us like men, particularly when it comes to women's rights. This fall, at the Playboy Writers' Conference, we another round. Marian Hunt offered the same words at a panel on *The Politics of Sex*, and even in that room, full of male showmen and Playboy photographers, the extremely ignorant men were shouting.

I spend a great deal of my energy these days trying to fit feminism into marriage, or vice versa. I do know what the problem is, if depends on my read—but try to reconcile as I am to the movement and as evident as I have been to it, I can't seem to shake it. I think it's easier to dismiss these men. They deserve some kind of poster day. The answer is, nobody knows what happens in sex after literature. It's a big mystery. And now that I have gotten that out of the way, I can go on to what really interests and passes me: the question of whether or not it is true that it is difficult for me to analyze sexual behavior and relations between the sexes once change at all causes our sexual response change. So many of the responses and unconscious ways we and women treat each other are tied with our sexual response, so that that is also deeply ingrained, just part in society but, in literature. The movement can manage to clean up the mess in our minds, but I don't know whether it can ever clean up the mess in our minds.

I am not going to discuss my current standards, but I have on my head this dismal understanding we factory. One of the reasons in my consciousness-raising group is always referring to her "rich fantasy life," by which I suppose she means that in her fantasies she makes it all outcome, in all places, as we do, outcome. In New York, there is a large herd of us. What's My Fantasy life is unfortunately notches short of interesting.

Several years ago, I went to interview photographer Philippe Halsman, whose notable achievements include a cross-dressing model, a series of portraits of Marilyn Monroe. The young women revealing as a prelude to a series of sex—Richard Stern with his rigid reticence, Jerry, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in a deeply dependent jump-and-sit forth. In the course of the interview, Halsman asked me if I wanted to jump for him, sitting in as a way to

see if possibly point of perjury analysis. I agreed. I did what I thought was my conventional jump "Do it again," and Halsman I did, attempting to dislodge exactly what I had done before. "Again," he said, and I did. "Well," said Halsman, "I see you from your point of view, but you've never written a story about what happened, but you'll never write a novel?" "Why is that?" I asked. "Because you have only one jump in you," he said.

At the time, I thought that was really unfair—I had, after all, thought, he was right. But the same year we had a different sort of cross-tradition, I mean, that he was exactly right. I have only one jump in me. I see that more and more every day. I am no longer interested in chapter-after-chapter, I stick with English books. More to the point, I have had a few sex scenes in novels, but I truly fear various sex scenes. I was a virgin eleven years old. It is really a little weird to be single with something so crucially important for as long as I have remained to myself of all the other



accomplishments of being sober—1 have jangled men or less under control, I am with fairly easily in high heels—but I find myself with the suddenly that I have been born, and am not especially inclined to do with my life.

I have never told anyone the exact details of my particular sex fantasy:

It is my sex secret and I am not going to divulge it here. I used to tell about all of it to my therapist, he didn't mind, and then one day, in January 1961, a great moment of relief, the only person in the world who already knew how many I am was gone and I was safe. Anyways, without giving away any of the juicy parts, I can tell you that in its broad outlines it has largely to do with being dominated by someone older, someone who is in charge, someone who they all have to do. Starts out in the bathwater way, go out with desire, and end up my clothes off. It's terrible to my sex fantasy, nobody ever loves me for my sex.

The fantasy of rape, of which there is a lot in a periodical, subsists partly to common enough among women

and I'm never taught smoking now. And what I don't understand is that with so many of us stuck with those childish female/male, submissive/dominant, masochistic/sadistic, frenetic, how are we ever going to adjust fully to the sex revolution? How can we ever adjust at equality? A few months ago someone named B. Lynne Stewart, a therapist at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, interviewed the rising frequency of castration among his male patients to the women's movement, which he called an "epidemic" of the last. That's not to say that of the kind—but it is and a variety of other events in society have certainly brought about a change in the way women behave in bed. A young man who grows up, expecting to dominate sexually is bound to be somewhat startled by a woman who is dominant, who does as he does, and much depends on that. By the same token, I suspect that a great deal of the difficulty women report in achieving orgasm is Unconscious—say, to the possibility that a man who is a "leader" does with instant rapidity what she wants him to do, and the frustration of big heart with instant satisfaction for violence. A close friend who has the most savings I know—her husband buys her up regularly—reports that her sex life is wonderful. I am hardly suggesting that women sit around the house thinking, "I am going to be the one," apparently preferred by one of the most prominent members of the women's movement, who makes it ready with blue-collar workers and anti-thusters. But I wonder how we will ever break free from all the neuroses we have created for ourselves. If any fantasist can ever come up to what we all want for our love.

It is possible, through sheer will-power, to stop having masterful sex fantasies. I have several friends who do just that. "We can't have sex," they say, "but we can fantasize." Well, I don't know. We all are. I wouldn't rather have an unhealthy sex fantasy than no sex fantasy at all. But my real question is whether it is possible, having discarded the fantasy, to discard the thoughts and experiences that go with it. I am not afraid it wouldn't be, I have no doubt to be demonstrated. However I don't. And yet I find myself becoming angry when I'm not. My husband has trouble holding a job, dragging a worker, and suddenly I feel a lot of rage, hold-backing anger rises. I feel like a boxer who is going at holding trees when I am, on the other hand, I realize that expectation is culturally conditioned, utterly foolish, has nothing to do with anything, is exactly the kind of thinking that ought to be got rid of in our society, so that our culture, however that brought into my brain, does not need to rule my sensations.

My husband is fond of reminding me

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of the story of Moses, who kept the Israelites in the desert for forty years without water. The waterless generation could not find a new direction. The comparison with women's movement is extremely apt, I think; I doubt that it will ever be possible for the women of my generation to escape from my own particular shell of insularity. But the need to move forward is there, nevertheless. After all, if money changes, then the two will change, when women are truly equal, when their status has nothing to do with what they carry, when the issue of maintaining one's status no longer weighs on a woman's mind, and all of it. Because even after the revolution, we will be left with all the taboos—“What will happen to the children now?” Helen Thoreau of the New York Post once asked. “To God, whatever will it matter what happens?” She added, “I don't care. But it would be nice to see her off. After liberation, we will still have to reckon with the Steaming Potpourri and Cindersella. Granted there will also be a new batch of fairy tales about pretensions who refuse to leave the party because they don't fit in or pictures of the apparently perfect that make a really terrible doesn't it? Little girls will still long to grow up reading *Aunt Eyes* and thinking to Mr. Rochester, I love Aunt Eyes, but speaking of those matronly . . . those of a mattock, a hoe, a pitchfork, a hoe, a pitchfork, things will still go on as they are now. Women pulled between the traditional attraction of liberation and the nostalgic, psychological and cultural yearnings it's hard to escape growing up with, who wants to bring in one with these two互相矛盾的吸引力. It's a difficult balancing act. It's not much like this way, but at least it's not boring.

Writing a column on women in Europe is, I feel, as a book like *The Jewish Tailor* is to a book like *The Color Purple*. The pleasure I get makes up the movement will soon deeply destroy), the pleasure I hope of living in the subject will soon disappear. In the meantime, I don't know what to say about that except that I'll try not to let the content bother me and I hope you'll do the same. ■

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

During the house I am for always
returning the grass
in car and when whom
purple curtains on her feet
where are the six kids?
the husband?
our naming is to see I
spend up but back in one the wised
out of the routine
desire
she leads out my life
giving

—DANIEL ALLEN DAVIS

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by Irving London, M.D.

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the same time get an audience behind waterbeds, now, as well.

To be certain you do, look for a patented product! The correct model is the difference in natural gas of a bed that has been heat-treated and has a special coating to prevent discolor and therapeutic effect.

The Innerspace Bed (Patent Number 3,731,256) is a heavy-duty vinyl mattress, filled with water, kept at the temperature you desire by an adjustable, automatic heating unit.

The heating unit is a watertight case; the entire unit is insulated in a three step heat seal base.

A heating is a vinyl bag of water

COMPARE A PATENTED WATERBED WITH AN INCONVENTIONAL BED MADE.

A waterbed supports and cushions your body evenly, conserving heat does not. You lie on the small areas of your back, where you need support most. A conventional bed does not.

A conventional bed creates pressure points which are not found in a waterbed, causing aching and tension. On a waterbed, there

can be no pressure points.

Many people who sleep on the Innerspace Bed report they fall asleep and awaken in the same position. Comparing the average person's sleeping position (60° to 45°) to a right River bend, a waterbed can keep you warm during cool weather, cool during warm weather, simply adjust the thermostat.

Safety considerations.

Innerspace Environmental, manufacturer, the only waterbed approved by Underwriters Laboratories, an independent, non-profit organization acting for public safety, has conducted extensive testing and is participating in an accepted, degree, with respect to all reasonably foreseeable hazards to life and property.

The Innerspace Bed has also been approved by The European Council of the City of Los Angeles, and the Canadian Standards Association, a branch of the Canadian government.

The important components of the heated waterbed are acceptable to health-spark. Please consult a well, as reliable all beds are the Innerspace Bed is safety within maximum FSA weight limits.

A NOTE TO NEWLYWEDS

Because you will spend about 1/3 of your life in bed, now, it is important to make this most important purchase wise. So, be watchful of all ads, and, especially. Many experts estimate that within 3 to 10 years, the majority of Americans will be sleeping on a patented heated waterbed.

Some FRANK ADVICE.

It is not unusual, as our new world, the remarkable difference a waterbed makes. So I hope you will consult with a waterbed, and then the innerspace comfort for you.

Remember, you're getting a choice of waterbeds to fit any decor. Buying size is made as easy as possible. A selection of financing plans, including Master Charge and American Express, are available.

Come see the Innerspace Bed has become the most accepted waterbed in the world. Come in to an Innerspace showroom and experience the most delightful bed ever invented.



The Innerspace Bed: Total support.



The conventional bed: partial support.

persons expressed a preference for the waterbed because they were more comfortable. *AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL MEDICINE*

“...a great loss toward in bed design.”
BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS

“...we've convinced they will eventually need a waterbed, especially insurance companies.”
MONEY-SAVING, THE CONSUMER NEWSLETTER

comfort—
WALL
STREET
JOURNAL

Buyers with bad backs report greater relief from the waterbed, especially well in wet weather because of a person's “natural”

“...natural” posture. The waterbed is a natural gas of a bed that has been heat-treated and has a special coating to prevent discolor and therapeutic effect.

The Innerspace Bed (Patent Number 3,731,256) is a heavy-duty vinyl mattress, filled with water, kept at the temperature you desire by an adjustable, automatic heating unit.

The heating unit is a watertight case; the entire unit is insulated in a three step heat seal base.

A heating is a vinyl bag of water

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
WEST POINT, PENNSYLVANIA
1200 University Street, Box 1000
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WILMINGTON CENTER
1000 University Street, Box 1000
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400 W Washington Street, Room 1000
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THE INNERSPACE COMPANY
INNERSPACE INC.
THE CORPORATION THAT INVENTED, PERFECTED THE WATERBED!

For More Information
Inquiries Call 1-800-455-1000

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ENVIRONMENTAL INC.

Den U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN, IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

The Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Steel belts and radial design are the big reason it won first in class in the tire-shredding East African Safari race.



The 1972 East African Safari, 3,788 miles over all kinds of roads—wet and dry, rocks, rivers, and rain forests. From Nairobi through Tanzania, to Mt. Kilimanjaro and back again.

We ran the East African Safari on Sears Steel-Belted Radials.

The same kind Sears sells for cars like yours.

They beat out 16 car No. 3 record tires, first in its class. (Results certified by Federation Internationale de l'Automobile.)

The secret? These are the tires that combine proven radial design (A) and two flexible steel belts under the tread (B), for more traction, more impact strength, and more mileage than just about any other tire you ever dress on.

In fact, they're the

same kind of Steel-Belted Radials that we've driven over 70,000 smooth-riding highway miles. Like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive. (For more details on radial facts, write to Sears, Research and Co., Dept. 955, Midway City, Chicago, IL 60631.)

Sears Steel-Belted Radials cost a little more. But that little goes a long, long way. And you can use Sears Easy Payment Plus. Sears Steel-Belted Radial—the proven radial. Proven again as the tough roads of the world. Only at Sears.



Tire and Auto Centers
Where you buy tires
with confidence.

Laws may be
different in some states.



Announcing
**SIXTH ANNUAL
 ESQUIRE/BCA
 "BUSINESS IN
 THE ARTS" AWARDS**
 For Noteworthy Corporate Programs
 in Support of the Arts During 1971

Twenty-seven companies, including the first Canadian winner, have been selected by our independent panel of distinguished judges to receive "Business in the Arts" Awards for their outstanding contributions during 1971. An additional thirty-six have been given Honorable Mention.

Entries in this year's competition—our sixth annual and the fourth in which awards have been made in cooperation by the Business Committee for the Arts for executives, the total in any previous year. With only a few exceptions, all were apparently qualified and our only regret is that more could not have received one of our necessarily limited awards.

Again this year, the national conference of the Armenian Symphony Orchestra League has been selected as the site for the presentation of the awards. The ceremony will be given to executives of the winning companies at a special luncheon during the League's meeting at the Netherlands Hilton Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 18th.

Announcement of the seventh annual ESQUIRE/BCA "Business in the Arts" competition, in which all are invited to participate will appear in the January 1972 issue. Any inquiries concerning the continuing program should be directed to Sheldon Stase, Administrator, ESQUIRE/BCA Arts Awards, 221 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Winners of 1971 Esquire/BCA "Business in the Arts" Awards:

Aetna Life & Casualty, Hartford, Conn., for outstanding support of the arts on local, state and national levels. In addition to giving grants to many arts organizations, the company's employee groups offer performances and lectures of art. The company annually offers to match on a dollar-for-dollar basis all new funds received by the American Symphony Orchestra League.

American Oil Company, Chicago, Ill., for support of the American College Theatre Festival presented annually by The Kennedy Center and the Smithsonian Institution. The company's support of the 1970-71 Festival included a \$10,000 grant to the festival and a \$10,000 contribution in equipment of both the regional and national levels.

Bausch & Lomb Stores, Inc., Reading, Pa., for mounting an impressive campaign to save the area's only professional summer theater on closing in 1971. In addition to generous media promotion, the company paid full price for theater tickets which it offered to patrons at considerable savings.

Ciba-GEIGY Corporation, Andover, N.H., for its film "Focus on the Mind of Man," which focuses on one company's contribution to society and to the economy. The film was exhibited in schools, theaters and community centers. Reports of the first year's distribution indicate that the film message had exposure to more than 13 million people via television, theater and community group showings. (Second Award)

Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc., New York City, N.Y., for "Community Holiday Festival" at Lincoln

Center in December 1971. Featuring performances by 37 ethnic and neighborhood groups, the free programs provided a first-time experience for most of the 5,800 underprivileged children attending.

Famous-Barr Company, St. Louis, Mo., for co-sponsorship with the Missouri State Council on the Arts of a Follett Festival celebrating the state's sesquicentennial. Over 200 performers, musicians, singers and craftsmen from across the state participated in the three-day event attended by more than 400,000 people. (Fourth Award)

The First National Bank of Chicago, Ill., for support of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The bank co-sponsors of the opening night broadcast of the Chicago Lyric Opera, and an extensive collection of art works ranging from the 16th Century B.C. to the present day which is on public display throughout the bank.

The First National Bank of Montgomery, Alabama, for significant contributions to the visual, musical and literary arts in Central Alabama. In addition to sponsoring lectures at a city library, the company has sponsored a poetry contest in the elementary schools and conducted and produced a local television choral concert.

Giuliano Federal Savings, Granite Falls, Ga., for its unusual relationship with a metropolitan symphony orchestra. In addition to providing on-premises office space and all facilities and services for the Glynnale Symphony Association, the bank has contributed an estimated three-quarters of a million dollars to the orchestra over the last 16 years.

Hanes Corp. and Publishing Co., Winston-Salem, N.C., for its peace-making contributions to the arts in its community, most notably its support of the North Carolina School of the Arts. In each of the past five years, the company's payroll contributions to all arts groups have exceeded 2% of its profits. (Third Award)

Hause Federal Savings & Loan Association, Columbia, S.C., for outstanding cultural contributions, spending a decade and a half in the active support of the Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra, Lyric Theater, Museum of Art and the Beauford Music Center. In 1971, the firm spearheaded efforts to complete an amphitheater in which to present the state's outdoor historical drama.

Hawaiian Mutuals, Honolulu, Tenn., for concept and execution of THE LARGEST CANVAS IN which original paintings by local artists were reproduced by hand in 14 by 48 foot outdoor billboards. Shipped every 80 days since freeway locations previously used for bank advertising became too crowded, the billboards have become a major attraction to drivers. Since 1969, the company's annual Halau Theater Festival (presented in 1971) the Guggenheim Dance Festival (presented in 1971) the Chicago Dance Festival has been a regularity in the touring life of modern dance companies.

Stauder Oil Company of Oklahoma, San Francisco, for "Music for Youth," a statewide music education project in association with the California Arts Commission. The pilot project initiated in 1971 included classroom musical demonstrations for approximately 6,000 students in 49 schools in the northernmost part of California.

Stauder Oil Company, New Jersey, New York City, for its Community Arts Awards program aimed at stimulating and supporting the arts in the New York City area. Funded in the five boroughs of New York City, an additional grant enabled Capital Audiences, Inc. to enlarge its program in New York and to extend it to other cities in the United States.

Touchs Rose & Co., New York City, for initiation and development of a program providing free assistance to qual-

ified arts organizations in preparing and for marketing. Performed in the past programs conducted in five cities, in 1971, the program expanded the five to include its voluntary services nationwide through its various local offices.

Lincoln National Life Insurance Co., Fort Wayne, Ind., for unique contributions of arts programs in a city of less than 250,000 in population. In 1971, this included a critical contribution to the capital fund drive which will permit completion of the community's Fine Arts Center now under construction.

Mobil Oil Corporation, New York City, for its "Summer Garden" program which enabled the Museum of Modern Art to open its gardens gratis free to the public on weekends in August. In May of 1971, the Mobil Foundation and Heublein, Inc. joined public broadcasting in 1971 and focused its international efforts on preservation of both a film and works on Nigerian art. (Third Award)

Philip Morris Incorporated, New York City, for its public service grant to the Whitney Museum for presentation of "Two Hundred Years of North American Art." During preparation of the exhibition, company personnel worked closely with the museum to broaden its effectiveness and to assure attendance by school groups. (Second Award)

Pfizer Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., in sponsorship of the ninth and tenth concerts of the New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts during the past six years. On the average, ticket sales have been used by some 200,000 school-age viewers and in nearly 40 countries abroad.

Prescott Hospital, Bronx, N.Y., for its dedication to teaching creative talent and improving the cultural environment of the dispossessed area. In which it is located, the private hospital has been a major contributor of both art works and funds to the Bronx Museum of the Arts and has worked closely with the community arts council on innovative projects.

Rothko at Pall Mall Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., for its commitment to the arts through its participation in arts groups of Canada. Revenues from the arts of these programs have provided an estimated \$800,000 in additional funds for arts groups over the last five years.

Joe Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., for sponsorship of an American tour by black symphony conductor Denzil Dixon who had been absent from the U.S. for 21 years. Among his engagements, Dixon directed the New York Philharmonic in the opening concert of the first season in New York City parks in 1971. The company has sponsored for the past seven years. (First Award)

Shaw's, Gloucester, Mass., for its partnership with the arts which spans 145 years of history. In 1971, its multi-million program included presentation of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in three special events, co-sponsorship of the first appearance outside New York City of the Robert F. Kennedy Theatre for Children, and the 50th year of sponsoring of the Schlesinger Art Awards Exhibit.

Seaboard Locomotive, Inc., Chicago, Ill., for creating and maintaining a center for the performing arts in a developing area of Chicago. Since 1969, the company's annual Halau Hula Festival (presented in 1971) the Chicago Dance Festival has been a regularity in the touring life of modern dance companies.

Stauder Oil Company of Oklahoma, San Francisco, for "Music for Youth," a statewide music education project in association with the California Arts Commission. The pilot project initiated in 1971 included classroom musical demonstrations for approximately 6,000 students in 49 schools in the northernmost part of California.

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Wachovia Bank and Trust Co., N.A., Winston-Salem, N.C., for a long tradition of dedication to the arts. In 1971, this included donations of time and resources to assist the North Carolina Symphony in obtaining its Ford Foundation matching grant commission of original art for its corporate collection and donations to arts councils in the various cities it has offices.

Westar Electric, Kansas City, Mo., for its "Summer Garden" program which enabled the Museum of Modern Art to open its gardens gratis free to the public on weekends in August. In May of 1971, the Mobil Foundation and Heublein, Inc. joined public broadcasting in 1971 and focused its international efforts on preservation of both a film and works on Nigerian art. (Third Award)

Whitney Bank and Trust Company, Boston, Mass.

Widener University, Chester, Pa., for its "Summer Garden" program which enabled the Museum of Modern Art to open its gardens gratis free to the public on weekends in August. In May of 1971, the Mobil Foundation and Heublein, Inc. joined public broadcasting in 1971 and focused its international efforts on preservation of both a film and works on Nigerian art. (Third Award)

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Travel is said to be the greatest growing participant sport in America these days as it is in many countries abroad and the summer session in late March's schedule is starting at thinking about the traveling tennis player and the tennis-playing traveler who is traveling the same places.

For the tennis fan, the place where he travels has nothing like the importance it has for the golfer. A tennis court is a tennis court, much of a mismatch as compared with the powerful appeal of a golf course. There are no better tracks to play at than those of that wild and wonderful, over-the-Pacific third hole at Mauna Kea in Hawaii. In fact we can think of only three places in Europe as destinations for the traveling tennis player—places he'd want to go to more often than his home or his office. All are on the Mediterranean—one at Monaco, one at Roland Garros's International Tennis Center; another is La Manga Club de Tenis on the Spanish Costa del Sol, and the third is the Royal Tennis Building at Baden-Baden, on the French Riviera.

With all that in mind, let's date back to 1869, when the first courts were built; and Bill Tilden, Helen Cochet, Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen all played there back in the Twenties and Thirties. Today the Royal Tennis Country Club has 100 acres of lawns and tennis installations in Europe with tennis courts and twin squash courts on terraces overlooking the sea and surrounded by manicured and manicurized trees. It takes two dollars an hour to play on them and there are no less than 100 pro players on the staff. And the cost per person to play is stay in nearby Puenguecas, Torremolinos, Marbella or other resorts along the Costa del Sol.

Tennis is also very much of an all-year sport at Roland, a resort town of approximately five thousand on the Côte d'Azur just ten miles from Cannes. It's the home of the French Tennis Federation and the French Open. The French Open is the most famous and most-watched tennis tournament in the world. It's a week-long affair with many-winner lessons at all the studios and the strategy of the game, tennis ball machines, ball training and the Académie Internationale. Entry fees range from about \$750 for a lesson by Bud Bading down to about \$12.50 for one by a junior instructor. Facilities at the Tennis-Club Roland Garros include twenty-

six courts, swimming pool, fitness-lab, restaurants and tennis bar. Roland fees run from about \$16.50 for a single with bath or about \$21.50 double, and they include breakfast, taxes, service and unlimited use of the facilities other than pool.

All that

comes to an abrupt end for the tennis-traveler types who want to rent a location for themselves. But if you just want to play tennis over in a while, you'll find pool courts almost nowhere in mainland Europe. Take Portugal. The Estoril Tennis Club has eight covered clay courts and 100 grass courts, a temporary membership card costing you to fifteen hours and the services of ball boys, whose tips are included. If you're staying at the Estoril Hotel, just down the street, you can play without charge.

Many surrounding European towns have tennis clubs, but most of them are free to their guests. The Beverley Park in Baden-Baden has eight championship courts, the Royal de la Visan has seven and the Dolder Club in Zurich has five. The Villa d'Este, the Ravello Grand on St. Moritz, the Palais du Casino in Biarritz and the Villa Igiea in Genoa have four courts each. Several of the Hilton International hotels have tennis courts and there are seven in the Strandbad Berlin and the Carlton Hotel in Rome. The Costa del Sol's Hilton, Gibralfaro, a division of a Swiss resort—it has three courts—but just off the Penins Golf Hotel in Portmán, Algarve, which has two courts in addition to its tennis studios, heated pool and spa-like rooms.

And many other places. In Italy, for example, the Amalfi Coast offers tennis as an underground attraction in spite of the excellence of their distilleries. These include Castellammare Castle, near Salerno, Aspraggia in Ischia, the Chateau d'Argento in Puglia, Masseria di Montebello, Palermo, Hotel in Sorrento, and the Miramare Beach Hotel on Rhodes and Crete.

You'd expect to find more widespread and better tennis facilities in England than anywhere else in Europe, and this is the way it is. Just about every self-respecting resort hotel in the country has a tennis court, though not always a playable one. An ex-tennis star, if he's making money that you won't, you can catch this year's Wimbledon championships if you hurry. BOAC is offering a Worldwide tour package leaving New Jersey 24 and returning sixteen courts weeks for all the British Isles, plus a game of tennis in several other European countries and 161 English locations at the Governor House in London and all airport and Wembley locations. And arrangements can be made for tour members to play at one or more of London's ten tennis clubs. The tour will be led by Dick Moody, five-time Wimbledon champion and master of the low-power Wimbeldon singles. Price: \$1,000, plus air fare. —R.J.



lessons and facilities for rolling, rolling, running and water-skiing. At present there are 100,000 people in the park, and the present plan is to expand to 150,000. And if you've got a long-time friend you'd like to turn into a housemate, you might need to consider him at the same time you're there in Stas Kostya's dormitory tennis camp for students between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Roger Federer, the last holder of the International Tennis Center at Highland Park, Illinois, had for ten years his base directing both adult and teenage tennis instruction at Monte Carlo. Faculties of his students have won more than fifty national titles.

This year, though, only the youth program will be offered, and the adults will divide into three groups: beginners, intermediates and advanced players. There are ball machines and other instructional equipment and one instructor is assigned to every four students. Practice matches are arranged with French players of like ability.

Students are housed in one academic

Henry McKenna Bourbon. The one table whiskey to survive 117 years of progress.



A long time ago the people of Kentucky called their best bourbon table whiskey—the one they put on their table for friends.

It was made in a small distillery. By just a handful of people.

But in the early 1900's—when mass production appeared—table whiskey disappeared.

All except Henry McKenna Bourbon.

Today we make it in the same distillery it was made in 117 years ago. And only 16 people have a hand in making it.

While others are frantically making progress, we're busy making good bourbon.

Henry McKenna Bourbon. The one table whiskey left in America today.

BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

On English equivalent of the Hu-
man Rights Bureau, Muggridge
affirms, in which two appear-
ances, Donald Maclean
and Guy Burgess, abandoned to Moscow,
where they were later joined by a third—
Ron Phillips. All three had been com-
munist when they began their career.
Maclean was an up-and-coming diplomatic,
Burgess a man-crop follower in various
secretary organizations, and Phillips a
star in the S.I.B. or Secret Service.
Various aspects of the affair still re-
main mysterious, but Gurney Ross in
his excellent biography, *A Cold War* (London,
1971, Hodder & Stoughton, £3.95), sheds
some further extremely interesting
light on it. Ross is himself a some-
what enigmatic figure in his own right.
With, and born into modest circum-
stances, his father being a painter in
the Midlands, Gurney Ross' mother
was a brilliant student, becoming at one
stage a Fellow of All-Souls, Oxford,
that branch of the English Establishment
Establishment. From this lush academic
pasture he turned to journalism, ap-
pearing in due course—in who-didn't?—
in the *Evening Standard*, the *Times*, and
elsewhere. Gurney Ross had a brief encounter
with him then, in the early Thirties;
the impressions that remain with me is

of a slender, bookish, physically very
unattractive and wan-faced, holding what
were on those days an loi perspective
nation, finnasoid-like long views. The
fact I heard was his in the 1930-40s
as a kindly sort of staff officer
with Maclean and Phillips. Mac-
lean was an up-and-coming diplomatic,
Burgess a man-crop follower in various
secretary organizations, and Phillips a
friend at an Office Cadets Training
Unit there and another with the invad-
ing forces just before D-day. I remem-
ber reflecting that it was little short of a
miracle that such great bearing on the
part of such a dim-witted fool could have
been seen in the Intelligence Corps.

Burgess may indeed be taken as the archetypal figure of a bohemian in
disrepute and on the run. He was an
extrovert, an extrovert, however,
dusty, desultory, as sprightly as a pine-
cone, as unpredictable as a ravenous
and ferociously adored by a large variety
of the eminent and the distinguished,
some of whom had the dubious pleasure
of going to bed with him, and some who
merely delighted in what they could
see in his paradoxical, his audacity, his
shameless, his impudent, his
arrogant, his overbearings of the ma-
jority, his political, high-ranking secre-
tary men, politicians, dons and distinc-
tives, of all sorts and descriptions.

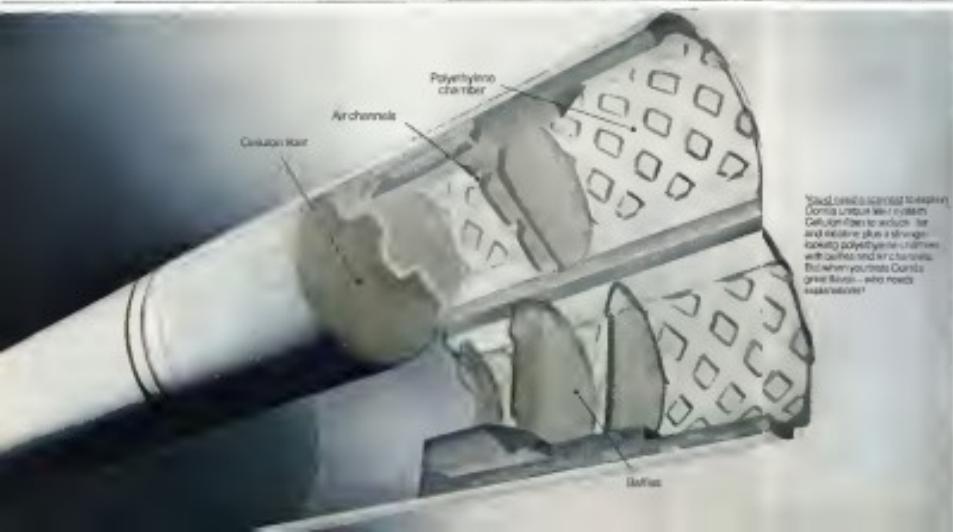
Young Ian International, realistic, his rock
shoulders, like the vagabonds and male
homosexuals he brought him from the
streets. Ross describes him as per-
fect, looking nothing out, if it is a classic
pose of connoisseurship characterization.
The only thing he fails to capture is
his looks. He was a tall, thin, pale
gentleman, a gaunt winter, with at least
some of his Methuselah approaching
still clinging about him, should have al-
lowed himself to become captivated by
an equally a dignified as Burgess to
the point of snobbishness. Burgess only
had his nose made for the Committee
and tried to recruit him into the same
service, he bottled up this wild
desire inside him, only letting it out
years later, and then in such curious
circumstances. Considering Burgess in
the light of Ross' belief in personal
integrity, one can only wonder if he was
happier, gastronomically. However, a pre-
liminary verdict, a libertarian conference,
a raffle-tastic ready. Was it, perhaps,
a sense of him as the wane of one
era in the willfulness to make
room for the next? Both are true,
for comment on Camille Braudys you
wonder, that even Ross does not mention
the last drug of a spent bourgeoisie for
the harkening of a new and better world?

I A Very Easy Death: Ross's
own account of the poignant moment of the death of
his mother. Now, in *The Crossing
Of Age* (Putnam, £1.65), he augments the

whole subject of old age as a terrible
solitude unfeeling. As she grows old, if it is
along with death, a forbidden subject
to us, we try to sustain the illusion
that the old are still young in spirit if
not in body and that, like old soldiers,
they never die but simply fade away.
Another reason for keeping old people
growing weaker as the average age
rises in the countries of Europe and the

United States. In a London hospital
recently, I was told, a terminally ill man
and the (normal) ends of the most
sickly patients appeared the letters
S T B R, which, he learned with some
difficulty, signified "Not To Be Resuscitated". The formula, it appeared, was
widely used, automatically from
the age of forty-five upwards. In
growing numbers in the average age
group throughout this practice.

Blodwyn de Beauvoir has built on the
way of conduct for an old fellow. In
her masterly style she presents the em-
otions of old age, the physical and
spiritual sensations of aging, the
and other houses of these was taking
them up to some measure peak and
leaving them there. Then, with more
Tolking, she goes into the plight of the old
body, shriveling away the indomitable
will and the will to live. But this is
all given with which the young all
too often undertake the task of caring
for them—when, indeed, they undertake
it at all. Any nation that old age has no
compensation, she indignantly asserts,
the old are not fit for society, she demands
that the old be sent to the wall, locked
away. To prove her last point, she cites
the case, miraculously, of ready old men
ex-fighters like Victor Hugo who remained
an invincible warrior to the day of his
death, or Tolstoy who well into his
seventies, though he had lost his wife,
particularly after an affair with a younger
woman, and Anatole France
who ineptly records around mid-



Low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by it

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"I swear
you can really
taste me."



10 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine/MENTHOL, 11 mg "tar", 1.6 mg nicotine in one pack. FTC Report AUG '71

Wide-Lite takes you inside its ID series indoor luminaire; where dust and fumes can never go.



Now Wide-Lite takes you inside three ID installations.



An Automotive Plant:
Even the common effects of acid fumes can lessen the efficacy of these dustproof Wide-Lite IDs. Only the cleanest surfaces must be cleaned—and only at repainting time.



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An Important Option:

All ID Series luminaires are available as Light Master units with built-in, automatically controlled quartz sodium lighting. No auxiliary fluorescent or incandescent systems are required as pure light should at no point interfere with the discharge system. See your "Wide-Lite" representative. He's in the Yellow Pages.

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gence in his *Journal* when he might have been expected to be contemplating his impending end and its possible aftermath. Even Marshal Pétain, it seems, in his Vichy days when he presided over France's collaborationist government, was liable to participate in unseemly orgies.

This general school of opinion maintains that the best way to secure the most productive, applying that under a different social system the results will be better. I do not think that the most glaring example I ever met with of wrong influence in their line occurred in Afghanistan in the war when the British General Council gave the Revell representation a list of Russians who were well advised to give them up, at any rate, very soon; they did not, in the past, people have been asked in certain cases, such as those for the sake of these qualities? The Chinese, for instance, are asked to ask us to give them up, and even for the sake of sound well-being. In the present case of opinion, I should expect, I mean, to find more others than for the other propo-

Marx's *Das Kapital* in the Great Leonid Litvinov (Frederick Hald, 80/8) collects a variety of opinions on the great man, ranging between the cult of the saint and that of a scoundrel like Shaw and Tolstoy. They show how extremely varied were people's attitudes to him—though not as extreme as those of the author of *The People's Navigation*, *For and Against*. As I have always regarded Napoleon as one of the great pests of history, more responsible than anyone else for the crop of power madmen like Louis, Stalin, Mao and Hitler who have so devastated the world, I found myself nodding my head in agreement with the editor's verdict on the tyrant's reign over the French empire. The reverse opinion, however, can be engendered by those who fancy it.

despondent, if he never succeeds. I have many readers in schools, so much money is available for the teacher who wants to help him. I am not sure which is more admirable: whether, as I believe, it is the generosity in another's father or the secret, or whether, as most parents seem to assume, it represents the final disappearance of the tiny entity which has been, so very briefly and in significantly, me.

If old age and death, as Madame de Reszenei complained, are kept from us, then, there must be pleasure, pain, and enjoyment as before in human history. Books above all, during every higher degree of knowledge, pour from the presses all telling their story, if not legends, of

GRADUATE TAKE ON RATES

*Under the white I pour libid
from my boat while holding up hand
high as in one will see
the red stars spread in my hands.
Close hand and couch and skull
by a snow bather, such
and moreover, I concentrate
on the day I lost my earthly pinstriped,
overlaid it that day then I thought*

—Scenes II & III



Contrary to popular belief, there's more than one good way to drink Bacardi dark rum.

out 20 years ago, three
of us started saving a little

drinking rum and coke.

*but, a long and continuing series
such as Rutherford's, with*

the rocks.

with some Baccharis clark

It's light, underplayed
One that's dry and

And spring croaks at
wind and woe.

That's why Biscardi
only bottles alcohol with

with other masters.

REFERENCES

it, and who knows
what might come up
in song that'll make
such and famous, too.

BACARDI rum. The mixable one.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

第3章 機器學習

I am disappointed to respond to the many statements and counterstatements both on Philip Morris's account of his eye interview, with me and of my Countermeasures article on the basis of the Truman Principle "If you can't stand "mumbo" you shouldn't be in any other state of mind," that John E. Farbush was a "Statement." I did not use the term, qualified with an "or," to describe I F Stoen, both on the interview and in the article.

the best... 150 Review of The New York Review of Books, April 1, 1971

in opposition to my proposal, supporting
me in an audience. While reports that
he shrank on the treasury of his interests
with several of the people he re-
presented. Since I am, as he so skillfully
represents, a "lame duck" in these circles,
he evidently felt no obligation to extend the same cour-
tesy.

Only appearing to deserve the last sentence of my article in response to what I wrote my article as a "walking advertisement" or "blast" of Norman Podhoretz's life alleged personal vendetta against the New York Review in regard to the Left, and that at least some of his content was obtained, if not actually written, by him. I am also grateful to Mobile for a series of manoeuvring which added a little light that it knew well he had been influenced by a journalistic and legal urge to expose him to a severe disclosure about the major political and historical issues before the War and the Cold War, and their origins, including myself. He persistently attempted to turn the subject back to the foundations under which I had agreed to write the article for *New York Review* and

I have no doubt it was his fine
temperance, wisdom, and foresight—

myself, that Peiferter had asked me to write the article—he had asked me to write others in the past—but before a number passed and that I had agreed to do so I had the first two sent, would be as good a stipulation for my efforts, and would give the opportunity to ascertain whether or not I did as I said. The New York article, for example, was written in nine months.

to this. Notice that Peabody's summary does in general what we've seen in these lectures because I had expressed those before in Cambridge itself as well as elsewhere, but that he had made no editorial suggestion, let alone shown any interest in my article. In fact, he did not even cite it. Noble's generous review of Peabody and a accompanying flavor the begin to make me uncomfortable. As I considered these points more fully, Schleske new choice to characterize my remarks as "frank and unassuming" and "influentially relaxed and unguarded" was particularly galling. I could not believe that anyone so astute, that there was something to be guarded or less to say about it. I understood, by the way, that several of the other reviewers are colleagues about the qualities

If Weing is attracted by such adjectives as "mystifying" and "relaxed," I

orthodox them and act without cause in doing. I would only say with hindsight that Shirley Keppel's desperation of Wrong as someone who continually bleeds from scars where no one ever touched her has partly good reason.

卷之三十一

Annealing your planet's skin, fifteen
Centauri West," says "Why isn't the
hottest man in America on television?"
Dennis, why doesn't someone say at
least one of us is the top executive
of the three U.S. networks. But Dennis
personally, and all those famously well-
adjusted with the show still alive and well.
Is there any good reason why *The Show*
of Shows could not go into pro-
duction once again sometime during the
fall-Spring season?

The young is constantly purchasing—usually right for the return of *Shes a Show*. Today America is a terrible bore and apprehensive mood. The stars of television today is a carefree and, with several excellent exceptions, charmingly innocent. But what's more, there has been a great loss of material and material at the disposal of this *China* and *Ice* "comes that wouldn't

mento strada.
RESPECTE LAASIN
Vancouver, B.C.

Quantity: one dozen

Year. Many more will join us for fun.
I have a suggested solution for Mr. Ephron's hang-up (A Few Words About Present). There is a cult of quality food in America these days, replacing the bigger-is-better fad exemplified by the McDonalds and the unnecessary glorification of Jayne Mansfield. Perhaps Mr. Ephron could devote his attention to the shaping of her interests rather than to their size. Hopefully this shift in focus will bring him pride and contentment.

Gold stars for the fine articles we do. May issue, Franklin Bowen's "High Country" will not disappoint the Forty-Third State, and Oliver Evans' "A Personal Experience" is also excellent.

To those among you who chose as their article something about the earthquake-torn towns of New England's poor little states, one thousand dollars and an extra day for the next month at your Hotel in Boston, where you will possibly find you work for Esquire, put Seven-
days, *Audited*, in Boston's Evening
Post.

As for Karen Kiplinger, my personal annual for Trends of the Year, and a suspense, back to Beverly Hills High School where you will write on the blackboard one hundred times "It is better to be a lady than to be lost and tell."
ANTHONY HERTZBERG
South Pasadena, Calif.

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This began a collaboration which has had among its last such places as Pousquic's and the Ritz Bar in Paris, and a New York City Czechoslovakian restaurant called The Duck Joint, but we have more usually met at Fornari's quarters in a Manhattan hotel which still gets maximum the phone rings so much as it is.

A typical session proceeds as follows: I shuffle through the papers that litter the floor (The Fornari filing system being horrendous), pull out a chair and gaze steadily in the direction of the man who, seated across, looks slightly past me. "What's this file for, which got Hiroshima or Giacometti, somebody who could deal with the esoteric subject?"

The novel deals with cyclones, the preservation of dead bodies in a dream state against the day when they may or may not be revived. There are two such dreamers in the story: Louis, a man who, like a legend, has lived alone in a house in the middle of a frozen mountain, and a vertical capsule. Using a team of experts, I was willing to spend about three and let it go at that when writing the book, but Fornari, a man of many images, wanted to see the real McCoy. So Jerry, Miles, and I went to the Central Park Zoo, where a tiger who ran the Cheetah Society of New York, one of whom has established a kitted shelter which can resist a one megaton bomb blast at ground zero (its air vents have, however, been sealed with teflon applied by his children), spewed the information as we went along through the sheer strength of the great mauler.

We then climbed onto a riding chariot which then began to collapse, and we almost had a dozen producer, "C'mon," urged the rosy-faced fellow who was a dead crew. "Jerry, come on, we're gonna be found."

When Fornari's three lions he wouldn't be found:

"Jerry, that Czech has gone back to Prague."

Lulu, at another table, which with those guys is always a special occasion, had a hand in this. Jerry, Miles, and I were having a conversation. Miles confided that the next night of the freeze capsule had caused him to reassess his geographical situation.

"I looked at you, Jerry, and you didn't look well. I looked at you, Tom, and you were straight like a board, and you both looked worried. I wondered what I was doing in this country. I was thinking of going home."

Back at the script section, Miles suddenly sprang from the bed. "Some coffee!" And bounds rapidly to the main telephone, where said the editor to keep his coffee grinds in the International Room. He returned with a tray of coffee and sugar, and sat in the hollow outside, while Miles always has to go investigating—after using telepathy we somehow work out both Miles and Jerry by telepathy. He is in a jolly mood now and operates an enormous

is brought to the hall several times and allowed to settle after each fuming outburst, available though. Do you want to go?" He is revering me. He lights his pipe. He evinces himself and makes a number of phone calls, none in English and others in Czech, invariably beginning with "Good morning, Mr. President."

"He makes notes on his engagement book, sniffs an ash pipe, and says: "Do you have any litmus?"

"Well, I am thinking—Why don't we have Rosenthal over, we attract him, he is most remarkable, a really good guy? We'll take this file for, which got Hiroshima or Giacometti, somebody who could deal with the esoteric subject?"

The novel deals with cyclones, the preservation of dead bodies in a dream state against the day when they may or may not be revived. There are two such dreamers in the story: Louis, a man who, like a legend, has lived alone in a house in the middle of a frozen mountain, and a vertical capsule. Using a team of experts, I was willing to spend about three and let it go at that when writing the book, but Fornari, a man of many images, wanted to see the real McCoy. So Jerry, Miles, and I went to the Central Park Zoo, where a tiger who ran the Cheetah Society of New York, one of whom has established a kitted shelter which can resist a one megaton bomb blast at ground zero (its air vents have, however, been sealed with teflon applied by his children), spewed the information as we went along through the sheer strength of the great mauler.

We then climbed onto a riding chariot which then began to collapse, and we almost had a dozen producer, "C'mon," urged the rosy-faced fellow who was a dead crew. "Jerry, come on, we're gonna be found."

"I thought I just heard you say Why?"

The telephone rings. It is Dick Henry on the Count, or Jean Claude Carriere on Paris, Richard Benjamin, New York, or even Peter on the fifth floor of the same hotel; often all of them in sequence.

After animated conversations in whichever language, he hangs up.

"Now do we do this, Tom?"

"Dick Rosenthal looks across the air shafts and sees this woman in another room and—"

"Aha?" Fornari gets up and begins to play the role, peers through the window blinds, peers up and down in his undershirt, and constructs an elaborate series of cinematic events in which Rosenthal, adroitly, albeit unconvincingly, pretends to be a burglar, but ends up in her lapping at a golden empanada party for her grandparents—the details of which Miles bares on a Death without exception he overheard in Antarctica.

"Dick Rosenthal does it?"

But he falls onto the bed, moderately disfigured, writhes distractedly at the ceiling, and groans. His secret adviser is.

"But why? That is the question, Tom! What makes this? Pure dissatisfaction?"

"That's right! That is the question, Tom! What makes this? Pure dissatisfaction?"

"I thought you had previously asked

Miles."

He sits up and groans. "That's true. If you have the Why, you need the How. If the How, then the Why."

In between more phone calls, laughing and giggling, visits from the police, dancing naked from the top of the International Room. He returns to the bed, sits on the corner, and sits in the hollow outside, while Miles always has to go investigating—after using telepathy we somehow work out both Miles and Jerry by telepathy. He is in a jolly mood now and operates an enormous

dinner party at The Duck Joint. It retains the next day. It is resolute and growing.

"Tom? Did you write those pages?"

"Certainly not."

"Good. We can't use that area. It goes to—"

"I know you'd say that today."

"I don't think I can make this posture. I'm not the right size."

"I was thinking that same of myself. I haven't had a sensible size since we started. As you know, I'd like to write a full-length novel again. On the other hand, having already written about these characters in the novel, I have nothing more to say about them."

"Ah," says Miles, clearing up considerably. "But you stimulate us! Don't be discouraged. I can tell you that at the present evenings you're making us more popular together. That makes it an idea comes that causes everything to fall into place. What we should do is to go somewhere in the country, where there are no distractions, get up early in the morning, work all day, then have a big dinner and stay off limits. That's what I always did in Connecticut."

"To go crazy in the country? Let's go to Paris."

He falls back in despair and groans. "I don't know anybody in Paris."

But finally, after many fits and starts, he goes to the Belgian Hotel Restaurant and meets little Paris. Miles, of course, we know everybody. Trofet, Chakot, Huguette Andran, Delphine Dreyfus, etc.

Yet somehow the screenplay accumulates, and Miles, I suppose, is unforgivably optimistic. Reading what Miles says, wistfully, and has pages of notes, I am compelled to say that, as a responsible person, is vital to laugh himself off the sofa onto the floor.

"Tom," says Miles, "like Jerry very much and think he's extremely intelligent, but he's not cerebral!"

Meanwhile Fornari takes a couple of hours to read the first few pages of the script of Jean Claude Carriere's *The Little Child*. Back from town to come to see him again as ap-

"Tom, here is Miles! I love you."

"I miss you, too. I haven't been to The Duck Joint in ages or had Turkish coffee."

"Aha! But what I mean most about you is your worrisome. You were thinking all the while we looked at those flowers earlier?"

"That was merely hysterical, Miles. Don't worry about it. It's the national ailment."

Miles.

He sits up and groans. "That's true. If you have the Why, you need the How. If the How, then the Why."

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for making our whiskey
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WHITHER THOU GOEST

by Ron Rosenbaum

The brief encounter of Angela Davis and George Jackson

W

ith 4 infants. What is that pale yellowish stain on the front of that love letter? It's gone now; the lady has placed the letter facedown on top of the stack she has already looked through. The lady is flipping through more than a year of letters from George Jackson. There are two more stacks of them resting on her gleaming dining-room table.

For a brief time—when he was in love with the lady, or so he wrote her—it's hard to understand the lady is near 50, but she is sleek and elegant and lovely. Her hair is carefully done, but the cut is profuse, and her skin is smooth and well-toned.

For seventeen months the lady wrote George Jackson gushing, cooingly love letters, and he wrote her wistful, earnestly love letters. They met at the maximum-security visiting rooms of Soledad and San Quentin, occasionally holding hands—through a hole in the wire mesh—when the guards were not looking.

She told him of many things she knew. "I talked about the Greek Islands, the warmth of the sun on my back, the salt of the sea in my nostrils. I talked about snakes."

He told her she was one of the few persons in the world who understood his tender side.

Understandably the lady is reluctant to talk about George Jackson in a stranger.

Some letters written by Jackson to the lady give me the impression the lady had known George Jackson when he was growing up in Chicago. I asked her if she would tell about George Jackson this time.

"Oh no. That's not important. What is your story going to about anyway? That's not important."

What does the lady think is important about George Jackson?

The one thing he discussed most often was the racism for black people and white people and people of

all colors to understand each other and unite of fascism is to be eradicated. And that he was a symbol of a lot of important things—the of struggle for a new system."

And what is not important about George Jackson? The lady is flipping through the stacks of letters, pausing over *Star Trek* quotes about the struggle, about unity. She comes upon a story she lets me read:

"It is about seven years in the past. George Jackson is in bed with a woman he loves very much. They have just made love. The floor has been broken under their bodies while pillowcases and Tatami mats while he tells her his adventures of the past seventy-five hours—how he escaped from the Marin County jail in California, escaped to eastbound freight in Bakersfield, from all night crossing Utah in an empty boxcar, finally arriving at Alcatraz—where he is picked up by this woman—with nothing but the chains on his back and a .45 revolver stuck in his shirt."

In the middle of this tale, a loose plank in the floor outside the lady's bedroom cracks and seventeen-year-old George Jackson leaps out of bed, knocking over a coffee table. He grabs his pants and his .45 and jumps off the floor.

"It turns out! to be nothing. The lady says she understood, and George Jackson gets back into bed. Twelve years later he writes that she was one of only two women in his life who could understand both the love and the way he was. He stayed with her for a few more lonely days, then hitchhiked to Marineland where an old friend had set up the police who arrested him to jail. Not long after that he was sent up for good."

The lady is telling her—what is not the lady of that state of mind doesn't think the story is important?

"I don't think that's the kind of thing people should read about, that's not the important thing about George Jackson. It's in rather bad taste in fact. I'd



rather you wrote about how he reached out to other people, how he tried to build unity among the prisoners with the spirit of perfect idealism and love."

"The lady slips back through her sick-criticism, finds quotations which will substantiate this to my satisfaction, and there it is again. That thunderside of mine, that pull-up one of us for the few genuine peasants in a huge penitentiary crowd."

This time I notice something new about the letter. Most of George Jackson's letters are densely packed, filling away line on the pale-white elementary-school composition paper which San Quentin supplies to inmates. But this letter is different. There is a big black space in the middle third of the front page. There is a rough circle drawn in the middle of the black space. There is an arrow drawn from the writing above to the circle, and there is that star in the middle of the circle. I begin to wonder about the star.

The lady is reading through another letter, looking for important quotes, as I stand a glance at the next of this letter. I see the words "physical evidence of love" in a sentence above the circle and the star.

"What was it, sir, that circle about?" I ask the lady.
"What circle?"

"Back a ways, there was a circle and an arrow."

"Which letter do you mean?"

"Um... back here, I think, no, maybe further back, here's the one." I say, holding the letter.

"Oh the one with the circle? That's interesting. He could act like a little boy sometimes. The important thing your step son has to tell is the way George Jackson tried to educate black and white in prison that their real essence were..."

It may not be important to the lady now, but it hints at what love is like after eleven years in prison. This is what George Jackson wrote about the exalted status:

"Rise this circle, brush with your lips the physical evidence of the ultimate expression of love."

God Save Thomas Wolfe

Little Thomas Wolfe voices what he lived George Jackson. He says it so fervently in the written word that the reader can almost understand the break in his testimony and remorse.

"You know this term love me—well, today has so many other connotations. I would take if you've taken about Plaintiff love, love of one man for his fellowmen."

"I loved George Jackson ever since I'd known him," Thomas Wolfe remarks.

Thomas Wolfe is a short, slightly built and debonairly dressed native of British Honduras who speaks with the open-shut precision of Sir Majorcy's colonials.

There were Christian missionaries in his family, and Wolfe grew up a devout Christian in British Honduras. Then he moved to Los Angeles. Back in February of 1969 Wolfe stabbed his seven-and-a-half-year-old wife through the heart. He had married her at sixteen, she slept around, they separated, then she slept around some more and contracted syphilis. Then not again, he said. After thirty-one years married, she called him domestic, she got in his face.

Sadly, according to Wolfe, "a firm spontaneous sexual liaison broke out again. I have ever exper-

enced" possessed him and drove him to seize a knife and stab her to death.

Wolfe's ability to manipulate was... coming on... was "inclined to make up for that to Christ my personal savior." Wolfe used up one of the few genuine peasants in a huge penitentiary crowd.

He is right. Wolfe, in fact, that he became a rather heterodox preacher of agnosticism and Christianity less to his fellow prisoners in Solano's Y-Wing. Wolfe's preaching was not received well by the Black panthers who got the feeling that Wolfe looked upon American blacks as common criminals, lacking intelligence and most sensitivity of a callous Christian subject of the Crown such as he, lacking consciousness of sinfulness.

Wolfe didn't like to talk in any way about the details of his own crime, preferring to suffer his remorse privately. But early in January, 1970, word leaked out on the prison grapevine that Wolfe had stabbed his wife thirteen times. Black prisoners who felt they had listened to Wolfe and his Christian nonviolence long enough began taunting him, calling him "wife-killer" and worse, pushing the self-righteous Wolfe to the breaking point.

A few nights later Wolfe had come back to his thundering cell and found "we" had removed nearly all of his possessions. "You can't live like that," he complained. He sat down, holding a very small cigarette, smoking John Clapham who lives in the row of cells across the third tier from Wolfe. He found Clapham, who in turn has a shower room and launched himself, men, fork and all, at the man before George Jackson stepped up to knock it up.

And three days later, on the evening of January 18, 1970 there, on the bottom floor of Y-Wing, was Thomas Wolfe puncturing Martin Luther King and unwilling to argue who would batton.

But this particular night was a bad night to talk Christian love.

It was dinnertime, but no one was going to dinner. The black panthers of Y-Wing had gathered around a table between the two rows of cells on the bottom floor of the wing. The table was piled with odds and ends of food supplied by the prison inmates. Almost all the blocks in Solano had been bypassed the prison menu blocks since "break those damn eggs," when they learned that a Chinese man had been very well-fed black prisoners in the enormous yard of O-Wing, Solano's maximum-security lapdog.

The very blocks in Y-Wing heard the story as Wolfe had broken out between W. L. Niles, a popular black freebleeder and revolutionary, and "Percho," the leader of the white prisoners' Nazi party, when blocks and whites had been allowed to eat meat together for the first time in years.

It was and as soon as the daylight broke out, a sharpshooter in a gun tower put an end to it by putting a bullet through W. L. Niles' heart, then by putting a second bullet through the heart of a black prisoner who had approached Niles' body, and by finally stabbing a third black prisoner who approached the first two bodies.

It was also said around that food table in Y-Wing, that the white racism was at it, that the daylight had been preceded by racial guards and "Nazi" prisoners to give the go-to-liver man an excuse to shoot at some of the black revolutionaries housed in O-Wing.

So there is Thomas Wolfe talking his Christian nonviolence, Martin Luther King live, when up walks George Jackson who is in no mood for that.

Character witness for Angela Davis:
The Reverend Wallace Amos of Mexico.



Defendant George Jackson
(continued)

W. L. Nolen, the first man shot dead in O-Wing said, it was said, the number-one target of the student, had been one of George Jackson's closest friends for four years.

More than a friend, "W. L."—as he was called, was a key member of the surrounding revolutionary collective George Jackson had organized, that in San Quentin and then in Soledad.

Jackson first met W. L. in 1966 when Nolen, transferred to San Quentin prison hospital with a bleeding shank hole in his back, had told Jackson, who was an inmate orderly at the time, that he had been attacked by a white gang and that, for every reason possible, he didn't want the prison authorities to know anything about it.

Jackson later wrote, "I fed him morphine tablets, gave him a tincture injection, and sewed the hole in his back as best I could."

Jackson sent W. L. into his clandestine "Marxist-Panther" study group. They worked at converting the Capos, or gang leaders, of San Quentin into a revolutionary collective. Both Jackson and W. L. were designated "coordinators" in Soledad and the "discipline inspector" of Soledad's notorious O-Wing, overseeing themselves to the thorough against abuse by guards and other inmates, and those in Soledad they had arranged another study group/Panther collective, which enabled them both out for special injustices from white guards.

Five months after his brother Jonathan was shot outside the Marin County courthouse, George Jackson wrote that he had loved his "comrade partner," W. L. Nolen the way he had loved his brother Jonathan.

So when George Jackson heard little Thomas York talking about Martin Luther King and movements at that night of January 18, he may have left his campas a little Yorkie does not tell us what George Jackson snapped at him, only that it was something "very derogatory" about Yorkie and about Martin Luther King. Whatever it was, Yorkie shut up and went off to pick up a towel.

It was six o'clock and the local news was coming in on the TV room. George Jackson and most of the other black prisoners did it to their seats on the right or "black side" of the TV room.

Firsttime in the news. District Attorney calls shoot-

ing of three black Soledad prisoners "justifiable homicide."

August activists, staring and baring chairs on the black side of the TV room. Thomas York, returning with towel and newspaper, checks into the TV room to see what the commotion is about, then heads upstairs to his third-tier cell to relax with his newspaper. The white prisoner in the next cell, a man named Larry Edlow, comes and leans in the doorway of Yorkie's cell to chat a bit. They talk about the three men dead in O-Wing about the D.A.'s "justifiable homicide" comment and about the ugly road in T-Wing.

There was only one guard on duty in T-Wing that evening. His name was John T. Mills and he was a "fish ball," a cookie who was filing in for the regular second-shift guard who was on vacation. Guards who patrol bars in California—and most other—prisons do not carry guns or clubs for fear of giving prisoners easy access to weapons. But the most guards in Soledad, Mills had a .38-caliber semi-automatic revolver, forty-four Harry-Davidson shotgun cartridges from his belt.

Shortly after six thirty that evening George Jackson, Mills' second shift, and the other two guards—Dennis—on deck in T-Wing—arrived directly across the hall from Thomas York's cell. Mills heard glass shattering at the far end of the tier. As he turned to investigate, he was pounced by two, possibly three, men. An attack was aimed at his neck, a hand over his mouth. His long metal-spiked flashlight was wrested from his belt. They swatted his face with the flashlight, beat him with their fists, dragged him to the head of the tierwell at the end of the tier, and had his hands behind his back. He fell two floors down and landed on his head, which broke.

Somehow avoided an alarm, a whirr blow, guards rushed in from all over and pelted "lock up." Every prisoner in T-Wing hurried to get into his cell before the handles of the Adams Locking Doors were wrenches to "deadlock," locking them out.

That night York's white friend Edlow peeked out the pictures of George Jackson, Fred Hampton, and John Cleckley. He told Edlow that they were the three men he saw beaten. Mills, some other whites peeked out over Yorkie's door. Those three pictures and said Yorkie were the ones. Black prisoners told themselves they are nothing at all.

Thomas York told investigation he saw nothing at all.

But late that night, Yorkie and his white buddy Edlow had a quiet talk through a hole connecting their cells.

Edlow told Yorkie that he had given a detailed statement to investigation. He may have told Yorkie news of the details.

Yorkie began to realize that his Team-thinking statement might be a matter of concern to the authorities, since it cast doubt upon the Tom-Jackson-alienation of the men in the cell next to him.

Yorkie began to get nervous. He asked to see the prison priest. He asked the priest to contact a lawyer for him. He tried to meet with administrators in the prison chapel. He told the administrators that he had lied when he said he saw nothing, that he had seen something and wanted to clear up the lie, but he didn't want to have to testify about what he'd seen unless he had a lawyer to tell him he'd be killed if he testified.

There in the chapel, Yorkie pleaded to the administrators to be allowed just to write a statement onto their cars—so they'd know he was on their side—without having to testify. The administrators were not impressed by this.

From the Public Record

September 28, 1971: George Jackson born, Oregon.

July 5, 1964: FBI informs White Devil rebels there is a known Communist on the UCLA faculty.

September 28, 1968: Beginning of unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Angela.

January 28, 1969: W. L. Nolen and two other black inmates are shot and killed by a guard in Soledad Prison.

January 16, 1970: Monterey County D.A. calls the deaths of Nolen and the others "justifiable homicides." Mills had a .38-caliber semi-automatic revolver, forty-four Harry-Davidson shotgun cartridges from his belt.

Shortly after six thirty that evening George Jackson, W. L. Nolen and two other black inmates are shot and killed by a guard in Soledad Prison.

January, 1971: George pleads guilty to mail-theft robbery in Los Angeles, sentenced to life rear in life.

September, 1971: Angela visits Bradenton, Westmins, Mass.

September, 1971: Angela begins major study of the Panthers. Page March 23, 1972: Rachell Magee arrested for kidnapping and armed robbery in Los Angeles; sentenced to life in San Quentin.

May 8, 1972: Angela attends trial hearing for the Federal Brothers, now George for the first time.

June 1, 1972: James McClain's trial ends in hung jury; rescheduled for August 3, 1972.

September, 1972: California Board of Regents denies Angela's request for appointment to faculty.

August 3, 1972: Angela meets Dennis Brundage in Los Angeles.

June 22, 1972: Angela joins the Guerrilla Party in Los Angeles.

May 9, 1973: Angela gets teaching

assistantship at U.C.L.A.

July 5, 1974: F.B.I. informs White Devil rebels there is a known Communist on the UCLA faculty.

September 28, 1968: Beginning of unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Angela.

August 7, 1970: At McClain's second trial, white Rachell Magee is testifying for the defense. Jonathan, Jonathan, Harry and another inmate take five hostages, including the judge. Outside the courthouse, shooting breaks out; Jonathan, McClain, the other inmates and the judge die; page 1. Angela takes a plane from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

August 16-October 18, 1970: F.B.I. conducts nationwide search for Angela after shot-out gun are found to her.

October 12, 1972: Angela captured with David Fensterer, a white Chippewa, in room 702 of Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, New York.

December 8, 1972: Angela extradited to California.

April 22, 1973: People's Court of harboring a fugitive.

July 8, 1973: Angela and George meet again for the first time in a holding cell in the Marin County Jail.

August 31, 1973: George killed in San Quentin.

March 27, 1974: The Prosecution opens its case against Angela; page 1. Jerry says two surviving Soledad Brothers, Brundage and Cleghorn, of murder.

went to California. "If you can't make up your mind about harboring, we'll have to put you back on the map," said the federal prosecutor modestly. "They told him."

For Yorkie, the whole thing seemed hysterical with fear. He was certain he would be killed if he were put back in the general prison population.

He now began writing letters to British ambassadors all over the world asking Her Majesty to intercede. He began talking to Soledad Brother defense attorneys. He claimed he was tricked into testifying before the grand jury, that the prosecution was constantly threatening him with life imprisonment for violating the court rule.

He was moved to Soledad South and soon decided the only thing to do was escape. He made it over the wire, but was caught soon after and committed, placing him in the hole.

Prison officials told Yorkie he was no longer safe in any California prison and shipped him to Nevada for sentencing until the trial. From his exile in Nevada, Yorkie began making moves about changing his mind. He never planned to testify against George Jackson in an actual trial, he said, just before the grand jury.

The chief Westminster in the case, a certain Captain Woody, drove to Nevada, picked up Yorkie and headed



twelve Ten Squad prisoners and several Sheriff's deputies—and since almost every Panther either started out or ended up in prison—to make prisons and prisoners the center of their revolution.

Midway through his cross-examination, defense attorney Richard Silver had Yorks fire off a sheet of paper a group of figures representing George Jackson, Officer Mills, John Clutchette, and Fleeta Drumgoong, just the way Yorks had first seen them on that night two years ago. Poring over his New York squad advice, Jackson here faced this very day, Mills there facing that way, and, well, that's not right. Jackson here, Mills facing this way, and so on, through the entire alphabet.

The more Yorks could not set things as to what the right people could be facing the right way and things would look just like the paper.

Suddenly Yorks jumped up. "Lieut? Skypus?" he screamed at the defense attorney. "Lieut, shitter!" he screamed again. He told the judge he had secret documents he wanted to show him; people were after him, tracking him, threatening him, persecuting him. The state's case against the two surviving Soledad Brothers began to fall apart.

Thomas Yorks is back in British Honduras again, thanks to the deal he made.

To the end he never ceased hating the loved George Jackson. "I loved him very much," he reported to the court. "I thought he was a very beautiful example of what a Black man should be."

Who's Afraid of the Communist Party?

Body question No. 1: A large section of the Left views us as communists, while a large section of the American people is given to views as extreme as ours. What image should we seek to project to such of those groups and, recognizing that our image should reflect our reality, what should we do (or not do) to further both image and reality?—From the course outline of the Communist Party's Membership Training School

The Communist Party found itself invited with the Soledad Brothers more by accident than by design.

Back in the Fifties the Party mounted a big campaign to save the life of a black inmate named W. W. "Wavy" Wells, who faced the gas chamber for throwing a spear at a guard in California penal code 1607 upon the condition of any group that concluded its assault upon the free men of the prison would not seriously hurt. The attorney who helped save Wells from the gas chamber was Lee Strother, a member who has worked on a number of important Communist Party cases and who helped to defend Angela Davis.

And back in the Fifties, after he had joined the Party, W. E. B. DuBois called for nationwide organizations to oppose this national racket of railroading to jail and chain-gang, the poor, the friends, and black.

But except for a brief fling with Caryl Chessman, the Party was born in either frost, and most prisoners were looked upon as brutes, the irredeemable subsection of the working class, capable of individual and gang violence but incapable of the championed class action necessary to make a revolution.

It remained for the Panthers to glorify the lumpen

*Political position:
Ed Montgomery of the San Francisco Examiner.*

and—since almost every Panther either started out or ended up in prison—to make prisons and prisoners the center of their revolution.

George Jackson revelled in his hemisphere. "Lumpen" means rags in German, but all beatings andights had left George Jackson's body literally stained with lumps. He called the lump "good flesh." Not worse were applied to a defendant's limb in medieval trials, often snarling through the bone. About half the time the black would proceed to take gummures and wrap them around the limb to cause the blood to clot over, but usually he by regurgitating into a vintage, earth-mudmuck poultice or agony pretzel-like bandage with human waste called "poop flesh" because they proclaimed, if not necessarily, at least definitely survival of the trial.

Not long after Huey Newton was locked up in San Luis Obispo Prison, he began in about six hours a legendary black prisoner up North who had been in Quentin and Soledad told tales about "Comrade George" who was said to be physically the toughest and politically the most radical of anyone in the joints.

Meanwhile Comrade George had been making what Mayay and Klubkik Chasten were writing. He was particularly attracted to Cleaver's mouthpiece, Marimac, which declared the Communist Party leadership of Marimac corrupt and hopelessly conservative, and which elevated the violent and enraged knaves to the vanguard of the revolution.

When long Haig Newton down in San Luis Obispo and Comrade George up in Soledad tried contact with each other, and Haig was impressed enough to name Comrade George a Field Marshal in the Black Panther Party.

So how did the much despised Communist Party get into the act?

Well, back in September, 1966, Haig Newton asked one of his attorneys, Mrs. Fay Simpson, to see what she could do about getting Comrade George out of jail. He had served sixteen years of a one-year-to-life sentence for a flag-raising holding he did gaily when he was eighteen, and might well serve the rest of his life for it.

But when Jackson wrote Mrs. Strother on Haig's recommendation, she wrote back telling her she was already involved in too many prison cases to take on another. Jackson wrote Haig Strother again, telling him, "You're supposed to have been one of us," as she reads it. Finally on February 3 a hearing took place.

Just about the time Fay heard from State Senator Marvin Dymon, with whom she had been conducting an investigation of the Soledad Brothers' treatment in his Los Angeles district, had come to visit Wavy and Lee, concluding that Lee Strother had been charged with murdering a guard at Soledad Prison, that they had been held unsuccessfully for four weeks, and that they desperately needed lawyers for a hearing three days away on February 27. The names of the three sons were Fleeta Drumgoong, John Clutchette, and George Jackson.

Once she'd decided to take on the case, Fay realized she would need big money fast. One of the many people she contacted put Fay in touch with a woman who had been a victim of several political defense cases.

Fay asked this woman to leave for L. A. as soon as possible to meet with the three brothers and see what she could do about raising money.

This woman Fay called happened to be a Communist Party member for ten years, in fact. She is not a senior Party member, but her supervisor where she

works don't know about her affiliation, and will probably be better off without knowing it, so I will tell her that.

The first thing Eliel did when she arrived in L.A. was to look up Rose Cheever, a lady who was running an organization called The Committee for the Defense of the Bill of Rights. This Committee was an outgrowth of an earlier committee called The Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, which was active in fighting McCarthy and McCarran inspired deportations of Communists and other foreign-born leftists in the early Fifties by other committees. Eliel thinks and told me, "I guess it all started because they thought maybe it was a Communist front."

Bear Cheever, who had at one point herself in the early Fifties on a South Africa trip, charged that The Committee for the Defense of the Bill of Rights could help with money, but that she ought to contact Franklin Alexander about mobilizing political support in the Black community. Franklin Alexander, an old friend of Eliel's, was a leader of the One-Lawrence Club, an all-black collective within the Southern California District of the Communist Party. He was also one of Angela Davis' closest friends.

Eliel visited his old friend Franklin Alexander and his wife Nedra, both of whom turned out to be eager to meet with the three finalists. There was only time for a brief meeting before Eliel had to drive up to Salinas, California, for the first public hearing on the Selected Brothers case.

At the hearing, Eliel became friends with Mrs. Issie Williams, mother of Fleeta Drumgoone, one of the three selected. Issie Williams grew up in Shreveport, Louisiana, but had moved into the high-society black bourgeoisie neighborhood of Coolidge Park, Las Vegas. She had never met a Communist in her life.

Eliel remembers the scene in the Southern mountains the day of the first Selected Brothers hearing. "All the mothers were worried about who was a Communist defining their sons. Everyone was telling me about the attorney—he's a Communist, you're a Communist, you're gonna be a Communist. If you associate with them, So I turned to Eliel and I asked her, 'Who's the Communist here? I thought they'd look different!' And Eliel just sits there and says, 'Well for one thing, I am. I didn't know what to think. I didn't know no one who was a Communist before I was writing there and they've got hundreds of these huge deputy pups with clubs in the courthouse, and Fleeta comes in just dropping with chains, and I start crying, and then I see Nedra stand up and put her hat and say "Power to the people!" and I thought boy, is that winter break. I was the lowest boy. I turn to Eliel and she says, 'Yes, there's a Communist too.'

The next Communist lawyer was Angela Davis. It was in late February, 1970. The occasion was the first public meeting to raise funds and support for the Selected Brothers in L.A.; the place was Victoria Hall in Central Los Angeles.

"We came to this meeting and they had a great list and when we signed it we saw Angela Davis signed down on, and we were wondering if it was the Angela Davis and everybody started whispering, 'Angela's here, Angela's here,' and people were saying she was in a lot of trouble, she's gonna get us in trouble, and one of the families and they're not gonna have anything to do with the Defense Committee, so finally after all this shit, someone points out Angela to me and she's just sitting in the back quietly with Nedra, and she was just a beautiful sista. So I said to myself that's an okay kind of Communist for us."

The Sorrows of Pastor Melish

One evening several months after Angela had been captured and jailed, her mother, Mrs. Sally Davis, had dinner with James L. Jackson, Chairman of International Affairs for the Communist Party. The talk was about Birmingham, Alabama, in the Fifties and Fifties. James Jackson, who is Black, was a Black communist organizer and a Black communist. Birmingham was notorious during those days in Birmingham, Birmingham was a place, but sometimes Jackson and the Party had built up a legal and nuclear cadre in Alabama. Times after times when Jackson (no relation to George) would mention a name, a communist, an annual conference, Mrs. Davis would exclaim, "Oh, I know him!" "Oh, I worked with them." "Oh, I was there!" Finally they remembered meeting each other.

Angela's mother was never a member of the Communist Party—for one thing she would have been fired from her white-collar job if it had ever been discovered, and her husband Frank would most certainly have been forced out of the parking lot garage he ran directly across from the Birmingham Police Station. But the Davies' closest friends in Birmingham were a Black Communist couple, Leon and Dorothy Burkman. Their daughter, Margaret Burkman, Angela's early childhood friend, is now one of her lifetime supporters. And Mrs. Davis was often along with the Burkmans as she regularly lectured about Communism in the Workers Association, a group called The Southern Negro Youth Conference, which was a forerunner of the semi-clandestine civil rights groups in the Fifties, The Southern Conference Educational Fund.

But Angela Davis was not brought up to be an activist. Angela was going to be a nurse. She participated in some of the earliest beret-and-sit-ins in Birmingham, and she heard the names of Communists clearlybleeding up because they harbored civil rights sympathizers. But she also played clarinet in the Parker High School Marching Band, joined the Girl Scouts, made straight A's, and received a naming scholarship to Pink University her senior year at Parker. She was to have a graduation.

That year, however, something changed. Angela's parents had a chance to send her east to a top private school, all or most expenses paid, and she accepted. Her mother wanted to try to live with a certain Negro in Brooklyn, in all places, and attend the Kehillah Hebrew School in Greenpoint Village.

So one day in the summer of 1959 the whole Davis family hopped in their station wagon and drove all the way from Birmingham to Brooklyn to check out the Reverend Melish and his family.

"They looked at over. We looked them over," the Reverend Melish recalls. He got along well with Mrs. Sally Davis. Once again there were mutual friends. The Reverend Melish was then Atlanta's Black Representative of none other than The Southern Conference Educational Fund. He and Mrs. Davis had been active in some of the same groups in the Fifties. He knew the Burkmans—and many other people in the Communist Party.

"When Angela came into our home," the Reverend Melish tells me, "she came into a home that was thoroughly experienced with struggle. I don't know if you are familiar with the troubles I had . . ."

The Reverend William Howard Melish and his father,

the Reverend John Howard Melish, were much distinguished and much celebrated Cambridge-Harvard-educated Episcopal ministers who were thrown out of their church—Holy Trinity in Brooklyn—because they had associated too closely with Communists.

The "Melish Case" as "Melish vs. Holy Trinity" became a minor cause célèbre back in the late Forties, since the Melishes had been among the first victims of the postwar Red Scare. For more than ten years Melish and his father were blacklisted and from respectable society.

"To an old man now who's been kicked around," the Reverend Melish observed rather complacently one afternoon in an old study overlooking Dean Street in Brooklyn.

"All one time I could call the White House and arrange a conference. I could call James Bryce, the Secretary of State, at the Whitehouse while he was conference about the U.N. and I'd be put right through to him no matter who!"

The Reverend Melish attained that eminence by working hard throughout the war on behalf of a group called the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

"I was an eighteen-year-old young clergymen. During the war I addressed big rallies all over the country, Madison Square Garden, Army bases, hundreds of others, speaking about American-Soviet friendship. I was on the radio, Town Hall of the Air. But I got cut down. The Cold War began. Churchill made his Iron Curtain speech, you know, whatever it was, very recently. I became National Chairman of the Council. Then one year later, Tom Clark issued the last list of subversive organizations, and there it was, my council, on . . . I got cut down."

For the record, after that list was issued, the Reverend Melish suffered the worst malaise in his life.

"Twice I was on Town Hall of the Air," he explains. "Twice I spoke to five or six million people. First was during the war, the subject was Communists and Christianity, and it was fine. They invited me on a second time, but the second time, just four days after the Attorney General's list was out, they destroyed me." He sighs. "Before six million people, they destroyed me. It was quite an occasion. There certainly was never anything like it before in my life."

I ask the Reverend Melish to explain a little more specifically.

"Well, it was December, 1947, and the topic was, Why America Foreign Policy Is Not Accepted in Europe? It was right after the Civil War started and I took the point of view that we ought to go back to the Roosevelt policy of peace and friendship. That they didn't agree with that, and turned and attacked me personally."

"Wow."

"The other point is, let's see, who was the man who was the head of the C.I.A. during the O.S.I. Wily Hill Davies, some Senator from the Dakotas, a couple others. Taggart! He had been on before and was a stimulating orator, but this was destruction. They attacked me personally. I was damaged before six million people. I was forced, literally, out of my church . . . that lovely building you can see out the window, over there. Isn't it lovely?" Holy Trinity, Brooklyn."

Ten years after his traumatic Town Hall experience, a decade of complex assassination and civil rights, the conservative patriarch of Melish's parish finally voted him out of the pulpit; a good eight years before her dad his father disengaged from the pulpit for not representing his son.



"We had money, we had a following, but we ended up broken, impoverished."

But the Reverend Melish's friends stuck by him.

"When the chips were down my friends stuck by me they could understand my reasoning from certain contexts. If you can stick with the American-Soviet Friendship Committee position, you can withdraw from the others. And we'll understand," they said. Of course I had never joined the Party. I'd never been asked. I felt I could be more effective as a free man."

The Reverend Melish's decision not to betray his friends really paid off.

"Five years or ten years there I was a dead duck. I'd never been arrested on."

The Reverend Melish gets up from behind his huge wooden desk and leads me to the end of the few paces of the wall of his study which is not covered with bookshelves. He points to a enormous white document wrapped by pictures.

"This is the Stockholm Peace Prize I was awarded in 1954. With it come some money, enough to live on, enough to buy this house, enough to get as though we were indoctrinated, and allow us to begin taking in foster children, which is how we ultimately ran Angels. It's so ironic, because new Angels are being persecuted because of that name anti-communist."

I ask him about one of the pictures, to his Peace Prize Certificate, a picture showing what appears to be a younger Melish with Albert Einstein.

"That's me with Einstein when he met with Ilya Ehrenburg, the other great symbol of resistance to fascism. They spoke in German so I couldn't follow their conversation well, but Einstein later told me he had known about the holocaust. And that was Yugoslavia where I went with a delegation of clergymen to investigate those charges that Tito was persecuting Catholic bishops there. And here in W.E.B. DuBois' house close when he was driven out of the country for being a Communist."

Angela Davis spent two years in Brooklyn with the Melish family.

"She wrote me the first year that Angela should stick to her studies and not get involved in politics. She had no science, no math, no languages at Parkside High. They told her she'd have to take an extra year

to graduate from Elmhurst Itron if she wanted to go to a major university. Well, when her little heart, she settled down, she made up her mind to go into French and she did it."

But the second year Angela spent in Brooklyn, she began to meet, through friends, the leaders of the just-revolting civil-rights movement in the South and some of its supporters in the North.

Malish who had been involved in work for The Southern Conference Educational Fund.

"Beginning in 1959 and for the two years this young black woman Angela was living with us, I was traveling through the South at least two or three times a year. My job was to meet people in the struggle."

Apparently these were somewhat clandestine missions, or as Malish explains, "I had little given to me. I don't like to use the word 'underground,' but we were trying to build up a web of black and white people who could be counted on in the struggle. Part of my job was to bring them up to New York, give them a little exposure, to bring them to small fund-raising parties to meet some progressive people in the North—we had that idea long before S.N.C.C. made it popular."

"And Angela would meet them here?" I asked.

"Yes, many of them would play here, the Shattuck-worries for instance. Ironically Angela met the leaders of the Birmingham civil-rights movement in my home in Brooklyn. I probably learned more at that point about what was happening in the South as anyone. I went to Greenwood, I went to Montgomery."

After Angela went off to England and Europe, Malish remained in close touch with her and her family.

"I remember the time Angela was about to marry that German fellow, Maxfield. I think he was his name, so as it turned out at the time, Angela's mother wrote a check to help him after he proposed. They hit the roof, of course."

Malish the pastor enunciates easily. "I wrote her back. I told her not to worry, to let things take their course. It was very romantic at first, though. He met her at Shattuck. They were both studying Comus. He introduced her to philosophy, to Nietzsche and Marx and the other German philosophers. The only thing I remember about him was that he was painted short and tight pants. I met him that spring at a big N.C.C.C. rally—it was the platform—and there was Angela with that German fellow in the audience. He was very, very, very politically aware, a student at Oberlin. And he was very, very, very, very poor. He came from Frankfurt, had to return to Germany that summer."

"But then Angela had a chance to spend her third year in Paris. She made a formal proposal when she was there. She wrote a very courted letter to the Director in Birmingham. At the time, Maxfield was thinking that Angela would stay over there settle down in Germany. Of course, as I said, her family hit the roof. But they took my advice and waited it out."

Angela and Maxfield traveled in Germany to meet his family.

"Of course it was terrible. It was out of the question. They were polite to her, of course, but it was terrible. She went back to Paris. We had a heartfelt exchange of letters that summer. That was the summer I went to Ghana to preach at the funeral of Dr. Baaba."

You know Dr. Baaba well?

"When he was in Brooklyn, yes. His wife Shirley Graham DuBois was on the American-Soviet Friendship Council with me. I got to know them both well. He wrote unto his will at that time that I was to deliver his funeral oration. A lot happened since he left

the country, but he never bothered to change it, and Kwame Nkrumah wanted something carried out in the letter. So they flew me to Ghana. Paul Robeson was going to be there but couldn't make it. I felt a little sort of place being white and preaching but looking back upon it I think I rose to the occasion. Then when I flew home from Ghana, I went to Birmingham. There I was with the Director when the four children were arrested. Angela was one of them, I wrote her a beautiful letter about the whole experience. She wrote me a lovely note back."

"You've been around."

The Reverend Malish smiles briefly.

"My whole history is—In a nutshell, please. I haven't been very successful. I guess I've been knocked around, but I have endured."

Ruchell Magee's Last Night on the Town

In March, 1963, Angela Davis, sophomore French literature student at Berkeley, has just decided to spend her junior year at the Sorbonne. And Ruchell Magee, a dashing twenty-two-year-old just out of the Louisiana State penitentiary, has just left the streets of Los Angeles where he starts hanging out at a place called Club Tropicana.

Magee had been only sixteen years old and a seventh-grade dropout and part-time semi-laborer when he was locked up in Louisiana's Angola State Penitentiary for a crime described as "attempted aggravated rape." When he was released in the Fall of 1962 after six years of growing up in Angola, generally considered to be one of the worst places in the nation in which to grow up, Magee had but enough of Louisiana. He headed west for Los Angeles where he went and a cousin lived in the black suburb of Compton.

On March 9, 1963, Magee got into a fight with a bass player at the Club Tropicana over a girl he'll call Linda. The Club Tropicana was a somewhat seedy club in South Central Los Angeles, just below the big whorehouse district. It seems there was that bass player and amateur-times operator, a habitué of the club, a man named Ben Howard Brown. Late one Saturday night Magee was dancing with his cousin, LeRoy Stewart at the club, drinking and doing what LeRoy Stewart did at the club, drinking and doing what LeRoy Stewart did at the club.

This Ben Howard Brown, conveniently considered Linda out of his pitch. He told Magee to cool it. Magee kept on dancing. Then, according to Magee, Ben Howard Brown drew a pistol on him. Magee decided to cool it, for the time being.

It was about midnight two weeks later when Magee and his cousin LeRoy Stewart walked into the Club Tropicana again.

Magee had a plan. The plan, according to a massive brief prepared by one of his ex-lawyers, Ernest Graves, was to have Ben Brown out in the swift parking lot of the club and beat him up. He planned to have Brown out in the parking lot by asking Brown for some dogs, and offering to make the payoff out in the lot.

When he walked into the club, Magee found Brown inside dancing and fooling with Linda.

Magee asked them if they "had my stuff." Brown told him he had a few joints back at his apartment. He told Magee if he wanted them that billy hell send



Genotype of the defendants' assault
Witness "Big Red" Nelson of San Quentin

Linda back to her apartment to pick them up, but they'd cost Magee a dollar apiece each in advance.

Magie handed Linda a five-dollar bill. No one seemed to have any. Linda had Linda's keys to her car and his apartment and told her to bring back the points and the change.

Then Linda treated Magee and his friends to come along.

Driving down Central on the way back from Brown's apartment, Magee noticed one of his newly purchased pants to Linda and one to his cousin. Magee cracked his pants, Linda cracked hers, and Magee's cousin decided to give his to Linda.

Linda then began in tell Magee a tale about how this Bea Brown fellow back at the Tropicana threatened her all the time and beat her up too.

At that point Magee discovered a gash under the seat of Brown's car. Apparently this discovery and Linda's tale of injustice brought the parking-lot revenge plan back to Magee's mind.

He stopped the car on a side street and shot a hole in Brown's right front tire. Then he parked it and drove to a gas station in nearby Compton to get the bullet hole patched. There was a reason for this.

Arriving back at the Tropicana, Magee went in, found Bea Brown and told her to kiss a hole and had to pay 50 dollars to get it repaired, which means that Brown can even have more defiance dreams from the next dollar bill. Magee asks Brown to come out to the parking lot and see the damaged tire for himself if he doesn't believe it.

Brown follows Magee out to the lot, but there's a catch in the plan: a car is paralleling the street a few yards away, so Magee is temporarily cleared of his revenge and they both return the car.

Finally at two a.m., the Club Tropicana is closed for the night. Magee still wants his nine dollars change and maybe another crack of Brown.

Brown tells Magee he'll have to go to a friend's apartment to pick up the change. Magee says all three, Brown, Magee's cousin, and, of course, Linda, get into Brown's car.

Linda produces the last of Magee's joints. They start driving up Central, and Brown has a proposition is made to Magee: forget about the nine dollars or so and you can keep Linda for the night.

Magee is a little quiet to find out that Brown has the right to tell Linda no, although and cheaply, and that Linda is along with him; the other hand, Magee wants Linda.

He turns down Brown's offer and they keep on driving up Central, until all of a sudden Magee pulls the gun out from under the seat and tells Brown to pull over. Magee waves the gun around and makes remarks, hands the gun to his cousin who waves it around and makes remarks.

Brown decides not to stick around to decide whether they are serious. He hops out of the car and sprint away.

Magee doesn't pursue him. Instead, he and Linda leave the car and find a room in a cheap hotel nearby. At last Magee has Linda to himself.

An hour later they emerge from the hotel and Magee says good-bye to Linda. He meets his cousin at an after-hours bar and together they return to the car. Before they can start the car up, they are surprised by a patrol car full of L.A. police, who arrest Magee and beat him just as insects out of Angels Penitentiary. Magee is convicted of kidnapping for the purpose of robbery on charges lied by Brown, and sent up for life.

Angela and the Brothers Alexander

S. Deacon Alexander stepped down from the speaker's platform, after speaking to a black auto rally he organized in Los Angeles' South Park. A tall, effervescent black girl approached him.

"She came up to me and introduced herself as very new to the L.A. scene. She said she was studying down at U.C. San Diego and trying to drum up support for this anti-war sailor who wouldn't ship out. She asked me to come down and speak at one of their rallies. I forgot why, but I just didn't show up at that rally."

Three weeks later Deacon was speaking on a street corner on Central Avenue, and that same effervescent black girl came up to him. This time she didn't introduce herself.

"She looked me right in the eye and told me one of the first duties of a revolutionary is to keep his word, and what kind of revolutionary did I think I was," Deacon smiles. "She really criticized me then. She told me they've gonna have a bigger rally three weeks later and this time I gonna show up or not. I showed up.

They met again at a celebration of Huey P. Newton's birthday on February 18, 1968. Before too long Deacon, Angela, and Aurora Deacon started going together.

I met Deacon in the back room of the storefront "Free Angela" bookstore across the street from the end of Broadway in the heart of South Central L.A.

Through the partition we caught, as we talk fragments of a long-awaited rap by a brother off the streets to two people working the office up front.

The brother is ringing that Angela is a beautiful sister, and The Man is driving over the easier, he can relate to that, but he cannot relate, so he cannot relate to the Communist Party USA, because the Communist Party USA cannot relate to the concept of black所有权.

Deacon is now a Communist Party member—he finally joined the Party the same day as Angela. But when Deacon met Angela, she was the only member of his family who was not a Party leader.

His father joined the Party during the war in the Cuban project of Che Guevara. His older sister Charlene joined the Party in 1945 when she was sixteen years old. Charlene was an activist in 1960 when the Party's leadership decided to turn the Party into a "revolutionary" party like the McCarthy era. For most of the next four years Deacon would only see Charlene every six months or so, as she moved from city to city under assumed names attending clandestine meetings and defiance the F.B.I. After the Party began to split again, Charlene became one of its strongest and most influential black leaders. In October of 1965, Charlene presided over an important Party convention; an all-black Communist Collective in the L.A. ghetto. It was called the Che-Lengwanda Club, and Angela Brown attended the first open meeting as an observer. In the year to follow, the chair Charlene was to National Secretary of its Black Liberation Commission, and then to run for President in the 1968 election, the first Communist Party candidate since the Depression. In the next year Charlene was also to become in a sense Angela Davis' political godmother.

And then there's Deacon's older brother Franklin Alexander. Franklin joined the Communist Party in 1958 when he was seventeen, and turned out to be an extremely gifted organizer for the Party, the

S.N.C.C. for the W.E.B. DuBois Club. Franklin was National Chairman of the DuBois Club when Richard Nixon defeated the Communist Party for infiltrating the DuBois Club and cynically using the good name of "The DuBois Club" to do well-intentioned men with good intentions.

Angela had met Franklin and his wife Kendra back in 1967 at a workshop in "Economics and the Community" at a Black Student Conference sponsored by S.N.C.C. Angela had come up to L.A. for the conference from San Diego where she was studying with Monroe. It was Franklin and Kendra who brought Angela to her first meeting of the Che-Lengwanda Club.

But even though Deacon was "born into the Communist Party" as he puts it, he avoided joining the Party for reasons which kept many young blacks in L.A. distant from the Party.

First of all, while Charles and Franklin, Deacon grew up running with L.A. street gangs—he was called The New Breed, an offshoot of the powerful "Slausons" of Slauson Avenue—and street-gang mentality is hostile to the study self-discipline and teamwork demanded by the Party requires.

And secondly, the politics of the L.A. black ghetto followed the Civil Rights movement, was determined by the closest hand and African paradigm of the Young Republicans, the military wing of U.S.A., and San Karega, the "Murdans" or ruler of "U.S." Mauldin, Kenney and every other black entrepreneur in L.A. needed blacks who worked with the Communist Party, 11 because that meant working with whites and 12 because they claimed the Party had a history of using them selling out black people.

Deacon Alexander wasn't a nationalizer when he met Angela, but he was more a street brother than a Marxist.

"As a matter of fact," Deacon tells me, "I think one of the reasons Angela was attracted to me at first was because I was close to the streets. It presented a number of problems later." He laughs, half serious. "But look, Angela's just come back from Europe, right? It's a black woman which been in a white world, and everything she's seen is like a revolutionary character. It's like Marx but it's theory. And she's been talking African and African students who were taking her story—she's black house with her own people."

"That you got to remember when she gets back home and comes to L.A., it's still the high point of cultural nationalism, and in the street is the center of attraction and when you talk about Marx, you're talking about a white man."

In February, 1968, Angela arrived into an apartment in L.A. and began spending a lot of time with Deacon, Franklin, Kendra, and Charlene in the difficult world of Young Bombs, Black Panthers, and street battles. She spent more time than she did down in San Diego with her devoted partner.

About that time Franklin was organizing something called the Black Panther Political Party, named after Stokely Carmichael's original Black Panther Political Party in Lowndes County, Alabama.

About the same time the black-based Black Panther Party for Self Defense was establishing chapters in L.A., nervous doubts of Captain and Deputy Marshals and requiring every member to get himself a black leather pocket and a gun.

"Stacy's Black Panthers didn't like many thousands Black Panthers even though Franklin thought the name belonged to Stokely, not him. So Stacy's Panthers told the other Panthers to change their name or



Defendant Angela Davis
(continued)

they're gonna get the best end of a rifle in their faces. That didn't bother them as much, but not long after, Tom Frerenc of S.N.C.C. came into town and he persuaded the Black Panther Political Party to drop the name and work with S.N.C.C. for the sake of unity."

So Angela, Deacon, Franklin and Kendra went to work for S.N.C.C. Their first project was creation of a People's Tribunal to try—in-absentia—the L.A. cops who shot eighteen-year-old George Clark "senselessly" after being handcuffed by a cop.

"This was the first time I was able to observe the kind of work Angela would do," Deacon remembers.

"She was not the intellectual. She was just a hard worker, the best mimeograph-machine operator. The most patient for meetings, she did the most cleaning up around the most awful. When you get into a long personal communication with her, you wouldn't know she's a highly educated person, she was going at it hand-to-hand, as hot as hell, trying to bring her strength to bear."

"Which was not true," Deacon adds, "that there weren't many people who tried to make her feel inferior to anyone to Stacy. It happened. You know when I first met Angela she was very sensitive about how light-skinned she was. She used to talk about how her grandmother was done in, etc."

"Done in?" I asked.
"What happened, I think was that her grandmother, who was a slave, had to submit to her white master to save her family, something like that. So Angela had a white grandmother. People used to tell her, call her 'whitey' and 'half-white'—she used to really take that in until one time I did it."

"What happened?"
"Well I think it was more when we were alone. I kidded her and she really called me out. I mean she really called me out. You see, and a very bad, very light-skinned people, the type that you get in restaurants will tell off the waiter policies that Black people, especially black like I am, are beautiful, and I used to like to get back for all the time before."

The day after Martin Luther King was killed, Franklin, Kendra, Deacon and Angela and their friends in S.N.C.C. decided they were going to make sure the entire Crenshaw shopping district in Central Los Angeles shut down.

"During this time," Deacon tells us, "I've never seen people work so hard. We inventoried at least a hundred people who were there... we were shouting and they didn't want to leave, we were setting up bivouacs here and there, but then the cops raided Franklin's house and took me, Franklin and five others to jail for armed robbery although they had to drop the charges. And then S.N.C.C. expelled Franklin."

What was that?

"Well, in the newspaper stories it was reported that Franklin was a 'Marxist Communist' or something like that. And soon after that S.N.C.C. met in this same San Francisco Irving Hotel, who decided that it was not a good thing for S.N.C.C. to have Communists as members."

What was Angela's reaction to that?

"Angela was informed. She witnessed the thing from beginning to end. She saw Franklin's ability to organize and his commitment, and she was informed that they made him leave just because he was a Communist. Then a wasn't much talk come from Franklin about the Communist Party, but Angela could see that something made him drive what was absent in others. Then they started framing over Angela for."

How was that?

"Well, Franklin advised Angela and me to stay on in S.N.C.C., but we could see the thing collapsing after he was expelled. Angela was supposed to teach a Liberation School course on Third World Relationships, but those mothers, what they did was search Angela from the Leadership of the Liberation Schools—then didn't they know what would happen, that they made her a 'protection committee' in a lot of their stuff, but what it meant was man should do the thinking and her job was to be rear and answer the phone."

Did she stay on after that?

"Hm, I can't believe none of the shit they pulled on her. This jerk had Angela and the other women go to some Hollywood tea party and paradise around in Africa shirts in order to raise money for the leadership of S.N.C.C. I remember Angela went along with it at the time because she didn't want to rock the boat, but she became disenchanted with the whole S.N.C.C. idea and especially the nationalism."

Was that one of the reasons she turned toward the Communist Party?

"Well, it was about this time she began to speak out more, and say what she believed. She began to talk to close friends about Marxism, about how unique the class struggle is just as important as the class struggle. Of course, she still held down her studies."

It's about at the same time—April, 1966—that Angela, Deacon, Franklin and Keisha all took a trip down to Escanada, Mexico, to get away from the L.A. streets and help Angela decide whether to join the Party.

"For two days straight we did nothing but discuss the communist backwoods and farmlands. There were some big talk and heated debates, about the Soviet Union, about the Chinese, about Cuba. Angela brought up the questions about the Communist Party being mostly old and mainly white, along the Communist Party act never revolved in the black community and in the South, but Franklin and Keisha would have a rebuttal to that because they have the Communist Party's record, and because they were involved and knew the people who were."

Did Angela make up her mind down in Mexico?

"I don't believe Angela was completely convinced then, but it was a turning point."

When did she finally make up her mind?

"I think it was about a month later. The Communist

Party held a convention—it was the Southern California District Convention and Franklin and Keisha were invited in the convention and brought Angela along as an observer. It was in May, I think. She witnessed the democracy of the Party convention and saw Franklin in action with white and black Party members. She told me if S.N.C.C. had been like this it never would have folded. And also she saw that the Party deserved the title of an all-black club as an experiment at first, and she decided to join."

Where was that?

"It was the twenty-second day of June, 1968. I joined the same day I could have joined anyway. I was born into the Communist Party family, but I waited for Angela to come around—her criticisms of the Party was such damage there was and I thought well, if she's convinced, I ought to be. There was a little celebration that evening, Franklin and Keisha and Charles and Angela and me. Plus a couple who were forced to leave the Party in the Fifties when it went underground, and finally rejoined."

The photo shows us front in the office of the "Free Angela" Headquarters. Sometimes she would ride back to Deacon, "It's Franklin."

Deacon goes up front to talk to his brother. Franklin has called to tell Deacon that Angela will probably be released on bail within two days, because of a recent California Supreme Court ruling abolishing the death penalty. He asks Deacon if he wants to come up north to celebrate her release with them.

Deacon tells him no, he's got a lot of work to do down in L.A., he didn't think he could take it up there.

"The law says you can't bring Negroes in there, you know him, right? Do you think I ought to be talking about, you know, my relatives to Angela?"

Franklin says something and Deacon laughs. "Yeah, I know, it's my son, Gley, give her my love will you?" Deacon utters and smiles. "Where were we?" Oh yeah, Angela joins the Party. Well, it's about this time the Black Panthers Party for Self Defense comes into play.

In November, 1968, Deacon was recruited into the Panthers by "Rauchy" Carter, Deputy Minister of Defense of the Los Angeles chapter of the Panthers. Deacon had been leader of the "Shakers" and knew Deacon well enough from street-gang days to appoint him section leader of Section 1A in West Central L.A.

"Angela argued that my name was a career end so she demanded she would join. I would teach political education, recruit for the Panthers and handle propaganda in theory a low-key level almost as if it were a learning experience for her. She took over the nobody's business on simple definitions like 'vegetarian' and 'imperialism.' She used to say that those classes were as much a part of her as any disease in any of the universities she'd been to."

The first action taken by Section 1A of the L.A. Black Panther Party was the burglary of a Washington Boulevard liquor store, whose white owner had shot a Black boxer.

"Angela mobilized all the forces of the necessary behind that one, it was the only mass action the Black Panther Party ever took in the city of L.A. Angela really pushed it, but I remember we were having a discussion of tactics and one of the brothers said we ought to take care of the liquor-store owner physically. But Angela pointed the line that the people have to be with us. You can't get too far ahead of the people



Witness for the prosecution:
Peter Fleming (left) at Fleeting's Mobil Station.

Well, we ran that group set of businesses. He had to sell his shoppe and sell it to a black group."

Season's Section 3A of the Panthers was growing and prospering when suddenly in early January of 1969 an ultimatum was issued to Besson by Stacey Carter. The ultimatum, gave the Communist Party immediately or get out of the Panther Party. The ultimatum was probably based on Eldridge Cleaver's whereabouts, because Cleaver had a then-shall-not-be-translated written plan of Panther activities, and he trusted the Communist Party expressly. Besson quit the

"Angela witnessed this and she couldn't believe it. 'I don't understand it,' she told me. 'A person's built a mass movement and then they want to throw him out because he's a Communist.' She ceased her activity with the *Puritan* Party although she never got an ultimatum herself."

Angus got her ultimatum eight months later, and although it was from the California Board of Regents rather than from the Panther Party, the message was the same: if you're a Commissar, get out.

On June 5, 1968, Angels was hired as an instructor. On June 24, in a move totally unrelated to Angels at the time, the Regents received a twenty-year-old resolution against the hiring of Communists by declaring: "No political test shall ever be considered in the appointment and promotion of any faculty member."

The very next day a letter appeared in the U.C.L.A. Daily Bruin which claimed that the Philosophy Department had just hired a Communist Party member. The letter was written by an ex-F.B.I. informer, William Tebo Davis, who had been a Party member for two years and close to Franklin, Kasten, and Charles, *etc.*, as well as a correspondent with F.B.I. communists.

Williams' widow, a correspondence with a U.S. congressman revealed that the Philosophy Department Committee—which Williams' letter had left unnamed—was, in fact, Angie Devra.

Young wrote his new faculty member Angela Davis. Angela was in Cuba when the Chisholms sent her this letter. After returning to Charlène Mitchell's apartment in New York City from two months of editing *casa* as part of the first U.S. Communist Party delegation, she immediately flew to L.A. to coincide with the Chisholms' arrival.

"I remember we were sitting around frying some chicken and the three part kind of came up. Angels was talking about how she witnessed what happened to me because I was a Communist, and she witnessed what happened to Peasant with K.N.C.C., and she was about to happen to her. Someone was saying, 'Well, I guess we'll have to mount a massive campaign to fight this kind of thing.' And Angels said, 'No, not with my name, you don't.' She was half laughing but she didn't feel right about being the center of a case of academic freedom. The university wasn't the part of her life she wanted to fight about. But she came around. I think, because of the open Communist thing she didn't want to hide it. Being a Communist was still a good thing to say or admit. Angels said she was gonna not

"Without waiving my objections, my answer is that I am now a member of the Communist Party . . ." Angela wrote back to the Chancellor. "My views do not increment me; they increment the Nazis and the Reaction of this country."

By the time Angels became front-page news, the two Democrats had crossed paths together.

"She was going with me thirteen months," Deacon tells me. He doesn't say "about a year or so." He says "thirteen months."

"When she met me I was right out of the streets. I had never understood women's freedom," Deacon tells me by way of explaining some problems he had with Daniels. "Face it, I was a young political hoodlum. And the transition didn't come easy for me." Deacon stops and thinks.

"There were many things where I helped her out. Shadrack grew up in a wild world, well, at 18 wasn't upper middle class; it was middle class at best, and in that world the relationship had to be poor and poor, rich and rich, middle and middle. And Angelica's father was far better known to where she was living in A. Z. than gave her a severe lecture about the black blouse, how it was not becoming for a young lady of her upbringing to behave in this fashion. Her father was impressed. And Angelica refused to confront her parents about it, she had too much respect to say no. Because

"I have to admit, looking back, she made one hell of an attempt in dealing with our problems. I mean she made every attempt to become a person separate from her heart, you know what I mean? Especially when dealing with a guy like me who was in every sense of the word a crook."¹²

"I mean it was a two-way thing, we both brought each other something a little foreign. My attitude about women, well, that was a little foreign to her, and the world of the straight ahead brother, that was a little foreign to her. But Anais had decided to cast her nature life in that direction, to the brother as the source of the new direction.²

Demon takes a breath. "This assassin hasn't carried her to her beautiful cabin with Comrade George Jackson. Their backgrounds were even more different than ours, and he had a commitment, he had a commitment to people's liberation. I for one could understand why she would love George Jackson."

The Signs of Vesta Minnich

Kuchell Magus has a gold cap on his front teeth, and his two front-side swords are "Zappa" and "Fraud."

The gold cup as we shall see in no insignificant detail of importance—possibly had hidden and obscure uses.

"Your honor, I'm being framed," said Maggie.
"I am telling you what is going to happen," the judge observed to the courtroom. "I am going to get all good-natured towels and I will instruct the bailiff if he opens his mouth again to wrap them around his mouth and shut him up."

Huges thus asked to fire his lawyer for not representing him properly.

"I am telling you what I am going to do now," the judge told Magee. "I am going to get some bath towels brought down here to wrap around your face if you

REFERENCES



A TWO-CENT STICKY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

There are grown men in the land who still keep their most prized possessions in shoe boxes under their beds. They are the keepers of the ultimate Civil History, America as seen through tobacco and bubble gum cards. To begin this nostalgic, chronological odyssey—a candy-store lesson in the lost and long-forgotten stories of American culture—open stories in the past and turn the pages.

The earliest ad-
vertiser's trade cards in
cigarette and tobacco
packs. From 1868 to 1900,
the nation got its grubby
reels on a broad number
of cultural themes. Fire
and flood-parched women,
prostitute heroes, military
conquests, cowboys and
Indians, and emerging
popular cartoon
characters.

The largest series of
the period was Sweet
Caporal's set of military
uniforms. Over 700 international uniforms were
depicted (see the Prussian
artillery card in the center
of this page). If you
desired Little Ruddy Cut
Plug, you were treated to a
host of homespun beauties.
Dollie, Flora, Holly
(shown here with Old
Judge caption) (below)
and Honest Long Cuts
(facing page, bottom).
These cards were catered
to motorists, country
old-timers, but smokers are
the only kind 'em got!

The Western series
facing page, top, was
marketed by Illinois Creek
Tops in 1919. Legend has
it that the auditions for
Oklahoma? were per-
formed after these designs
(On the back of one card
we learn: "The cowboys
are a hard lot to look at!
They're... in our for
workings"). No boy?

The troupe of enter-
tainers who made the
series is the Mystery. While
Gambler was a distinc-
tion of the Western
Caporal series that am-
azed Matt and I self
(facing page, left center). In 1918 the elusive base-
ball set was issued.
(That's the hair great
Kroff of the Yukon,
lower right, fanning page.)
A Thomas Wagnleitner card
of this series is the most
valuable single item in
today's collector's market.
Value—\$1,000.

Designed and Photographed
by Harry Wolf



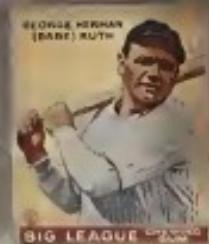
D

would bubble
from Disney's mouse staff
over the American face
until the late Twenties.
When it finally did, the
nation found itself in the
audience era of the mil-
lennium's card.

On these two pages, a
view of Americana Ameri-
ca. In the Thirties, the
card companies called
upon the services of the
Walt Disney people (a
collection of the popular
Mickey Mouse series,
above) as well as other top
illustrators. Elsewhere,
the cards show the num-
erous styles of the greatest
series of all time. "The
Warren of War" art, put
out by Gruen Inc. of Phil-
adelphias (three examples
are found on this page,
lower right), "The Han-
nibal of War" political
cartoonists were in favor of
Chiang and Nehru,
against Franco and the
Japs. The collection was
so much that it elicited an
official protest from the
Japanese government.

On the dating page,
America relies less per-
sonally. Card production
during the war was re-
stricted—so much so that
of twelve hundred cards for
the year 1943, only one
was printed. The
Edifilis bought new color
reprints for the baseball
card and released in non-
topical Special issues like
The Beatles series or the
hot-rodd series had their
day, then faded away
like yesterday's arms.

What are all these
little windows on the
world world? Not much
A "real" card—like the
Prussian military au-
tograph—ought grins quarter
in the market, while the
Elston Howard card
(facing page) is worth a
fraction more than a



The Day the Methodists Brought Sex to Honolulu

by Richard W. Johnston

Further notes on the redefining social roles of dairy movies

When the Boston missionaries came to Honolulu in 1830, one of their first objectives was to repress and rechannel the happy, healthful sexuality of the Hawaiians. They did a thorough job, and in the decades that followed, waves of Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos were fitted tightly into the Calabash model. Now, a century and a half later, a new mission has arrived with spectacularly different tools: The Methodists have landed and are showing dairy movies.

Theirs, of course, needs instant qualification: The missionaries are, in fact, connected with the National Bee Forum, a division of the Methodist Glide Urban Center in San Francisco, an organization concerned with moral social problems. The "dairy movies" are glide-produced films which deal explicitly with heterosexuality, homosexuality, and both male and female masturbation. That is why it is no surprise that the hard-core "perverts" or public display in many American cities, which tend to denigrate and discriminate the participants, but neither are they closed studies of sexual "aberrations." Far from it. The Glides believe warmly and tenderly that people basically explore their dreams.

Although the Glide Urban Center has been involved with the use of sex-oriented action pictures and tapes since 1967, until now they have been used principally at teaching aids in the Forum training courses and elsewhere have been available only to medical schools, social and church agencies, and counselors. The Honolulu experience—a daring one even in the age of the so-called sexual revolutions—is the first attempt to expose these new to a wide-spectrum audience. "Basically, what we are doing is testing the acceptability of doing

Hawaiian," says Dr. Vincent DeFeo, chairman of the Department of Anatomy and Reproductive Biology at the University of Hawaii School of Medicine.

Both DeFeo and his collaborator in the study Dr. Jay Mann, a psychologist with the family-study unit of the Veterans Administration hospital in Palo Alto, believe that the Forum's film strategy has merit. They ask, "Do they help anyone? Do they hurt anyone?" DeFeo answers, "Our early research indicates that they are helping; that most people find them beneficial." It is surprising how many people have indicated that the films could be used at the high-school level, within an instructional context.¹

It is surprising indeed, in view of Hawaii's Pacific tradition and the fact that the film can endorsements—endorsements of heterosexual relationships and of masturbation as well as uninhibited heterosexual exploration and expression. Thus far about fifteen hundred Honolulu residents—physicians and surgeons, nurses, social workers, educators, attorneys, clergymen, psychologists, therapists, students, together with their spouses or friends—have viewed the films. This is a series of screenings conducted on an instructional basis by Dr. DeFeo. Only one couple has walked out.

Horrible was chosen for the pilot project in part because of Dr. DeFeo's presence at the University and his interest in teaching human sexuality. Although Forges offers do not say so, it seems likely that a second factor was the Hawaiian Establishment's Victorian attitude. A third situation was Honolulu's unique position and the fact that in the profession, at least, the population is relatively young. "The city is a very conservative city," says a member of the medical school faculty, "so it is especially eager to start doctors to the sexual needs of people of all ages and, particularly, of people who have suffered disabilities."

"Right now the medical profession is struggling to find its own path," DeFeo continues. "If we can restore basic function and help reinforce libido function, how can we say that no effort should be made to restore sexual function?" To pass the physician's sage to his patient, "Well, that's not important—you've got your life and my job is to extend life for you." But you know that if you've added years to your life without adding life to your years, what have you got?" The most dynamic film Glides has recently produced affords to the sexual potential of the severely handicapped. It depicts a successful heterosexual relationship between a "really turned-on" woman and a paraplegic.

DeFeo, a disciple of physiology who taught at Vanderbilt and Illinois before joining the Hawaii faculty six years ago, is forthright about the intent of the film: "These new therapies have and the aqua-aqua or female masturbation to help couples see, understand, and

learn to do it." He says, "This can be of interest in a number of situations. Say, for example, the spouse is going to be gone for a while—off to Vietnam or elsewhere—and the woman is left behind. If [masturbation] can be reassuring to both of them, it is something she can do to relieve her sexual tensions, and it's all right for them both to know that and it's okay."²

The Forum's (and DeFeo's) attitude toward homosexuality is ambiguous. The films used in Honolulu show loving relationships between lesbians and male homosexuals, including oral stimulation, to please. Neither Glides nor DeFeo is a proponent for homosexuality, but both reject the belief held by many psychologists that it is a form of psychopathology. "Homosexuals are no more ill than the rest of us are ill," DeFeo says. "They're not got the same kind of problem, plus the additional one that people keep telling them that they are sick." Perhaps a heterosexual would be just as ill if we kept telling him that he was.

With Glides, however, the sexual manual message is to enjoy full sexual expression, and the manufacturer for other sex is a valuable alternative to heterosex. His burning conviction is that realization of one's sexual potential should be the privilege of every human being—"not just for some, but for everyone," in the words of Kurt Macharach's award-winning song, *What The World Needs Now Is Love*. As a member of the medical school faculty, he is especially eager to start doctors to the sexual needs of people who have suffered disabilities.

"Right now the medical profession is struggling to find its own path," DeFeo continues. "If we can restore basic function and help reinforce libido function, how can we say that no effort should be made to restore sexual function?" To pass the physician's sage to his patient, "Well, that's not important—you've got your life and my job is to extend life for you." But you know that if you've added years to your life without adding life to your years, what have you got?" The most dynamic film Glides has recently produced affords to the sexual potential of the severely handicapped. It depicts a successful heterosexual relationship between a "really turned-on" woman and a paraplegic.

Will the Honolulu experiment work? Will? (Continued on page 187)

Your Car Deserves a Little Something Extra

by Tony Hogg

\$700 extra, in fact—including the more important \$50 you ever spent

Twenty years ago a Ford was a Ford and a Chevy was a Chevy, and the only options were stove and water. Now, with the hot Ford of Chevys, options are confounded with endless different models, lots of them, and then by endless different options which, apart from pumping up the price beyond anything you had intended to pay, totally confuse you. The following is a brief summary of what options to buy, when to buy, and why not. In the following two pages, you can actually see what you get for the money (about \$300 above the base price of the car).

Gaines fell into two basic categories, comfort-conveniences, and safety-performance. The first category doesn't suffer particularly, except that it includes a vast number of questionably useful gadgets thought up by some particularly fertile minds in Detroit more notable for their ingenuity than their practicality. For instance, unless you live in Alaska, you wouldn't want the automatic electric seat warmers, despite the fact that they are supposed to prevent you from getting crabbies, which you wouldn't want either if you knew what it was.

Performance has little to do with how fast a car will run in a straight line, and the idea is to specify those options that give you a car capable of carrying you safely, surely, smoothly, safely and quickly—all the time, in all weather, when you need it. The type of performance depends on the correct combination of tires, wheels, brakes, steering, suspension, shock absorbers, engine and transmission, and all these components are readily available. Detroit currently offers more options than you know what to do with, so let me tell you what they are.

Safety is very lag with the powertrain at the moment, but the approach is entirely sensible because it assumes that the accident is going to happen, and tries to minimize what happens in the occupants after the accident has happened. By specifying the right options, you can take a positive approach that avoids both the accident and what happens after. We have selected our options from figures provided by the Big Four manufacturers, and we have arrived at approximate costs by averaging the prices quoted by all four for their intermediate cars.

Unfortunately, option shopping is a little more complicated than grocery shopping because the various goodies tend to come in groups. This is not a device plot on the part of the manufacturer to make you buy more than you need, but it is done to protect both you and the manufacturer. For instance, if you specify

a certain optional engine, the manufacturer must reserve the right to specify an automatic transmission to go with it, though he only works on the engine's power output, but also has characteristics that match the characteristics of the particular engine.

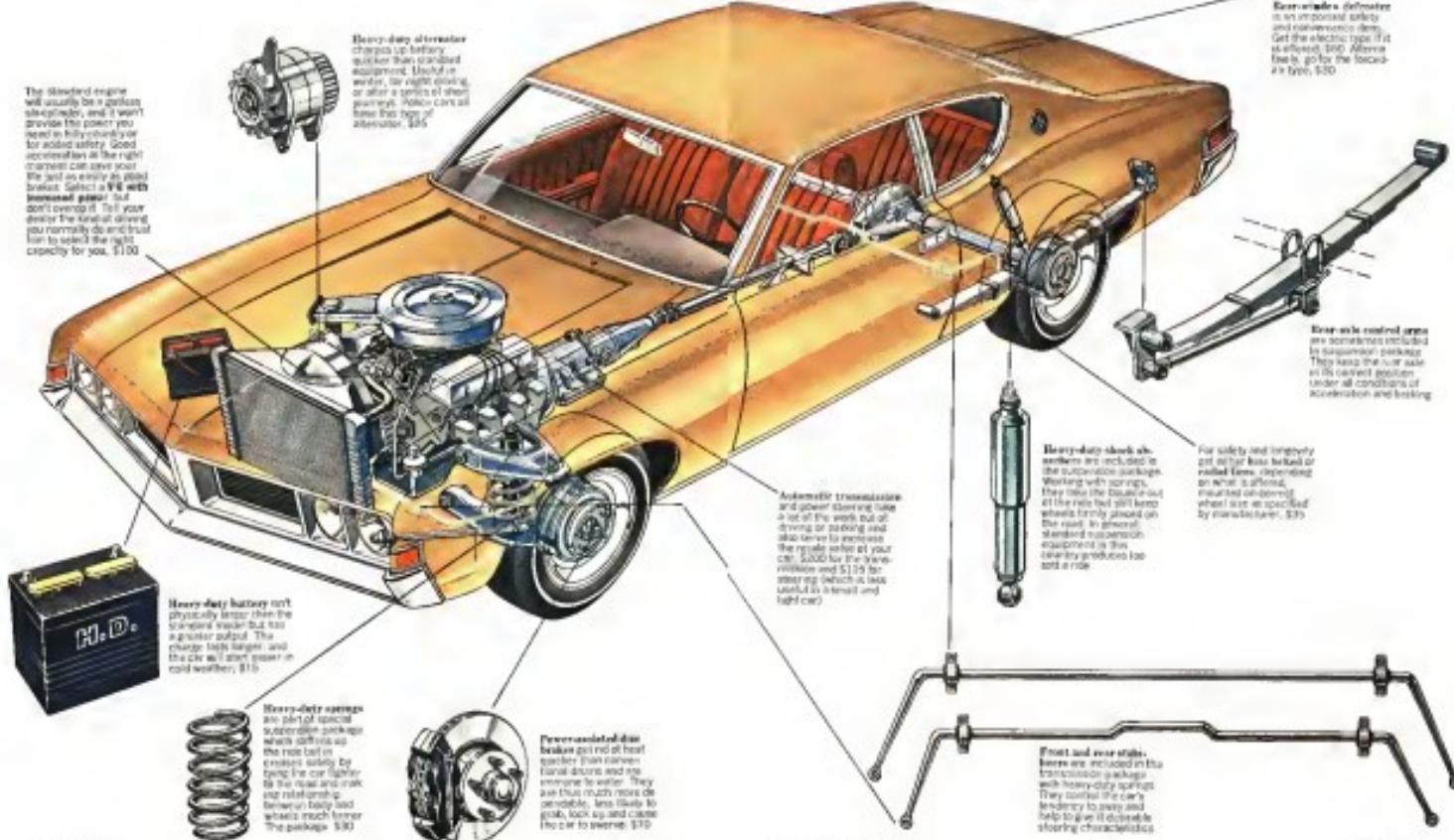
Optional engine selection is one of the most difficult decisions during the new-car buyer. The basic rule is to forget the standard engine, which is usually a rather limp one, and go for one of the V-8's further up the line, but don't overdo it. A couple of years ago I can recall driving a Chevelle equipped with a mid-engine carb engine in a high state of tune, which was an embarrassment of riches. At a touch of the accelerator, it was long gone like a slap of thunder, and it could burn rubber for a quarter of a mile, which is absolutely grand if you are not buying the rubber. On the other hand, a short time later I drove the length and breadth of California over a ten-day period in a Chevelle with a 350-cubic-inch engine in a mid-state of tune, and it was a superb ride and the equal of almost anything from Europe costing twice as much. Is the mid-engined car I would probably never have made it from Texas through Arkansas to Colorado without incinerating the width of the total constituency?

From the safety viewpoint, suspension options are particularly important. The reason why suspension options are offered is because American manufacturers have for many years sold the public on a soft, soft, soft and smooth ride, which can be a type of ride that keeps the wheels from hitting the ground and often measures retrofitted under all conditions. By specifying heavy-duty suspension, you will undoubtedly sacrifice some comfort, but you will probably find that you are enjoying your driving more because of the better handling, steering, braking, and control that you have over the car.

Optional suspension usually comes as a package consisting of heavy-duty springs, shock absorbers and stabilizer bars, and possibly power-steer control arms, although the exact package will depend on the make and model of car, and it is important to remember that the whole lot is engineered as an integral unit. Therefore, you must order it with your new car, because it is impractical to add it all on later. Alternatively you can have a mechanical initial, say, heavy-duty springs after the fact, but it involves a lot of labor and you end up with a set of perfectly good but girls' valentine springs sitting on the shop floor. If you order all that as a new car, your particular car goes down the assembly line and is equipped with its various special parts that cost the manufacturer. (Continued on page 187)

THE ESSENTIAL OPTIONS

The safety and performance of any new car can be improved if you insist on the optional equipment shown here and have your dealer make sure it has all been installed before the car is delivered to you. Prices listed are averages of those set by the largest manufacturers, and together the options should increase the car's cost about \$600-\$700. Many trims and accessories available are needless luxury, but these are worth every penny.



Illustrated by Tom Palmer

REX HARRISON, OOZING CHARM FROM EVERY PORE

by Jon Bradshaw

Why can't the English... be more like him?

"At I was going up the stairs / I met a man who wasn't there / We wouldn't there again today / I wish that was would go away."

The sole occasion on which I saw Rex Harrison (born Reginald Carey Harrison) when he was unaware of me was the first time we met. He looked exactly the way I'd expected him to look. Which disturbed me rather. I'd only seen him on the screen before so much for imagery. So much for reality, come to that. He is elegant, nothing trendy, definitely traditional in fact—the well-cut blue prudhoe suit, the blue-and-white striped tie with matching handkerchief in the breast pocket, the stylish hat, all of which he wore with the black brevity of a Michael Aspel here. Most of his clothes come from a small shop stretching from Harrods down to Piccadilly, as Michael Aspel's did.

He had just emerged from his Rolls and was giving his chauffeur some final breezy instructions. These, rubbering his hands together, smacking his tie, and gazing impishly at the late summer sky, seemed to give him the steeple. I appreciated this view. The entire session was punctuated with that courageous and elusive mix characteristic of the English gentleman. He may have been coming back from Wimbledon or going to it. It was perfect. After that, we were always face-to-face, as I value that one unguarded smile. I wasn't aware of a mask then, though he may have been playing a lesser role, pronouncing perhaps, it's difficult to say. I only knew that when we were introduced, he put out his hand and smiled—almost proudly. Not Henry Higgins' smile of craft condescension, nor Doctor's jaunty grin, no, it was Clasper's most resounding smirk, somewhat prior to being visited in the back.

I had been waiting in the Mayfair offices of the public-relations firm which handles him. It was from a window of that office that I had watched him dismiss his Rolls. I was to see him on two separate occasions that day, each time I wondered why he'd agreed to come at all. Just as I'd prepared what he must have wanted would be the predictable questions, so he had prepared appropriate replies—which had dispensed, as from a vending machine, words and again over the years "Happy birthday," "Happy marriage," "You sure?" "A marvelous part," "A great actor we guarantee," "I'd rather not discuss that," "I'm drawing a chapter to it in my autobiography," "No comment."

His wariness bothered me because I couldn't understand what it was he thought he could lose. Here he was, a famous man of sixty-three of the time, considered the finest nonclassical actor of his time—a high-

comedian without peer. There were no accolades however, nor were any forthcoming. He merely stroked his nose and waited. It was as if he suspected that one had sifted through his life and found the accolades had not taken, and that at this stage in the game, it was too late to set them right. His comments were unaccountable otherwise. And indeed finally I remember a colleague of his who had said to me: "He won't play a scene with you; he'll play it against you. But he'd rather not play it with you at all." There was something in that. Already, I felt like a bit player in a minor play, slightly upstaged, but waiting for a cue, which I could not then have known would never come.

More than in any other profession, I have noticed that actors are both to certain their paternity—as though offence conferred some ancestral memory on their birth, thereby guaranteeing a certain quality to where their progeny would grow. In England, one usually measures in inches for reasons of class. Unless you happen to have been born in the early Sixties and were born a Cockney in a Castle & Co., in which case it is perfectly acceptable to throw post-adolescence in the public's eye. Rex Harrison did simply. "I had a happy childhood, my parents stayed together until the day they died." Which is true. So much for lineage if Reginald Carey Harrison was the snate, does Rex Harrison fit the effect?

He was born in the Spring of 1898 in the village of Hoyton, now a shiny suburb of Liverpool. There was a modest attempt to establish theatrical tradition in the family, alas, regrettably, Rex (or Reginald, as his family called him) was related to Edwards Kean on his mother's side. But this claim is dodgy. His father was trained as an engineer. "I can't remember what he ultimately did," said Harrison, "but whatever he did, as did it in the Liverpool shipyards stock exchange." His family, though not poor, lived a modicum middle-class existence, which, given those former mates, must have nudged young Reginald.

As a boy, he would have been apalled with stories of what had been. His grandfather's wealth, the wealth, the wealth in Berwick, the large house called Belgrave Villa nearby. Lancashire. The name of grandfather's wealth is lost, though the stories speak of ships and sailing across green, wavy seas. But when Harrison was born, the money had gone. Only the villa remained. And the family crest, with the motto: "Courage Sans Peur." I wonder if the tactology applied to him? Every now and again the drinks, I can see the gold signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. The sole survivor. Belgrave Villa, that is, was com-



Illustrated by Jon Muthers

turned to a jam factory, demolished, and is now a suburban housing estate. His father and grandfather had been engineers. Harrison's education was sent to Liverpool College, a rather strict public school, where he remained until he was taken away.

He was a wayward student, however, interested only in trinkets and art. A noisy boy, his earliest memories had been of barking tawny snarling snarling at his bedsheet. He also had a bad eye, contracted from an early bout of measles, so that in the classroom, he was not always able to see the blackboard. Encouragingly slow, he despaired of learning anything. To this day, he stills spelling difficult and stiff writes in an adolescent hand.

The youngest of three children, he was the only male. He was rather cheerful and funny as a child, his sister remembers. But from the beginning, he was a bore. He did not have a close relationship with his mother, Victoria, father, feeling more comfortable, more at home with his mother. He was her child and being ugly, he was always constantly sent by company.

It was around his eighth birthday that his parents took him to the theater for the first time. He had been gently coaxed and returning home, his mother remembered, he had crawled in his room and lay a stage curtain over himself so he was completely hidden in the room. He didn't act, but was simply occupying space. Behind the blanket, he layed and dozed, accepting applause from his judgment family with his face buried.

Sparingly, perhaps, but that aplomb he took part in his sibling play. He played Thales in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (his first and last Shakespearean performance), for which his mother made him a blue wig, and he appeared in a little pageant called *The Sheep*, bird, the part of the cat. Auntie, mother made the costume.

In 1936, he joined the Liverpool Repertory, then considered to be the best Rep in England. It was there he first met his long-loved students as understudies and in walk-on parts, Harrison jumped at the chance.

He continued in life at home, receiving a small allowance from his mother to supplement his thirty-shilling weekly salary. And he changed his name—Reverend, he was told, was too long a name for the program. And so, doing nothing by half measure, he called himself Bill, sported a moustache in his bed eyes, used a long cigarette holder, acquired a taste for Scotch and what was then known as hot water bottles. A friend of the time remembers him as being very popular. "He was addicted to his fears and that infected everyone. We used to go to the cinema on Sunday nights. Bill was never seen in the Chorlton and St. Bee's Burton, and he would teach the young maidens how to dance."

"At that time," Harrison recalls, "I didn't have a home I lived on rehearsal money. I adored the great actors of the period—Seymour Hicks, Ethel Lynn, Charles Hawtrey, Dennis Savile and above all, Gerald de Becker. All of whom were light comedians. The other actors of my generation, people like Orme and Gisford, were studying under Michel Stahl-Davis, studious really with masks on, all terribly serious, and I thought rather boring. Shakespeare was on the road, not in the West End. It was only as we gradually left our English that we began to consider Shakespeare one of our national assets."

All the great actors in the English tradition from Borlase to Irving had built up their reputations in Shakespeare. But during the 1920s, Shakespeare and the classics were out of favor in the commercial theatre. Gerald de Becker, the leading actor of his time, acted in sentimental plays of Barrie's, in light comedies and thrillers. Once, when asked why he had never at-

ttempted Richard III, he replied that he did not wish to offend his public. He gave them what they wanted—a dash of sex, farce, limericks, melodrama, thrillers and romance—what John Gielgud calls, "the Theatre of French windows and tennis racquets."

Harrison spent three years at the Liverpool Rep. It was a great training ground. Michael Redgrave, for example was there but only after Harrison had gone. Like many great actors, Harrison began by being a very bad one. He recalls his first line of dialogue, which went, "Baby! Fetch a Doctor," from a play, *Thirty Minutes in a Street*. He practiced it for days and on opening night passed the street outside the theatre parading the line. But instead, instead of saying, "Baby! Fetch a Doctor," he said, "Doctor! Fetch a Baby." "I stood onstage," he recalls, "asking myself, 'What the hell have I said?'" The line brought the house down, but it was several days before he recovered from his blunder.

At the end of his three years, he decided to go to London and went to William Armstrong, the Rep's director, to inform him. With tears in his eyes, Armstrong begged him to give up acting. "I thought to myself, Harrison," continues, "What's the matter thing to say? What's the right thing to say?"

Negotiations began to pass before his first assignment to the West End. Looking at his new coat, it was difficult to imagine less days—eight hours to northern brown, assistance for bit parts, working backstage for better roles and smaller wages working on the same road. "I'd hardly remember being obsessed with either failure or success," he says. "I was leaving my job. You must remember that this was before talking pictures; the provincial touring companies were very successful. I began to earn all I could and lived in boardinghouses which cost me thirty shillings a week, all in. I enjoyed myself immensely."

By 1939, he was getting parts in the West End. His first role was a play called *Getting George Married*. Harrison stayed as an opening night understudy for the critic James Agate's review, as an eight-measure by Agate with a stop to fuses and futility. He read the review hopefully, but there was no notice of him till he reached the last paragraph, which read: "Last night's play was a scruffy affair, but it had one redeeming feature. A young man in it, whose name escapes me, seems to have a real talent for comedy." Harrison was recruited, and he was off.

In the early Thirties, Harrison turned to a dramatic career at the Albery Theatre, understudying Ralph Lynn. He was now considered a promising talent. He went well and in the right places. He shared a flat with his friend, actor Thomas Maister, in Mayfair, and they acted together in fizzes with unlikely names like *Not Quite a Lady* and *The Whistler*.

"At that time," Maister recalls, "Bill was always very smart. Beautifully dressed in lounge suits, very smart, as elegant walker. He had tremendous ambition and sacrificed everything to his acting. Except girls. To be a successful actor, you had to be smart, know how to wear a dinner jacket, how to pour a cocktail. Shows were directed to the stiff public, the educated public, and the scene had to have at least the veneer of education, the smell of aristocracy. Bill managed that quite easily. To be a successful actor was a difficult thing. You had to have looks. It's no good knowing them dead in *As You Like It* for a night or two. You must be a bit in a bit. And that's all Bill ever thought about."

"He was a great one for living sandwich! If he didn't have a car, he knew girls who did. He was always considered dangerously attractive. I suppose most like

that always are. Out of envy I'd say enough. When he was through with one of his bus-stop affairs, he would shrug and say, 'I've always got the job.' And it was he was rarely without work."

In 1935, he met a pretty, Cornish blonde called Collette Thomas (born Noel Marjorie Collette Thomas) and married her the next year. Concerning the marriage, there is little else to say, except that they gave birth to their first child, a son, whom they called Bill. Harrison, however, was a California boy, and Collette had a sense of humor to a series of events to which he was a party. His first piano lesson of piano in the garage of *Merrie Devil Cott*, which attracted the attention of Alexander Keens, the greatest of the pre-World War British film moguls. He was offered a film contract at £4,500 a year, a small fortune, he thought at the time. That same year, 1936, came his first big assignment—play by Terence Rattigan's, entitled *Break Without Tears*. The play ran for two years in the West End and made Harrison a star. He began to be booked out in the street, noticed in restaurants and nightclubs, so that detective agencies followed. He was twenty-eight. During those two years, he made four for Keens during the day and starred in *French Without Tears* by night. His house wife was restricted to napkinless bursts of sleep. The predictable difficulties arose. Collette had already left him once and had come back. By 1938, they had separated. There were no children, no fluid communication between them. She was elated all that. She went to work as a Red Cross Aid Station and he went off to work in a coal mine.

Not wishing to let the side down, Harrison joined the R.A.F. in 1940. His spight prevented him from becoming the pilot he had wanted to be and he served instead in the radar section. Life is envious that Bill's happiest days were spent in the R.A.F. "It gave a sense to his life, no sense where to go at what time, where to sleep, what to eat when it appeared. Life had a sense when it has a bed sheet."

Bill knew him well, he accepted with equanimity his mother's bad temper, his selflessness. "Of course he was selfish," she said. "Selfishness is art at its absolute virtuous number one. He was always absolutely dedicated to learning his trade. Talent? Everybody has a talent of a kind. That's nothing. Bill had dedication, he worked hard."

And he dedicated himself in specific directions. At the end of the war, he decided to leave England. The other major acting talents of his generation—Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier and Michael Redgrave—remained behind performing Shakespeare, Coward, Chekhov and Shaw. Like Harrison, they had also acted in the light comedies and thrillers of the period and had done their share of *Missis*, *Redgrave* starred in *The Lady Vanishes* in 1938 and Olivier in *Rebecca* in 1940, for example, but in the same they ousted the likes of Hollywood. But the reason he had long ago cast himself in the rest of the British amphitheater. At thirty-six, he could not turn back, and in the Autumn of 1948 he and Bill sailed for Hollywood.

In my early playful naps, I sample Hollywood in its bouncy days as a kind of amateur medical service, governed by Attilio road, Rayburn doctors. The patients, having been snatched in from *Das Boot*, New York, and Liverpool, are snatched at night by *Locomotives* to the closed operating rooms on Lots 22 and 28. There, they are brought to life by the usual method. (You have seen the film before!) Plastic surgery is performed to achieve the right anatomical effects; nose surgery is snatched out on human and Christian names. The failures identify transplants and transplants take place. Massive operations are undertaken, as the only two known diseases to which an actor is not immune are gallbladder colic (a sort of incipient gangrene) and shingles (a particularly *Chisholm* on page 124).

THE RETURN OF THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT



Nothing else in a man's wardrobe was ever as stylish—as casual and yet as dressy—as the gray flannel suit. It was given the seal of approval of the chic of the men who wore it ("Jack" Whiting, Alfred Vanderbilt Jr., men like that, men who could afford shooting boxes in Scotland, and, above all and with matchless grace, Fred Astaire) and the entire post of the places where they were seen at: the polo matches on Long Island, playing debts on Wall Street, a summer resort club. In fact, it is to be regarded as much an American institution of states that Stacey Wilson has pressed the consciousness of a nation in his title *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. Then, as so often happens, it begins to decline in popularity. That will, at least too long last, it will be back—both the gray flannel suit and the look of it in other shades and fabrics. The young man shown here is on Wall Street. The wedged lapels of both suits roll to the second of the three buttons; both have corduroy vents, flapped pockets and are worn with vests—another important comeback this fall. At left is a gray flannel suit (\$350) with a cotton broadcloth shirt (\$25), a ribbed vest (\$45) and waistcoat (\$33.90); both of wool challis and all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Opposite page: a polyester and wool doubleknit "manic look" suit (\$115) and the contrasting Russell vest (\$15), both by John Weitz for Polo Beach. Weitz also designed the cotton button-down shirt (Everso, \$33) and the knit tie (Barney Brins, \$5.95).





Hoover's Memorial

by Richard M. Cohen

Visitor, if you would seek his monument, look around you

Back in the early Sixties, when the Federal Bureau of Investigation building was still in the design stage and just a glimmer in J. Edgar Hoover's eye, the Washington Fine Arts Commission implored the Blueprinters, pass its general approval and suggested only that the building have interesting columns. But, said the F.B.I.'s Director, visitors make dead eyes for monuments.

So there are problems that confront the designers of a headquarters building for the F.B.I. that don't arise in the planning of the average office building. Above all, the problems are the time it takes to solve them here more than doubled the original cost. When the building is completed in 1974—which would have been the eightieth year of Hoover's life and his fiftieth as the Director—the J. Edgar Hoover Building (if not that, what then?) will be Washington's most expensive building and the nation's greatest police station. One hundred and twenty-six million, six hundred and eight thousand dollars—and no keeps room.

Instead, there will be a basement gymnasium, exercise rooms, therapeutic rooms complete with massage tables (but no Tick Tock girls), a whirlpool bath, sauna, a Jacuzzi, a big exercise room, a film library, a publishing facility ("Hoover is considered dangerous"), a four-hundred-eighty-one-seat auditorium, a basketball court, a photo room for the production of both still and motion pictures, a medical center, a remote detection system, a television studio, a press room, special rooms, a special waste-disposal system, the cleaning lady can rest discarded doodads, a \$250,000 margarine and a firing range where the Most Wanted dressemens will be decimated in dummy houses RATATATATA!

Altogether, the General Services Administration, the government agency responsible for this and almost all government buildings, has estimated that "special facilities to be included in the F.B.I. building which are not generally found in office buildings" will cost well over \$15,000,000. Or that \$250,000 or about age worth will be spent on specially designed rooms for the F.B.I.'s cameras. The next most expensive item is the firing range and its area, (\$150,000), proving that even in the age of the computer a good pistol is no substitute for a shot between the eyes.

To taxpayers not familiar with the government's office complex, gymanstics and whirlpool baths might seem like a sheer waste of money or a gross Phase Two indulgence. But similar expensive diversions were also included in the Rayburn House Office Building, the

Congress'徒劳的 gift to itself and the only bona fide reason left for a march on Washington. The Rayburn Building, a nosecone warhouse, is the town's most expensive public building. It cost \$37,000,000 in 1964 and it would make the F.B.I. building look like a prefab job if it were being built at today's prices.

In square footage, the F.B.I. building will be exceeded only by the Pentagon. And while it may be big, the space is scarcely needed for the 200,000,000 telephone calls to the famous F.B.I. This does not mean the demand for protection of information agents. Just how many there are is anybody's guess, but bear in mind that the Bureau says it conducted 22,000 interviews following the assassination of President Kennedy. Anyway, 360,000 square feet of the building's more than 2,300,000 square feet will be filing space. Library space will need 10,000 square feet, domestic intelligence 35,000 square feet and general investigation—the collecting of your run-of-the-mill bank robbery—will get a minuscule 25,000 square feet, or 2500 square feet for each man on the Ten Most Wanted list.

Originally, Hoover asked that the building be designed around the tree. The result was what one observer called the world's longest filing cabinet. The Pennsylvania Avenue Commission, just one of the agencies which had to approve the project, reacted in horror and asked for revisions. Hoover relented and said that he entered the picture only when the architect got carried away and that when they chose what

he wanted, he was given a choice of two designs and Hoover, always on his toes, pointed out that it increased the cost of F.B.I. secretaries' being mugged. If that ever happens, and was he in the one who tries it, it will provide an element of scandal that will be nearly missing in the building itself. For as Senator William Proxmire learned in the course of many when he asked the General Accounting Office for a report on the building, there is "no evidence that special facilities [have] been planned for the use of F.B.I. executives."

Hoover, of course, did not need special facilities. He had the building itself. It will be taller than the Justice Department Building, more expensive than the Rayburn, able to dominate the Pennsylvania Avenue skyline right at a single glance, and it will be named the J. Edgar Hoover Building after John Edgar Hoover, first Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the only man ever capable of convincing the American people that it needs a \$3,541,000 funding range in the center of Washington, D.C. ■



Elegance in the Summer Night

One aspect of an elegance that seemed to have all but vanished can be seen this summer in the increasing number of black dinner coats and even, if the occasion warrants it, of top hat, white tie, and tails. Above left: Fortrel-and-rayon tailcoat (\$145), vest (\$18), cotton pique wing collar shirt (\$18) and the \$14). All are by After Six. Top hat from Herman's Formalwear. Above right: a single-breasted Doeskin-and-wool evening suit with velvet collar and satin lapels (Hardy Amies for Lord West, \$175). Dresses in both photos by Rodrigues. Opposite pages: single-breasted quilted-edition evening jacket, signature buttons (\$198), grey wool denim pleated slacks (\$75), Oriental-pattern white-on-white silk shirt (\$65), all by Dimitri. Dress by Halston, jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane, girl's shoes by Herbert Levine.

IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG

From the looks of things, it could have been the jalapeno of popularity, George M. Cohan, who designed the jeans shown on these two pages. They are all Old Glory with bells and, as such, represent a strong statement on the part of the young who, only a little while back, preferred jeans to their clothes. From left: Her Tasseled printed-cut-off jeans (\$12). His tasseled jeans (\$9). His printed-cut-off jeans (\$10). All three jeans by Maki; the "Vote" cotton T-shirt by Mike Weber (\$15). Next: His shorts (\$20). Morris Rosenthalberg, \$9. This page, printed cut-off "He" and "She" jeans (Mc Liberty, \$10); ice-cream-cone print cotton T-shirt (Allison, \$25); bumble-polar cotton T-shirt (City Girl, \$7). The socks are by Addis; the saddle shoes by Bass; the "Vote" socks by Kepers.

Illustrated by Jean Paul Smith



THE LITTLE MYSTERIES OF POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

by John O'Hara

*Two stories written in the Forties and drawn from the work
still unpublished at the time of O'Hara's death in 1970*



I: At the Cothurnos Club

Although the Cothurnos Club was founded by actors, a limited number of writers and painters are taken in from time to time, and that is how I chance to be a member. It is the pleasantest of places; in the reading and writing rooma pin-drop quiet prevails, while in the bar and Writing room and Dining room there is very little likelihood of a man's feeling looserless. Especially is this true of the dining room where most of the members eat at a large round table. After I had been accepted by subscription to the club, I used to go there nearly every day. The place was tiny. I happened to notice Mr. Cheshire. He always ate alone at a small table against the wall. He never seemed to speak to anyone, for surely the nod that he gave the men at the round table could not be taken as a greeting. A few days ago I asked Clem Kirby, who put me up for the click, to tell me about the eccentric Mr. Cheshire. "Has he been a member long?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said Kirby. "About thirty years, I should say."

"But was he always like that? I don't see why a man like that joins a club, he's as antisocial."

Kirby smiled. "Maybe it's hard to believe, but up till about ten or twelve years ago George Cheshire was just the opposite of what you see today. Full of beans. With. Here every day, down in the bar, drinking with the boys and so on."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He paints, or did. He was what's commonly called a 'fauvist' portrait painter, and he made a bit of money, and while I don't think anyone could call George stupid, he became one of his money. He hasn't done anything in recent years. That's probably why you've never heard of him."

"Vaguely I have," I said.

"We married Hope Westmire," said Kirby.

"Oh, of course," I said. "That's where I heard of him. Hope Westmire's husband. She was one of my all-time favorite actresses. So that's George Cheshire. Are they still married?"

"Married, yes," said Kirby. "But of course—" Clem did not finish his sentence. His eyes turned and "Tell tell you about George."

"He wasn't exactly a practical joker, but he was something of the sort, especially with, well, women like you, a new member. Mind first and all he could about you, and then before being introduced to you he'd discuss your past, whatever it was, in your hearing, and I may say the opinions he'd come out with would be devastating. He did it, of course, to get a nose out of new members. A cruel trick. What you younger fellows nowadays call a rib. He had several tricks like that. He also invented another one, with a nice twist. "He would join a group of fellows in the bar, all

old members except one. Everybody was as to the trick but the new member. George would be introduced and he'd be his most charming, affable self. Then slowly he would get the conversation around to the theatre and he would say, "What was the name of that actress a few years back. Terrific good actress. Beautiful. But drab herself out of every job she had!" And he'd pretend to rub his brains, trying to recall the name. The fellows who were in on the trick would also pretend to search their memories, and of course what would happen would be that the new member, trying to be helpful, would volunteer a name. Now George's point was that he never got the name answer twice, or did very seldom.

"Well, I see you know what happened. You're right. One day we were down in the bar and there was a new member, a young fellow, and when George couldn't remember the actress' name the recent fellow popped up with a name, and of course the name was Hope Westmire."

"Good Lord," I said. "What happened?"

"Well," said Clem Kirby. "There was a stiffness that I thought would never end. You've seen for yourself, George is a physically built man and I've never seen anyone exercise such self-control. But he took a deep breath and said, 'You see, gentlemen, I never put the same answer twice,' and then he excused himself. As far as I know that's the last time George has been in the bar."

"What about Hope Westmire? Was it true?" I said.

Kirby looked at me long and steadily. "I don't see that makes the slightest difference," he said.

2: All I've Tried To Be

The building was old as office buildings go. It had two elevators and a front door was a division of tenants that was conventional as well as practical. Through-out the building there were twenty fire-escape stairs, the kind that act off a spiral of public headquarters of the night watchmen failed to make his stop at each station every hour. After twenty years the building was still no worse than the second-tallest in the town, and had been the best investment the Masons had ever made. The lodges avoided the building, but even without the members' efforts it would have averaged eighty-percent occupancy through the years. In a larger town, or in a great city, the building would not have attracted any attention. It was only twelve stories high and there was nothing about the architecture that would have frightened Franklin or Roosevelt. Miss Lapham, visiting the building for the first time, was favorably impressed. The brightwork on the elevator doors and mail chute and directory had a sun patina and as she waited for one of the elevators she looked up at the marble setting, at one with white wait-

ing for an elevator, and she was sure that there was not a speck of dust in the ceiling corners. The man she was going to interview, Mr. Lewis G. Craymer, ran the building, she knew, and she admired the way he ran it.

The elevator operator was a girl who was a very, very slight resemblance to Dorothy Lamour. "Three, please," said Miss Lapham.

"Sixth," said the girl. She seemed to be counting the time she waited, or possibly was idly going through a song. In any case she suddenly closed the elevator door, as though she had reached the end of a count or a song, and took Miss Lapham to the third floor. "Three out," she said. "If you're looking for Craymer, it's in your right and another right."

"Thank you," said Miss Lapham. "The other offices on this floor are the dynamics company, and I didn't think you'd be in the market for dynamics."

"You're right, but I might be looking for a job or something."

"They only employ the one woman and she'll be here forever," said the girl. "All the rest are men."

"That ought to be interesting, being the only woman," said Miss Lapham.

"It's plenty interesting when you're gonna," said the girl, closing the elevator door.

Miss Lapham could not be sure whether the girl's manner indicated surprise or concern or disinterest toward Craymer. She went around to her door and knocked. "Come in," a man's voice said out.

She entered a small reception room-office office, which was unusually divided by an old-fashioned oak screen, the kind near dear to country lawyers and judges of the peace. Beyond was a larger office, separated from the reception room by a glass partition. The two rooms got the flavor of their furniture and decoration from the oak screen. At a glass globe Miss Lapham was about sure that there was nothing in either room, including the typewriter in the anteroom, that was newer than the fence. As she had observed earlier, the building was not remarkably old but was remarkably well cared for. But Mr. Craymer's office was of another day, and so was Mr. Craymer. It was the walking through the Presbytery Hospital in New York and opening a door at random and discovering an abdominal operation being performed by a bearded man in a Prince Albert.

Mr. Craymer was clean-shaven, except for a small mustache, and he wore an ordinary three-button sack coat, but he was a hairy gold watch chain, with a silver-tone gold charm and an old-time large-arm fraternity badge. His gray hair was parted in the middle. A radiating grin had been done on his cuffs, but not on his wrists, and his stiff collar was cleaner than his shirt by

SEA RANCH

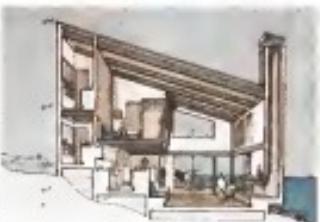
Sea Ranch is what it says a ranch or a residence fee simple. By the way for those who like to mix both houses and ranches. condominiums should now be being constructed on the same address books as



Background: In 1982, 10 units were added by Moore-London-Tencaul-Whitaker, were built and sold. In 1987, another 38 condominium units were designed by MacEachern/Wilcocken. Four of these units were completed early this year. Other condominium units designed by other architects are planned for the future. See Head should become not only room at architectural technology units. This achieved



Price: \$55,000 average bi-monthly charge, not yet set
Location: Built on 5000 acres near Mendocino, California, some 110 miles north of San Francisco. It has its own airport.
Business: Management by the developer, Octopus Properties Inc., a subsidiary of Castle & Cooke of Hawaii, who have been in the area since 1965. Dallas will assist with R&D and will be completed if it turned over to Dallas in six months.



Rules: There is no mandatory minimum goal requirement, but the management will attempt to limit the condominium and possess possession of the associated Special Features. To avoid unnecessary contention, the zoning permitting authority will use the increased lot size 24-foot cubes surrounded by glass walls as its own way to unify the zone with the building the gate library may have a special wall to shield against the wind.



condemnations are attuned to jet travel, which makes it almost as easy to fly from New York to California as to ride out to the Hamptons.

The country club was the creation of a society where at least the wealthy displayed fairly homogeneous tastes, especially when it came to sports. Everyone bowed to the tyranny of the golf-links and tennis courts became more popular than people's taste in recreation became more eclectic. The new complexes after everything from sand-hilling, winter skating and surfing to short-shorts, boating, fishing, dancing, sailing, golf-linking, snowmobiling and bicycling. Many specialize in one sport or another, sailing, for instance, at Horning Fork Ranch in Colorado, or skiing at North Brook, is Vermont. One concessionaire, King Springs in southern Arizona, specializes in simply taking up people for whatever sport they have in mind. This conglomeration

It has already served a larger health spa, featuring a whirlpool sauna, desert dryheat room, massage, and a health food restaurant.

Such exclusivity is expensive, of course, and the rents illustrated in these pages range in price from about \$30,000 to over \$300,000. In exchange for his money, a purchaser gets a deed to his own residential lots, although the actual ground on which the units are situated, together with the recreational facilities, are

SEA PINES PLANTATION

The Booth is an inland resort, 30 miles S.E. of Laramie, located on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mts. It is built around an Hilton Head Island just off the coast of South Carolina. It consists of 200 units on Old Booth Rd.,



Frager: The head of the team Charles Frager, who began managing his 320-unit association in 1967. He is being too years old and has made \$20,000 in the last four years underwriting. He only one his projects. He has also many single-family homes in the area. He was profitably at year in 75% New York's original planned-unit developments. Dawson DeMay Associates, Chicago, Illinois.



Price: Free \$10,000 for efficiency to \$100,000 for a one-month deposit. **Minimum charge:** None. **Interest rate:** 5% to 10% a month. **Licenses:** A \$2000 bond is required. **Headquarters:** The island is 45 miles from the Southwest Airport and connected to the mainland by a bridge. There is also an airport for private planes. **Units:** Those founded should be built by Labor Day with 1200 more to come.



Personal Features: MATT is the son of Tracy and Brett's wife, Diane. No details of Matt's life are being revealed as this golf course is another planned community. 20 minutes [adults highlighted] on fishing and sailing in the lake and golfing at the course. There are 100 houses being built and most are depicted by a radio which kept a running anything with a lot more than two weeks in advance. **Family:** There is no real goal set for us. We have a little time on when we can move in. I am looking forward to getting these houses. **Financial Planning:** One of the brothers is insurance.

either jointly owned by the residents or ownership is retained by the management. If one buys a condominium early while the complex is just forming, one stands a better chance of finding a bargain. One who stands a better chance of making a mistake. The business, as we will see, is not without risks.

The concept of condominium ownership is as old as ancient Rome where many multi-unit buildings were organized so that individual residents owned their units. (The Latin word of the word "condominium" means "common ownership.") This practice has long been well-known in South America, Europe, and Japan, where not only second homes but many permanent residences and even office buildings are organized as condominiums. In the United States, however, the condominium concept was not introduced until the mid-1960's, primarily through the efforts of the architect Robert A.M. Stern.

owing people to own "passports" without necessarily owning the ground that supported it. The first condominium in the continental United States was a purely residential shared-ownership complex built in Salt Lake City in 1960. The developers broke with the traditional American practice of developing apartment buildings as shareholdings. In a cooperative, buyers are shares of stock in a nonprofit corporation and a proprietary lease. The Salt Lake City developers decided to offer buyers a deed instead. These years later, at three more resort condominiums were built, one at Lake Tahoe called Crystal Shores and another near Seattle called the Ski Club.

NOTCH BROOK

When you think of Vermont you probably think of skiing but one developer would like to make people start thinking of other things. Notch Brook, a 100-unit condominium complex of all stone, is a ski resort with an

attempt to become something more, a four-season resort. The fourth season, spring, is too early for us. The heated sun rooms in Spruce Pine and the snowmelt pools at Notch Brook are a good place to read *Murder, She'll*



Price: Condominiums range from \$15,000 to \$77,000 with options up to \$50,000. Total cost from \$50,000 to \$90,000. **Location:** Notch Brook is 45 minutes from Burlington and seven miles from the Village of Stowe.

Units: Notch Brook is a small, well-developed community of roughly 100 units, a mix of studio, one- and two-bedroom units. The president is Edouard L. Gosselin, who has a sales record and a solid track record in real estate. They have already developed 40 condominium buildings in the area. **Status:** Fifty completed by July 1.



Town: Notch Brook is being built, developed and managed by the Stowe Valley Realty Corp., a company that has never made money and probably never will. The president is Edouard L. Gosselin, who has a sales record and a solid track record in real estate. They have already developed 40 condominium buildings in the area. **Status:** Fifty completed by July 1.



Special Features: There will be a heated pool, sunrooms, changing rooms, sauna, garage space, parking, a ski room, and a golf course is nearby. And then of course there is all that skiing. The condominiums are also surrounded by parking, a winter sports center, and lodges with assembly park walls between each town houses. All utility bills will be paid out of the underground. It's just like the Mt. Snow days.



Rates: Owners may sign a three-year rental pool agreement to do so. No negotiation is allowed. The rates are set and can't be changed. The maximum occupancy is 25, plus occupancy of their condominiums during the winter season and 30 during the summer season. During the off-season owners can stay as long as they like, but no need to pay. They can stay as long as they like if they renew their rental pool agreement by the intended furnished.



This is usually done through something called a rental pool, which means that at the end of the year all rent received for an entire condominium complex are pooled, costs deducted, and the profits, if any, divided among the owners. Hence the L.E.S. allows landlords to deduct depreciation on rental properties; owners also can expect to save on their income taxes. Condominiums which participate in a rental pool are considered to be part of an ongoing rental operation whether or not they are actually occupied. This means that an owner can deduct depreciation for all the time he is not actually staying in his unit himself.

In the perfect condominium, money would come pouring in from all three of these pipelines, but, in practice one or more of the pipes has often proved a dry well.

The trials of Treasures Mountain Inn, the first re-

nter condominium ever to institute a rental pool, illustrate the uncertainty of big profits. The developers chose Park City, Utah, a small town that had once been a silver-mining site. Units sold very fast, causing the owners to believe that they had hit a rich vein, but the first year the occupancy rate was only 24 percent. If the hotel had been traditionally financed, Park City would have reverted to its former status that first year. Condominium owners had to chip in between \$20 and \$50 a month to defray common expenses. (It should be said that it is customary in any rental-pool arrangement to pay these fees for upkeep.) Then at the end of the year, there was more bad news. Each Treasures Mountain Inn condominium owner had to pay a special assessment of \$200 to \$300 to put the optimistically named inn back in the black. Since then, the occupancy rate has been creeping up, thirteen per-

CAMELBACK INN

The Camelback Inn is a place that is for the most part a legend. It is the last great summer hotel in the American desert. Built on the Arizona desert, the Inn provides a wide variety of sun sports,



golf on a par 70 course, tennis on lighted courts, swimming in the hotel's own pool, polo, etc. The nearby lake even has an artificial wave-making so that you can surf in the desert \$50 million from theermann's ocean.

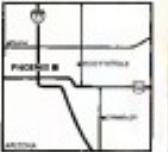


Background: The Camelback Inn is the last existing resort built in the U.S. to be converted into condominiums with a price tag of \$100 million. It dates from the 1930's. Marshall bought the inn in 1967 and has been marketing and expanding ever since. The syndicates are Robert Moses, Bryan & Faustino of Phoenix, with Willard Marshall, and the new owner, Leslie. It now has 254, with plans for 6 more in the future.



Rates: You may stay in your own condominium "free" (double occupancy charges apply) just \$100 up to \$800 depending on the price of the unit. You may also stay in one of many 1 and 2-room suites in a showing room hotel. You must however pay room service before you leave. **Status:** Opened April 1970. **Price:** \$100-\$1,000. **Units:** If you want to stay in an individual 20x20 foot unit it will be \$1,000 per night. **Rooms:** Rooms range from \$100 to \$1,000 a day.

Price: Fully furnished condominiums range from \$30,000 to \$100,000 with a \$200,000 and a \$250,000 suite still on the drawing board. **Location:** A 30-acre area has been subdivided and is available in Glendale, Phoenix. **Team:** Camelback Inn is a good investment in condominiums run by a top management team. The place the Maricopa County they produced a profit of eight percent for owners in the water pool which is one of the highest.



cent, the second year twenty-one percent the fourth year, twenty-five percent last year.

Hundreds of condominium complexes have since copied the Treasures Mountain Inn operation and most of them have had rather disappointing occupancy results at the beginning. Very few have reached a net profit on the operational level and only minute results better losses. So, provided if not by design, many rental pools are severely losing rent for the depreciation write-off rather than for actual rental losses.

Many who build condominiums are looking for an appreciation basis to have also been disappointed to see depreciation after another. It is still too early to tell, however, whether big profits or big losses will result from rentals in the long run. Units at the Silver River Club, one of the original resort condominiums, sold for \$9,000 to \$14,000 in the beginning and a year later were re-

selling for a hundred percent more. But units at the Treasure Mountain Inn are just beginning to appreciate.

Still, the turnover of ownership in condominiums has not been great. Many owners may have expected to make more than they have, but even if they have been disappointed they have not been disappointed to the point of wanting to get rid of altogether. Perhaps this is because they realize that if their condominium makes them anything of a hit it will be part of a bargain that many other vacation homes. The syndicates are simply enormous cashweights which end up costing their owners added real-estate taxes rather than acting as a shelter for income. The smallest difference between a normal vacation home and a condominium—for tax purposes—that to do with the depreciation write-off. The owner of a condominium is a rental pool

SANDPIPER, INDIAN WELLS

The Sandpiper at Indian Wells, California, is a 100-unit project at a wealthy environment. The individual units are built in a circle. Its beyond western or traditional luxury. Indian Wells is a satellite of Palm Springs.



Specialties: Not wealth. The project at Palm Springs fits the wealth-and-city-in-America. All of your neighbors will have been there before you. It's a very highly developed, fully modernized, fully modernized. Not, modernized, as it's fully on this market that are uninvited. There is just one more. The Sandpiper at Indian Wells was implemented in 1968 to preserve the splendor character of this area where mile over a population of 5000 is considered a "Gated community" you're going your way into an exclusive, wealthy, like the Desert Club, the El Dorado Country Club and the Indian Wells Country Club where the Bob Hope Desert Classic is played.



say, of course, write off depreciation for all of the time he himself is not in residence, but the owner of a normal vacation home may not. Even if the vacation home is rented out, the owner may claim depreciation only for the time a tenant is actually in residence. This is because a vacation home is not considered to be part of an ongoing rental operation. For example, if someone owned a rented pool condominium which he occupied for only one month a year, he could deduct a twentieth of a year's depreciation whether or not any tenant ever happens to stay in his unit. But if that person owned a vacation home which he occupied one month and rented out, say, one month, he could only write off one-twelfth of a year's depreciation.

If a condominium appreciates, so much the better. If it makes lots of rental money, wonderful. But even if all it does is earn on taxes, it may well be a better deal



Plan: Two-hundred and one buildings for \$150,000 a unit for \$24,000. Purchasing costs are \$100 per square foot. **Annual Rent Charge:** About \$180 per month. **Leases:** One-year leases are located on 400 acres of Indian Wells, California, 12 miles east of Palm Springs, off Highway 111. **Team:** The company is managed by the developer. **Management:** Robert L. Johnson, Inc., Edward S. Ritter. **Units:** Some 200 Sandpiper units have been completed. Total at present: 400. You can buy your investment but there is no mandatory rental price. The management stipulates, however, that you must be an available buyer. Chilton are discontinued.

STAGECOACH

Most ski resorts look like little Swiss villages right in the Alps. But Stagecoach is different. It will be so unique. It is being developed as a Western frontier town. The aim is to create a year-round resort. The skiers

here, I hope in winter will be coming. The golf course will be unique. The village will be composed of seven mounds with steam bather swimming, not only for use but for own need, as it is not a hot destination.



Price: From \$27,000 to \$42,000 with maintenance charges from \$13 to \$25 a month. **Location:** On 10,000 acres of land in the San Gorgonio mountain range, about 10 miles east of Palm Springs, California. **Team:** Managed by its founder developer, Tom Weisbach Corp. 75% are investors, 25% building operations. **Management:** Tom Weisbach Corp. **Units:** This plan is phase two involves our after five years turning Stagecoach over to us owners. Units 30 of 100 completed.



Specialties: Snow, riding, skiing, sailing on a 1000-acre lake, shooting, golf, horseback riding, aquatics, tennis, swimming, fishing, archery, and watching sunrises/sunsets (with video).

Notes: The hotel will require owners to put their property up for rent 60 days during the winter and 60 days during the summer. They will receive 40 days during the winter when it may stay open.

Florida is quickly being surrounded by a barrier reef of hotels, many of them condominiums. From the point of view of the straight guest, these new hotel-condominiums will be indistinguishable from traditionally financed luxury hotels. Very little owner occupancy is expected. The people who buy into these condominiums will primarily be purchasing an investment. The advantage to the hotel chain is obvious by developing a hotel as a condominium, it used not to use its own capital. The chain has a hotel to run and profit from without having to pay for it.

Holiday Inn of Canada, J.W. Marriott, Four Seasons Ltd., Inter-Continental Hotel Corporation, and Host Hotels, Inc. are said to be considering going into the condominium business. The hotel chains will supposedly be interested in establishing condominiums that will produce revenue for years to come, and their

presence should mean that many condominiums will be more professionally run than before.

Concession groups, of course, are not happy. Big hotel chains, they feel, will be interested only in big condominium complexes and that means where there is less desert defined, more tourist appeal to make up for that area, however, the record so far has been impressive. Many condominiums have taken pains to disrupt nature as little as possible. Northeastern U.S. towns can't afford to build across migration-habitat routes. At Broadway Springs, another Tahoe resort, roads have been switched to switch the contours of the land, and no buildings reach higher than the trees around them. Best. Pine on Hilton Head Island does not permit the cutting of trees more than six inches in diameter. Many condominiums have limited the number of units to be built and the number of acres to be developed. Still, the

ROARING FORK RANCH

The Roaring Fork Ranch offers miles and miles of land. It originally was a working ranch and the owner has decided to sell it. But the chief attraction for real estate connoisseurs is the trout stream. Last year the Roaring Fork Ranch received the state's first trout fishing permit. **Price:** About \$25,000 with maintenance charges of about \$50 a month. **Location:** On the Roaring Fork River, 10 miles from Aspen and 150 miles from Grand Junction in Colorado.

Team: Roaring Fork is being developed by a group headed by John Jacobson. Mr. Jacobson is a former president of Dell E. Webb Corp., so he will have experience which will apply to condominiums.



Units: The ranch is now being divided by castle and fortress, but no developers' slate have as yet 200 planned condominiums. Some have completed. **Features:** Features: 14 lakes and 4 miles of streams bulging with an estimated 150,000 trout. Roaring Fork River cuts along one side of the property. **Rules:** 60 days time for occupancy in the most popular.

KAPALUA BAY

For those who like to go down to the sea with golf clubs, if you always wanted a little grass shack in Hawaii, perhaps you will settle for a little bungalow.

In a big hotel instead. The Kapalua Bay Hotel with its nine-hole golf course—now only in the planning stage—and will be located on the island of Maui.



Background: The resort hotel is being developed by the Maui Land & Pineapple Co., which dates back to 1909 and runs two pineapple plantations.

The company will start with a 300 room complex which will be expanded to 650 units. Sales began this summer for occupancy beginning in 1974.



fear permits among conservatives that condominiums will seriously scar what suspended land remains in America. The new country club has left the suburbs to move into the wilds, and the fear is that too many subdivisions will turn the wilds into suburbs.

Despite this and the low-light-glowing financial returns, most evidence seems to indicate that the condominium boom is just getting started. A number of imaginative projects are in store. Developers plan a condominium called Haystack in Wilmot, Vermont, where skiers will be able to ski directly to and from their front doors. At Lake Tahoe, a condominium known as Alpine Place has come up with a unique solution to the twelve-foot snowdrifts that bury drivers' cars in that area: they have installed a heated parking lot. There are two parking lots at Tidemark estate, Hayward, Wisconsin, but one of them is only for places:

you can fly your private aircraft to the front door of the central facility and be directed to a taxicab, which will be your parking place while you are there.

As an added attraction, several condominiums already have built or plan to start their own surfacing clubs. The Kapalua Bay condominiums, being developed on Maui island in Hawaii, plan to build a private beach club; all owners are members. Stagecoach in Colorado is also organizing its own adjacent club with antitrust membership for owners. One hypothesis is explanation of the final flip comes from a veteran observer of the real-estate scene and is as follows:

"This condominium thing is great as far as taxes go. I agree, but who wants to ask someone to have a few drinks down at the condominium? The only trouble with the whole idea is that the damned word is too awkward to say." ■



On a January day in 1956 this Indian named Kimo was a member of a raiding party that speared to death a group of American missionaries in the Amazon Jungle. Now Kimo is a Christian pastor who preaches the word of God to his jungle tribesmen. He was "saved" by...



**...Rachel Saint. On an October day in 1958
Miss Saint, the sister of one of the
martyred missionaries, went back into
the jungle to convert her brother's
executioners. She brought the Indians
Christianity and the germs of civilization.
Some of the germs were deadly.**

Saint

by Jerry Bledsoe

Because he was the only Aca who could speak English, Tyrone Hill or Banney, as he had come to be called—was the adviser man. His job was to spread the word that the Acaas, the most ferocious killers of the Amazon jungles, were coming. He did this by advertising himself for interviews at newspaper offices, TV and radio studios, and by speaking at church services and banquets. He traveled by air, and he stayed those days ahead of what was known as the team.

For the most part, the team was relatively fresh from savagery, with the exception, of course, of Rachel Saint. Along with the team captain, Rachel Saint is the most famous missionary of our time; a witness to apposition. If you ask it, was she who had brought the Word of the Lord to the primitive Acaas after they had spared to death her brother and four other American missionaries who had tried to reach them. Now, in the late Winter and early Spring of 1951, just fifteen years after the members of the missionaries, Rachel Saint was making a grand and grueling tour of the mid-United States with two of their killers. They traveled by private plane, and they were in a different city almost every day.

Nothing quite like this had been tried before. It was true that years earlier, before the rest of the Acaas had yet been converted to the Word of the Lord, Rachel Saint and the Acaas women Uryone had gone up at two Billy Graham crusades. But these were the first great missionary rallies. And a blockbuster was needed to ensure their success. That was why Rachel Saint and her team of Acaas murderers had been invited from the Ecuadorian jungle, and sent to the rally circuit. They were sure to draw a crowd, the promoters figured.

And the promoters were right. The rubus had been carefully planned. They were the work of a group called Wyndham Associates, an organization of Christian businessmen, primarily businessmen, whose purpose is to bring their business know-how to the promotion of the work of Wyndham Bible Translators. Wyndham Bible Translators is an organization with the goal of translating the Bible into all of the world's more than three thousand tongues. No little task, as you might well imagine. They figure there've got two thousand languages to go, as their literature puts it. But they have more than two thousand missionaries scattered in isolated outposts around the world, along with a worldwide communications and aviation system, to work on it. It takes a lot of money, and a lot of people, to support an organization like that, of course. That was the reason for the rubus. Not only were collection plates passed, but it was hoped that the team of the once-murderous Acaas, the missionaries' killers, now standing up and testifying for Jesus would inspire many to take H on themselves to begin supplying regular support to some ministry in the field. But just that, it was argued that the rubus would stir some young people to put down whatever they were doing, give their lives to Jesus, and join the battle to save their nation on the face of the earth would be far out of the reach of a little in his very own language.

The rubus was, perhaps, more successful than even the organizers had expected. Sammy had done his job well. Whereas the team was—Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Memphis, Kansas City, Dallas, twenty-one cities in all—people turned out by the thousands. They packed the big halls where the rallies were held, and in several cities the turnout was so great that two or three rallies had to be held to accommodate them. It was, after all, quite a show.

In the beginning, there was a "mendicant presentation." That is how it is described by the Wyndham Associates, who put it together. Three screeners, Acaas projectiles, faking color slides and sound pictures to the accompaniment of stereo sound, all relating the history of Billy translation. It was designed so that it could be used by any of the Wyndham missionaries who happened to be on the rally cir-

uit. The story of each missionary's personal work would simply be tacked onto the end of the history of Billy translation. In this case, the viewers were advised to rattle their bats and hoots for a flight to the jungles of eastern Ecuador, as the cameras swept low over the Acaas village of Tresvado.

The story of Rachel Saint and the Acaas was told in scenes of Acaas life. First of the screens intertwined with illustrations about the theories of the five martyrs. There was the reverend, so that despite the fact that there is now a nation of Acaas Christians who have given up their old, murderous ways, more than half the Acaas (there are only about five hundred of them) still run naked through the jungles, the men taking multiple wives, sparing one another and any helpless outsiders who chance to cross their paths, chinking spear at missionary airplanes and otherwise living in sin without the benefit of God's word, as recorded in the Holy Bible.

When the presentation ended, rather abruptly, the hall remained dark for a moment. Then a single spotlight flicked on, and there in the moonlight was Rachel Saint in the flesh, a stumpy, grandmotherly woman with grey hair stretched into a tight, gurning face span, and a face that fairly ran. She spoke briefly, bringing the audience up-to-date on the latest happenings in the jungle. Then, with her certain four for drama, she introduced the Acaas Past, Giloto, an old man by Acaas standards, although not as old as Rachel Saint, who is fifty-eight. Giloto, a short, wiry man with the broad features and stretched earlobes common to the Acaas, was a assassinated killer with at least twelve murders to his credit. It was he who had led the attack on the first missionaries, in who had actually started the spear war into Rachel Saint's brother, Sam. She introduced him now as her brother's murderer, who had become "my brother in Christ."

Giloto, still a bit uncomfortable in his new clothes, السمسم, grinning broadly, and with Rachel Saint serving as interpreter, he offered his testimony. He told of how he had lived as a savage and had not been changed since Jesus had come into his heart. He exhibited the scars to other pasts and was returning to God's teachings. The other Acaas also testified. Kima, another of the killing of the five missionaries

areas, now the pastor of the Aca church, and his wife Dawa, one of the foremost Aca Christian leaders. The best shrewdly-prepared could not have put together a better package.

For the Aucas, the tour was quite an experience. They had trouble adapting to the strange ways of American life—the food, the baths, the whole works. The pace of the tour was too hectic. They grew weary and longed for the simpler ways of the jungle. Dawa, who had to get four new teeth installed before she would appear in public, took Kimo and saw it all before he had stopped in the United States for a couple of

weeks on his way to Berlin with Rachel Saint to attend a world conference on evangelism, so he was not as affected as the others. But far Gikito, who had never before been out of the jungle, it was bedeviling. Not so many years ago, he had believed, as did all Aucas, that Aucas were the only real people, and that the world ended on the other side of the Napo River, where, as it was obvious to anybody who could see, the sky touched the earth. So this Strange Age man from a blowgun culture was suddenly plucked down in the middle of Chinga in a new suit and a new pair of shoes and he simply couldn't get over it. It was crazy. All those big build-

ings. And cars. And neon signs. And everything during this trip and that. And all those people. Where on earth did they grow their voices in all this concrete and asphalt? Where did they heat the meatloaf and lasagna? How did they eat? But the thing that Gikito marvelled at most was TV. Especially the Saturday-morning cartoons. He really couldn't get over the naivete. He watched them with great enthusiasm. And he laughed and laughed.

For Sonnier, who had taken to the bell-bottoms and long hair of American youth, the trip was a disappointment. Stanley is twenty-one and he would like to live in the United States because there is so much to do, and because, well, he likes American girls. He did live here for a while when he was a little boy. His mother is Daryana, the woman who became the first Aca Christian and provided entry to the tribe for Rachel Saint. Daryana had come to the United States on furlough with Rachel Saint back in 1967 and had ended up staying a year. Stanley was brought to be with her. He had not been back to the States since he was eight, however, and he was really looking forward to the trip. But months later, back in Ecuador, he shook his head and said he would never go again if it had to be on another tour like that one.

"That was enough for me," he said. "Too hard. When you go to another country, you want to see lots of different cities, you know? I did. I got to see New York, Paris, the television and radio stations, the newspapers, and the churches. Every day was just interesting. I had two months just full with schedule, you know . . ."

Rachel Saint was born in Pennsylvania. Her parents had met at an Hahn mission in Philadelphia, where they had both gone to teach. Her mother was a Wellesley graduate who had recently joined the Lord, and her father was an art student, who had trouble deciding whether he wanted to be an artist or a preacher; he compromised and decided to design stained-glass windows for churches. When they married, they joined the Lord to fit their love and child who would become a missionary. They had their preschool-aged twin missionaries thrown in for good measure.

Rachel was saved when she was fifteen. At eighteen, she went to Europe with a wealthy woman



WILD CHILD: This Aca mother and her three children still inhabit the jungle dressed only in beads.



CHRISTIAN CHILD: Miss Saint has brought clothes and God to these young Aucas. Clothes come by plane, something else which is new.



ONE KILLER: The Auca above with his blowgun still lives in the jungle, hunting animals and other Aucas.

whose husband was sponsoring her father's work designing the stained-glass windows for the Washington Cathedral. That trip proved to be a significant event in her life. "I saw what wealth and society had to offer," she says. "I found it a pretty vapid existence, really." It was near the end of the trip, on the first-class deck of the Pan American Airways, as the Standard of Liberia plane took off, that she fell on her knees and made a pact with Jesus she would devote her life to serving Him.

She went to Bible college, and after that she took a job in a New Jersey colony for alcoholics, where she worked for twelve years. Drying out drunks was okay, but Rachel Scott knew that there were people in the world who were dying without ever having heard of Jesus, and she felt compelled to do what she could to save them from a certain trip to hell. And so at thirty-five, too old now to find her in the pages of missionary life, she joined Wycliffe Bible Translators. She spent eleven weeks studying sounds and syntax of Wycliffe's Bureau Institute of Linguistics at the University of Colorado, then graduated. Wycliffe's practice mission camp in Mexico. In 1965, she went off to her first assignment among a jungle tribe in Peru. On her way, she stopped in Ecuador to visit her brother Nate, who was a jungle pilot for the Missionary Aviation Fellowship (M.A.F.) serving all of the various missionaries working in the Ecuadorian jungle. It was Nate who told her of the Aucas.

At the time, the Aucas were almost a mythical people. Nobody in the so-called civilized world knew

much about them. Only that they were naked savages who wore big plugs of human fat in their ears. And they controlled a vast area of the jungle between the Napo and Vilcabamba rivers, beyond the Oruango. Most people gave them birth. For a good reason. No outsider had successfully entered their territory for very long. Those who did had seen that they came way of all flesh and appendages; the human body was not designed to accommodate naturally size-fist, medium-barbed, three-pronged Auca spears. Over thousands of years the Auca had taken parts a full of outsiders, although nobody had ever really made an accurate accounting. It was never, by any means, a one-sided thing, of course. Many an Auca had died from the firework of the foreigners. But the Auca had gutted their spears and had their own assault firearms and had dams very well. Some of the missionaries are believed to have fallen to Auca spears in the sixteenth century, as did some of the Jewish missionaries who fanned out into the jungle a century later.

Rachel Scott, the rubber plantation owner, had never been to the jungle. She had never even heard of Indians, villages, kidnapping and killing. The Auca did not take kindly to this. The number Indians made them become even more wary of outsiders, all of whom were believed to be people eaters. Other Indians outsiders also came, as did explorers and adventurers, to kill and die. Oil people came in the twentieth century. Shell Oil Company prospected near Auca territory in the Peruvian jungle and lost many employees to Auca spears. The Auca also

knew that the Lord wanted me in a tribe where no one else had ever gone," she says. "This was very clear to me. . . . This was the way I was being led."

But no Wycliffe missionaries were yet working in Ecuador, and her assignment was in Peru, where she worked first with Paro Indians, and then with the low-lying Shapras. It would be five years before she would get back to Ecuador to get her chance at the Aucas, but she knew she would be back.

Early in 1969, she was back. She found an Auca woman who had had the tribe eight years earlier as a teen-ager, after her father and other family members were speared to death. The woman was Dayuma, and she was living and working at a jungle hideout on the western edge of Auca territory. Dayuma had married a Guanche man and had two children. But a malaria epidemic had killed her husband and parapetted baby She and Tyrone to it. She survived it.

Rachel Scott and a co-worker, Catherine Riedel, went to the hideout to live so that they could begin learning the Auca language from Dayuma. It was slow going, for Dayuma could only work with them after she had finished her coil in the fields of sugarcane and bananas and cassava. But gradually Rachel Scott learned enough Auca so that she could begin to understand the stories that Dayuma told about her life in the tribe, and she began to learn a great deal about the Auca, probably more than any outsider had ever known. What she learned was that although the Au-



TWO KILLERS: Dyawi, standing, helped spear to death five martyrs. The boy in the wheelchair is a victim of polio brought by the outside world.

cas were notorious killers of outsiders, they were even more merciless among themselves. Asa Ida was a great circle of hatred, fear, revenge, and spacing. He lived to the old age. The stories that Dayana had told made Rafael Saint feel that the day he would have to take the word of Jesus to these two people, he would probably die for that opportunity.

What Rafael Saint didn't know was that the same thoughts were in the minds of others, including his brother Nate. He and four of his missionary friends felt that the Lord was leading them to the Asas, and they had no choice but to do something about it.

In the Fall of 1955, Nate Saint and his friends—Jim Elliot, Pete Fleming, Ed McCurdy, and Roger Younker—launched "Operation Asua" in almost secrecy. Only their wives knew about it. They had obtained a wood hut from Dayana without Rafael's knowledge (the hut left the he-mosque for a while), and they began making flights over a group of Asua huts shooting over bows and arrows at those who were dressed. They also dropped gifts which the Asua eagerly pounced on. Their first gift was a small television set. The Asua received frenzily. They juked incessantly, but the missionaries could understand none of it. The men gave the Asua small packages as gifts, let them look through a copy of Time magazine, fed them bananas and ham sandwiches with mustard, all of which the Asua seemed to enjoy immensely, except for a few frozen at Times. All of this was cause for great merriment among the missionaries. Their only disappointment was their inability to speak the Asua language so that they could immediately begin telling these savages about Jesus.

The Asua men, whom the men had nicknamed George, showed an interest in riding in the airplane, so Nate Saint took him for a flight over the huts and George shouted and gawked wildly at the scattered and disbelieving Asua on the ground. Back at Palm Beach, the missionaries tried to get across the fact that they would like to visit the Asua houses and tried to demonstrate by nose sticks and a model plane that an airship ought to be cleared near the Asua huts. The Asua didn't seem to grasp either suggestion. As darkness came, Nate Saint and Pete Fleming had to leave to return to Arapao. For a while, it looked as if the three guests might remain overnight, but

On Tuesday, January 2, 1956, Nate Saint began ferrying to Palm Beach his fellow missionaries and the equipment they would need to set up a camp. He made several trips in his little yellow Piper Cruiser. The men spent the afternoon building a shelter thirty feet

up an ironwood tree. This, they thought, would offer safety at night. Three of the men would stay in Asua territory each night. They had guns just in case. To protect the plane, Nate Saint and one other man would fly out each night to the base of operation Asua. A week later, a former Shaker of camp, but before Nate Saint and Pete Fleming left that first night, they flew over the Asua huts shooting over the heads—*"Come tomorrow in the Carraze."*

The men spent three days on the beach waiting for some contact. Nate Saint made daily flights over the huts, and the men on the ground took turns shooting Asua words of welcome at the jungle. They got no response until Friday morning, when Ed McCurdy called out and a man's voice answered from the people. These three Asua stopped into the open areas between there. There was a young man, a barefoot girl, and a woman of about thirty, all naked except for vines that covered their waists, wrists, and ankles. The excited missionaries asked, "Welcome, welcome," in Asua. Jim Elliot wrapped in his shirt, waded the shallow water to the girl, held the hand and helped them across to the camp. The Asua received frenzily. They juked incessantly, but the missionaries could understand none of it. The men gave the Asua small packages as gifts, let them look through a copy of Time magazine, fed them bananas and ham sandwiches with mustard, all of which the Asua seemed to enjoy immensely, except for a few frozen at Times. All of this was cause for great merriment among the missionaries. Their only disappointment was their inability to speak the Asua language so that they could immediately begin telling these savages about Jesus.

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suddenly the young girl whirled and stalked off down the beach. The men followed, and they disappeared into the jungle. The other woman sat by the fire and talked long into the night, but sometime before dawn she too slipped back into the forest. The men were alone. They anticipated by this first encounter contact, and they eagerly anticipated further developments. But the following day, Saturday, there was no sign of the Asua. The missionaries prayed together for further contact.

On Sunday morning, Nate Saint brought rice, corn, and warm blueberry muffins when he returned to Palm Beach from Arapao. After the men had feasted on this treat, Nate flew once again over the Asua huts. He saw only a few women and children. On the way back to Palm Beach, however, he spotted a group of Asua men who seemed to be heading for the camp.

"They're on the way!" he yelled to his friends, as soon as the plane touched down on the sandbar.

At twelve-thirty, Nate Saint breathlessly relayed this news to the men over the radio. "It looks like we'll be here for early afternoon service," he told her. "Pray for us. This is the day!" He said that he would call her again at four-thirty.

Pete Elliot came and passed, but the radio remained silent. The wives, all at different episodes, began to worry and to call one another by name. They feared the worst, hoped for the best. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the radio. For fear of blowing the project's secret, they decided to keep it quiet for the time being. But when Nate's plane did not return that night, his fellow M.A.C. pilot, Johnny Keenan, was told of the situation, and at dawn the next morning, he went for Palm Beach. He soon realized back that Nate's plane had been ripped apart as the sandbar and there was no sign of the five men.

It was these days before a rescue team could be organized. The armed band of missionaries, soldiers, and Quashua Indians traveled by canoe and on foot to Palm Beach. Tension was high. Already pilots had begun spotting the "missionaries' bodies" from the air. It was another day before the weary rescue team made it to Palm Beach, recovered from the river the now longer recognizable bodies, Asua faces still protruding from them and burned them in a common grave under a tree on Palm Beach. (Continued on page 148)

The Temptation of St. Ivo

by John Gardner

Ho ho, little brother, have you been saved?

God despise me, I hate Brother Nicholas! I live in silence, swell posture down my forehead, stretching in my brutish epiphany, dropping from my nose, writhing down my neck inside my mouth. My feet grow slippery in my sandals. My arms ache, my heart pounds, and despite my labors I can't stand ahead of him. I know he's watching. I know his hot and surely overrules me before I can reach the monastery wall, and if it doesn't, I must turn down the next row of huts and meet face him, pass him, and as I pass hear his whisper, shrivel from his trawling, festering mouth. Where we meet, where he strikes me, will be his decision. He's younger than I am, and stronger, for though we weigh the same, he's nearly two feet taller, and has weight all in his thighs, his chest, his shoulders.

I am off. Fifty. My weight's in my miserable belly.

My arms are limp, as white as white sand against the crimson, as red as red, as purple, as batlike.

My wife whispers, *"Brother Nicholas made that life miserable—oh brother, serving God with my hand and eyes. I dress, as did his, asceticistic capitulations eating beans in the unceasing war of eating well against raging will; diagona, beans, buds, radish, bracts, all mold, rotting. In the larger design of an A or an O flourishes for copied manuscripts. I was*

to be a genius along that line. All the glory be to God."

But then one day there was Brother Nicholas, long-nosed, eagle-eyed, his flowing hair more black than a raven's, and he was whispering, hoarsely delving the rule—whispering and whispering, and glancing at me slyly from time to time as if during me to respond to his whisper or report her to the keeper of the cell I'd do nothing. The scheme of providence demands of us all that each man kindly performs his part, sing his own line in the tormented hymn, as the plants are singing, unheard, above us, and with clarity surpassing the dead and right when their voice. That voice would penetrate, and penetrate, and penetrate, and penetrate. I know it's true. A man can go more dissolved, all transfigured, reasoning out for himself the precise details of celestial and terrestrial love. I've been there. Live by rule, as all Nature does. Illustrating the divine little exactly as oak fills upland base. Put strife aside

Shall like contend with gold, or gold with crimson? We are merely instruments, and he who denies his condition will suffer. The world is a river, and he who resists the pressure of Time and Space will be overwhelmed by it. Surely I am right and Brother Nicholas wrong!

I could not answer him in words—the rule of silence forbade it—but I told him in every way I could that I had no wish to contend with him. I gave him gifts, touched his shoulder gently as I passed. He kissed me, aphrodisiac lifted, "*'Hi! Homosexual!*" I changed to a curved far removed from his, settling myself to let him understand I intended no offense. He smiled, paw thrown forward like a billy goat's, and moved in the curve directly behind my ear now.

I pressed for peace of mind, and all my energy into a prayer that he had done. He, quizzically, and with a whisper, was directing. Miserable. Why should I shrink from the charge? He meant me to hear it, meant my soul to be offended by it. I can see him now, tall, his long hair black as midnight, his cassock, his disciplined brach moving swiftly, making avocados and azucenas, his tiny pig's eyes rolled to watch me, his thin mouth wretchedly seeking as he whispers. But I would not break the rule of silence for any provocation, and after a moment his eyes would slide back to his work.

He's a fraud, I would tell myself. I tried to believe, and to some extent succeeded, that it was not Brother Nicholas himself I hated, but the devil within him. For there is a devil within him: no both desires and commands sinnae mannae. He wilfully, persistently strives out at me. His means of rule, effects all order for mere ignorance's sake. I will not deny that I begin to be alarmed.

There's no question now: he's pursuing me. Though his craft is mediocre, he's had a position many brothers might envy, is useful, sacred. He sits in comfort in the seat of the high-backed monk's stool, smiling mirthfully, his broad brow white while our white man makes a coarse hairy base and places it on his forehead and past to a man, now less frightened, brothers of the order—were polishing mirrors behind the austere table, or barking, snapping, and imploring above, or throwing their weight on the blunt iron paws



shambles along after me. You've no idea till you're tried it what that means. They don't shrugle, those boys. Even Brother Mathis, whose father was a saint, isn't ashamed to say it would take both to hammer the pheasant in one go! just keep the rain that way! Show the lead on to a walk. So we are at my very side he who personified his individual will, in defiance of prudence and common profit, will he drag me where the sun chose, but he who will put all his back into plowing, merely guiding direction, and well let come rain as the Lord requires, can curse evil forces that feed not only the monetary but passing thoughts and the processes in toves as well.

When I asked to be transferred to the field, please that God had called me there, to serve with the humbles of our lay brothers, mortifying my puffed up heart, Brother Nicholas at once asked for similar transfer. I think I need not get it down to sinful pride that I outraged his transfer as pursuit of me. He does not whisper when others are nearby. In fact, when I mentioned his eternal whispering in confessional, my confessor was unable to believe it. He's seen, this sonorous desert, but not I. Who has not much surprised or disturbed, as one grows older, one sees finally that one cannot take one's troubles to other men. They have troubles of their own.

Gently, kindly, the voice behind the dark curtain said: "Brother Eve, pray for perception in this matter. Open your heart to God, and consider in your mind, with the freedom and peace wherewith God's grace can give, that the situation may not be as you think. You work at a pitch very few masters. All your brothers have noticed and have worried about it, and have prayed for you. Meditate on this: that the mind and body are interdependent, so long as conceivable flesh endures. Is the strain on the body which hampers your gifts may hampers, also, your spirit's susceptibility to influences darker than those which illuminate your art."

Ah, how rich with self-indulgences that sleepy, maternal voice! It's not easy to believe he was ever shocked awake with an urgent burning to be rescued, as I thought to force him to do. But I did. I beauty the it hitting me, if by the hairs of your head, command you to pass from wall to wall in your robes, stilling its terrible energy, until at last, praise God, you hear your ring and can plunge, after perches, into darkness. But it was not my place to condemn my companion. He too is God's instrument—unless all Brother Nicholas whispers untrue.

"Thank you, Father," I said, resisting the anger of frustration. And in the days that followed I made an honest effort to believe it might be as my confessor suggested.

Most wretched errors. I have come to see, containing an element of truth I prided for sleep, and I slept. But the whispering continued. And watching my brothers shrewdly—pretending to struggle with an inferior figure round a serpent's head—I discovered they knew. They'd glance at, started, from four great world windows away when Brother Nicholas' whisperings began, then, quickly, they'd look down again, denying the knowledge.

So I fled to the fields. He followed me, sniffling, tall and belliger-eyed, his affected whiskers snarling.

And now I'm here in some six feet below me, mortify, mortify tearing up the earth, still gazing on me, and I begin to imagine already that I am heir his whisper. Brother Eve, your rules are absurd! The order of the world is an accident. We could change it in an instant, simply by opening our thoughts and speaking. Brother

bro, brother! The sound is so distinct I glance back past my shoulder without incurring his ire, and I see! It's him! His eyes are like the eyes of fire beneath those coal-black brows. He snarls, snarls like *Beetlejuice*. *Pee*, decided to consider the pleasant. *Pee* discovered where of first. I jerk my head around, cowering, slinking sneezy, resisting the temptation to wince slippily and escape him again. You don't believe in the phantas, Brother Eve? I give you my word, you're the only men who can ever like *the honest*—*Fool!*? I could tell him, "You've taken me for a blarneyed, bumbled fool, who places his trust in mere outward signs, allegorical apparel—phantoms, mala-manders, fat-codled dragons?" I've been pointing the shadows the truth each all my life—

But my heart questions and a tremor of fear runs through my veins. I almost spoke! I have underestimated my enemy again.

Why is it so important to him that I break my vow and speak? What will he have proved? That one man can be corrupted? Surely he must know that any man can be corrupted!

He continues to gaze on me, whispering. The blade of his stiletto two inches from my face, jabs his hand, stabs his eyes. He will soon come even with me. I have thought, Brother Eve. As soon as they're all asleep, after *Canticles*. Up there in the mountains, there's where it is. A cane just under the entwining rockies. There's a pool just past us to a hundred yards from the entrance. He collapses over us, his close breathless against mine, mock-insinuating. I jerk myself away. I've escaped, escaped almost beyond resistance, to turn on him with my fist. (In a fight I could easily kill me.) I think here a warning glances, threatening to do it with the dignity befitting a superior; he snarls, hand fisted, fangs a wormish wad; and suddenly I see how grotesque I must look. Head drawn back unattractively, puffed lips poutings, a small fist near twisting his head around, manfully struggling to stave down his nose of a man when taller. Again he's made a fist of me.

I turn, facing him, not overflow my share. He studies me now, more closely, with a kind of interest, or perhaps as an addition study course. I control myself. My rage turns to fear. The shadow of the forested mountain has reached the western edge of the village. All the village to my left is in crimson shade. He leans toward me, whispering. Do not be too hasty reducing my prestige, Brother Eve. Many noble natures have shades of the phantas, and hasty snuff them. Cyril, Synaphesius, Ambrose, Testafel. He keeps straight among us, sprouting gills. When this alien species perishes, as singularities fission, as posttertiary monstrosity, you annihilate *liberator fonscausus venient* with *fons* dissolved, super redoubtless sternus *Phantom*.—And what of the snapt-peeled gaols? He rolls up his steel-gray eyes, mock-pious grin on that, penning the bird's sentence. *Parus nulli!* But it's route, nonetheless, and I have found it. And I want to murder it. *Present me if you can!* And now, without a backward glance, he strides forward, forward, forward.

I stand watching, baffled by the tumult of my emotions, until he's dragged his way to the mountain wall. He's like a maniacal crew, bent forward, black hair streaming over his shoulders, and the black of his hooded habit. Dart flies, bits of plastic. I notice we are bound to my chest, enclosing the rath of my heart.

I can find no escape from this trial. I have walked from end to end of this place. I have tried to lose myself in the reaspects soliloquies of (Continued on page 164.)



FRANKLY, MY DEAR, IF IT'S BOURBON, I DO GIVE A DAMN!

Down in Ebenezer Butler country before me, muddling and muddles, they used to eat the pain of hot allmannas with their dips of the South's own espresso mixture, Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey. It was a good idea. Bourbon has the strength of character to withstand fruit juices, made of ice, even Coke, and it rivals its Rheinish whiskey mate, Straight bourbon isn't dry, light or bland; it's the perfect spirit, the sort who claims that America has lost in

capacity for full-bodied Sours. Bourbons are well, well, with ginger ale, or "orange soda," as they say locally. Make this as shown at left above: 2 ounces bourbon over ice in large old-fashioned glass; 3d with ginger ale. Other decent muddlers include the Sazerac. Start third from left: 1 ounce fresh lemon juice, 1 top, superfine sugar, 2 dashes bitters; add 1 ounce fresh lemon juice, 1 top, superfine sugar, 2 dashes bitters; muddle this in cracked ice and pour over ice cubes; add splash of club soda, half slice of orange. The Sazerac (left

from left): 2 ounces bourbon, 1 ounce Triple Sec, 45 seconds lemon juice over ice in tall glass; fill with fresh orange juice, stir. Last 2 ounces ginger ale on top. The Caribbean cocktail (far left): 2 ounces bourbon, dash of bitters, 1½ ounces lemon juice, 1 top, sugar; strain with ice and pour over cubes; fill with cranberry juice and one grande with lemon. The Mai Tai (top) (fourth from left) is still the greatest bourbon sour-must drink, and the way they make it at

The Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia, is simply a dozen or so leaves of fresh mint and muddle them with 1 top, simple syrup—mash these hard and long to a mucus, collecting them to a pulp, and in bottom of tall glass add 2 ounces bourbon; stir vigorously; crushed ice in form on glass; add ½ ounce bourbon and garnish with sprig of mint; fold napkin around glass, add straw. At The Governor's Inn White Sulphur

Springs, West Virginia, they put mint leaves in silver snuff box at right. Mix 1 ounce sweet vermouth, and 2½ ounces each of dry vermouth, Campari and Galliano. Strain over with ice and serve straight up with a cherry in a chilled cocktail glass. This may seem like a superior Manhattan or like convince you the best bourbon drinks are simple ones, but in either case it proves how well the flavor of bourbon can bear up against the competition.

Tokyo and named it for his wife Lina. Pour together 2 ounces bourbon, ½ ounce sweet vermouth, and 2½ ounces each of dry vermouth, Campari and Galliano. Strain over with ice and serve straight up with a cherry in a chilled cocktail glass. This may seem like a superior Manhattan or like convince you the best bourbon drinks are simple ones, but in either case it proves how well the flavor of bourbon can bear up against the competition.



TO SWIM IN
AS WELL AS
TO SUN IN

These are two kinds of beaching models. These designed for those who like to swim, like the ones worn here by members of Cardinal Hayes High in New York during a training session under N.Y.U. coach Salvatore Varallo. This summer, after dipping a little in popularity, these stretchy, stretchy reaches will be back on the beaches. At the left, Lou Di Masi in Jantzen's stretchy swim trunks (\$7).



Robert Miller's new
low-rising trunks
display yet
another of the
purple-and-white
patterns.



Steve Zissou in an
other red, white,
and blue, this one
a more vertical trout
(Robert of Bar-
calona), \$12.



Jim Justice in
Signal Bob's red,
white, and blue
stretchy low
trunks (\$12).



A Living Legend, Rated R

by Roger Ebert

Making it at eighty-one (an unlikely story)

I. Tuesday afternoon at Le Bistro, a restaurant in Beverly Hills

Groucho Marx was wearing Miss Jane, Rash Puppets, a brown nightshirt buttoned at the neck, an accent overcoat jacket, a cap, and a pipe-and-cut-silver cord. He paraded into the gloom of Le Bistro, making all festive faces while a young lady introduced herself to me. "My name is Chita Rivera. I'm Mr. Marx's secretary."

"A body story," Groucho said. He led the way up the stairs to the second floor. "I always sit on the second floor here," he said. "It's closer to the men's room. Esquire isn't my favorite magazine, you know. Interiors are really besides. They keep asking you questions. I could be brought up on a rape charge. I don't need a Hatchet job. If it's invited... could you plus a rape charge on me? Could you try? I'd appreciate it. You don't do any dental work, do you? I have to go to the dentist before I go to France."

The sun fell brightly into the upper rooms, which was less crowded than the downstairs downstairs. There was a Paris motif of brass and mirrors and plastic macaroni sculptures. The tables were occupied mostly by ladies in tuxes and dresses and fours.

"I'm not that, will you?" Groucho said. "Broadway, or already. I'm disgruntling the money they're probably spending."

We sat at a wall table opposite the bar. "They have the world's finest cheesequake. In this place," Groucho announced. "Before me, I've had cheesequake all over, and this is the best cheesequake I had. You know Miss Ellington hasn't. She's an actress. She's done Show. She's even done Shakespeare. She's in the new Woody Allen movie. They say Allen got something from the Marx Brothers. He's not nothing. Maybe twenty years ago, he might have been inspired. Today he's an original. The best, the funniest. Waiter!"

The waiter approached.

"How would you appraise the cheesequake situation?" Groucho asked.

"Very men, sir," the waiter said. "Don't change the subject. And bring pumpernickel. I want a lot of pumpernickel." Not basted. This place has the greatest pumpernickel. And cheesequake. The plate is raised to the sky in the Alles pattern. I think it's very dirty. It ought to be filthy."

"But that's not to me. I've really a prede I don't like dirty vessels. She showed me some of the script, and I was horrified just reading it. She does things in it I've never been able to perceive her to do in the intimacy of my own home."

"Grouch?" Eric said.

"So anyway, as I was already saying, I'm going to the Cannes Film Festival. I'm going to be honored by the French Government; they're going to make me a Cannes-naut. For a while I thought it was canceled. I hoped so."

"Grouch, you know they've planned the whole festi-val around you?" Eric said.

"No, they're showing film from all over the world."

Groucho said. "It's an international event."

"But you're the big one, baby."

"A cup of leath soup and the stuck turds," Groucho told the waiter.

"Very good, sir. The stuck turts."

"They're right, the stuck turts. And three cheesequakes. Ladylike, in New York, they used to talk about the cheesequakes there. If they don't have it here today I'll tell myself. If you take one bite, I'll tell you... a quart of cheesequake here should cost a hundred bucks. What we should really do is order it now."

"We wrap sticks up and you can sit at the dinner table," Eric said.

"It's worth taking home than any house in this place is worth taking home... This is going on the cover of *Esquire*? I was on the cover of *Harper's* once, by myself. And I was on the cover of *Nassau*. I was on the cover of *Time* twice—once by myself and once with my brother. Christ, it is cold in here. I should ordered stick."

"I'll get your coat and your cap, darling," Eric said. She started them from the shadows and Groucho put us and us off his seat and his Irish tweed cap. Then he sat back down at the table.

"First I'm going to leave," he said. "I'm going to be honored by the University of Iowa. Then I'm doing Carnegie Hall. It's the first time I've done New York in years. Then I want to France. After I get back, I want to play Washington, Philby, Boston, probably Chicago. ... I think that didn't last three anymore, that Claudia Casady. She was the most vicious, with the possible exception of Percy Haughton. ... I guess this table is condemned. Where's my sketch writer? They put us here and left us to our own resources. Reserve this order of sandwiches."

Eric got up to reserve three orders of sandwiches.

"Percy Haughton remained us at the Majestic Theatre in Chicago," Groucho said. "He said the Morel brothers and several relatives had assumed the shape of about an hour, they held never undertaken. That was one of his good ideas. Later, came to New York and went to work for the Headline Theatre. He had a son, too, and I think a son of his son, too. He never heard Enya. There—Harry Thaw's wife! She shot Stanford White. You never heard of her, for Christ's sake." He shot Stanford White? That's the trouble with being interviewed by a kid. Then the war came."

"What war, darling?" Eric asked, returning to the table.

"Second. They had a meeting at the Tiff, six or eight of the big factions. Bill Laddie was working there at the time. The adjutant suggested sending Percy Haughton to Europe to cover the war. For Christ's sake! Laddie said, you can't do that? Supporting it doesn't fit!" Groucho allowed himself a smile.

"I gonna work outstage at Carnegie Hall," he said. "Talk, sing a few songs that nobody remembers anymore. ... It's freezing in here!" He wrapped his coat around himself. "Everything I have is frozen. I'm not going to have a saint and a few notes to reward myself when I want to talk about. They're paying me ten thousand dollars for the right's worth. Not bad, but it's not bad, and I think of it. Usually the more you pay, the better they are."

"I'm still alive, I'm still functioning," reluctantly. "So keep it still working what I said that goes to Europe about Tedio, Karmalo. Is he nervous about not running for the President?" It said as he hits the bottle. I have a couple of brothers who die dead—It's not a drama.

"Groucho and Zeppo live at the Springs, where there is abundant golf and tennis. I don't go down much, but I miss them. They come in whenever the weather gets too hot. I think we were the only group that never fought. Four-a-day, on edge, tired, fighting the softmax, we never fought. ... That was a great name, that was the title of the *Algonquin* crowd."

"You could tell the one about Woolcott," Eric said. "You could tell the one about Woolcott," Groucho said. "You seem to remember it so well I want to tell the one about Bechler. This was at the Garden of Edna. One night they were all drinking. One night! Ha! And ... will you look at that sketch today?"

"He was drunk with water, because he had taken out the fountain, and then there was old Charlie Rutherford the man. They send him for the doctor. The doctor asks Charlie to take his pants down."

Groucho looked with silent laughter.

"The world is so serious here," he said after a mo-

ment. "Nothing used to be past Harpo. In those days, people used to joke more, they weren't as serious. I know Fields well. He used to sit in the bushes in front of his house with a .22 gun and shoot at people. That'd be probably be arrested."

"He invited me over to his house, he had his girl friend there. I think her name was Cora. Cora! Car-let-o-MON-gi! That's the kind of name a girl of Fields would have. He had a ladder, leading up to his arms. Without exaggeration, there was fifty thousand dollars in paper up there. Climbed up like on a wharf. I was standing there and Fields is shouting there, and nobody says anything. The silence is oppressive. Finally, he speaks. This is going to make you angry."

Groucho arched his thick eyebrows. "I'll try it and if I don't like it," he told me, "three years away."

"You know those magazines like *Playboy*?" Eric said. "They could learn a lot from Groucho. How to draw, how to enjoy life. ..."

"Very good sketch humor," Groucho said. "I only eat after dinner, please. I trust. Otherwise, I might eat feathers or something." ...

"I know it taste," Eric said, extending his fork in the direction of Groucho's plate.

"Why don't you have a taste of his?" Groucho said. He leaned toward me. "She gets a sexual kick out of eating my food. The only kick she's getting, by the way."

"The subject of sex is exceedingly complicated," Eric said. "Please pray some of the dialogue of Marissa and Johnson."

"They were married three years?" Groucho said.

"They married some of their research?" Eric said.

"Sweetheart, I tell you this before." Marissa and Johnson, they're going to tell me I'm doing everything wrong. I'm doing everything wrong. But I'm not worrying about it—it's us."

"Um, this whaleish is delicious," Eric said. "You see why the town's here?" Groucho said. "Not for what she can get at night, but for what she can get at lunch." He sang under his breath. "Marissa and Johnson I have seen, sometimes I have seen, that is a very nice couple. But you give me a star. Stay with me. Marissa likes to have, um, um, you're after free in no time, and if you are the police will catch you. Look at what happened to Hemingway. What a schmuck, is it? I think he was. He wanted to be like his girl was wearing underneath. What a schmuck."

"But you do like McGrover, don't you, baby?" Eric asked.

"Warren Beatty is commanding some sex," Groucho said. "I think I like McGrover the best, but not at all. I mean them. They come in whenever the weather gets too hot. I think we were the only group that never fought. Four-a-day, on edge, tired, fighting the softmax, we never fought. ... That was a great name, that was the title of the *Algonquin* crowd."

"You could tell the one about Woolcott," Eric said. "You could tell the one about Woolcott," Groucho said. "She was a wonderful woman. She died last week ... two weeks ago."

"She was a nice woman," Groucho said. "She used to become what I call tempera, a big tempera. I had three wives, and then all killed it. They used it as an example. When she dies, the room looks like the bed room since."

"I don't see in your house, Groucho," Eric said, making fun of me that I got that down.

"With all you get to Paris," Groucho said. "Wait till I get into the shape in Paris." Eric said. He got up from his seat. "A good thing, this second

floor," he said. "Close to the men's room. Do you want the broad shoulder?" he fellow said. No, I always wear the broad shoulder."

He walked through the sunny room in reverent and easy motion to the ladies as he passed their tables.

"He had this operation, very serious, after his divorce from Rose," Eric said. "A doctor assured Joe Kaufman at U.C.L.A. saved his life. When I met him, he was spending all day in bed, he didn't care if he got up or not. Now he's filled with plans again ... and if you're going to marry me, do you have my name right?" Eric? "I was a stage actress in New York for many years, off-Broadway. I just tried of playing in places where somebody who's been married get 3000 more. I came out here, and several people wanted to introduce me to Groucho. He offered me a job for him. I'm really only secretary."

Groucho appeared across the room, already walking. "I've had checkups in Paris, London, Mexico City. This is the best checkups, the world."

The waiter, just served from the kitchen, placed the checkups reverently upon the table.

"Some of the other—Groucho? 'My ex-wife! It's probably France, you know.' ..."

"Groucho, do you remember how you met me?" Eric asked.

"In my kitchen, five minutes ago. The only great party is a boy and a girl, and a whole checkups. Where's the chef? Only one in town that Jews never had waiters. See this checkups? There's a fly in it! Quack! Quack! Quack! Well, come on!"

He impacted his checkups for the imaginary fly. "This is like an interview with Miltos Berlin," he said. "I got \$25 from *Reader's Digest* last week for something I never did. I just get paid all the time for things I never said. You know that he has *Yes You've Seen It!* The guy says he has no son. His and I say, 'I think a tiger, but I take it out of my mouth occasionally.' I never said that."

Eric wrapped his checkups in a paper napkin. "For Groucho to have after his dinner."

"New hat," he said. "I keep throwing her out, she keeps coming back."

"You told me you didn't want it, baby," Eric said, playing with the napkin.

"She always comes back on Tuesdays. Tuesday is payday. Don't worry, smartie. You check it at home."

"I know, Groucho."

"She's an sentimental."

"Why don't you tell me more about Woolcott at the Algonquin, sweetheart?"

"I think I will." He took a big bite of checkups and chased it with black Soaks. "Woolcott was writing all alone at the Round Table, and ... that's a good sign. I'm glad you recorded me. When I play Carnegie Hall, I think I'll stay at the Algonquin."

"But that's so far from Bloomsdale's. Why won't you stay at the Carlton? Like you were going to?"

"No, no, I think I'll stay at the Algonquin."

"But baby!" Eric said. "If you stay at the Carlton and I stay at my apartment ..."

"Who said anything about anybody staying at your apartment?" Groucho said. "I'll get you a room at the Carlton and I'll stay at my place. I'm very close friend of Groucho's. You'll be happy to have me there. And the whole *Algonquin* festival is between Forty-third and Forty-fifth streets. It's a wonderful idea. I think I'll stay there this afternoon."

"We'll talk about it later," Eric said firmly.

"You know," said Groucho, "Eric always gets a broad in New York, you know."

He reached inside his coat and came out with a cigar. "You want a cheap cigar?"

"I don't smoke, I said."

"Don't change the subject."

Silence at the table. Groucho lit up while casting an apposite eye around the room.

"Marie one of those ladies ... one of these ladies ... That's a lovely word, stuff ... I hate that other word. Marie is a lovely word. I can't insult anyone. They all think I'm kidding."

"Silence again. I have you're keeper's diary, I said at last.

"I'm not keeping a diary. She is." He studied the end of his cigar.

"I am, really," Eric said. "I began to sit at the New Yorker. I write me page a night. I start at the end and write down things, doing it over and over until every word is right."

"I'm not sitting. Groucho said. "Why don't you take my *First Trip to Custer and Other Assorted Adventures*?"

"Subconscious?" Eric said.

"Is what you find on the bottom of a garbage can?"

"I thought I'll call it *Groucho: The Living Legend*."

"We Backlund's *The Life of Christ and Other Brief Stories*," Groucho said. He flicked his Santa Claus cigarette. "And I do try a little every day," he said. "I like to take a walk. And I do try to sing a little every day. The *Third World* is a mess and if you don't use it, like this cigarette it goes to hell."

The brochure was over and as we walked toward the door Groucho passed the time of day with the Indians at the tables. "Which way to *Blessed Hills*? Are you okay? How much do you get? Never mind—it's not enough. Do you experience?"

Later that afternoon, the telephone rang in my hotel room. It was Eric with the name and number of the person to contact in Ames, so I could get out to the State University of Iowa.

"We spent some time this afternoon with Warren Cowan," he said. "From Raposa, Custer and Beemer." Groucho has heard there to do no public relations, with the big front at Carnegie Hall and Custer coming up.

"The *Third World* might be a move enterprise to give Groucho an honorary Academy Award, like they're doing for Chaplin."

That would be a great idea, I said.

"The Marc Brothman was famous than Chaplin," he said. "And besides, they weren't leftists. And that's this feeling, you know, that he might go and get it before he smokes, at certain. Before I come along, he never got out of bed. It gives him a good sign to see. He's as funny. And as American, too. But the article, just call me his sweetheart, okay?" I realized he's eighty-one and I'm some young chick. He's really been taken by a lot of sharp chicks, but he would never get married. Just call me his sweetheart, or his sweetheart companion, or something. I do go with someone else, really."

II. Le Bistro, Saturday evening eleven days later

The upstairs room had been reserved for a private party. Marshall Field, the publisher, and Bauer K. Howard, the former chairman of Field Enterprises, were greeting their annual Post-Graduate Alumni Association and the most illustrious ladies at their sunny tables were nowhere to be found.

The party had been planned (Groucho said on page 177)

hapak blomed if the fastnesses did not kill them. By September, when the ka pol pots were beginning to burst, they had made plans to return. Duyunia was to go with them, although she was reluctant for fear of how she would be accepted after all these years.

Sammy with Rachel, and the three Anna women set off into the jungle. Rachel took Sammy with her to another tribe to visit some fellow missionaries, but each day they waited impatiently by the radio for word of Dayana's return. Weeks passed then, almost a month after the three women had gone, a band of Apaches appeared out of the jungle at Betty Kibet's house at Arapaho in the land over Dayana. She was singing Anna Liles' love in English.

Dagman had brought back an invitation for Rabiah and Idris to come to the jungle and live with her people and teach them about Jesus. The men already were building a house for them.

On 1st October day in 1888, less than three years after they had settled the five mountains, the Amano entered into their world the sister of one of the clan members and her wife and four-year-old daughter of another, the first two being the daughters of the Amano who became Amano members. The Amano who believed them in a small collection of huts at a crossing on the Timane River numbered fifty-six, all of them relatives of Tagayano. There were only seven names more among them. The new arrivals were the following: The first made up little more than a tenth of all the Amano. The others were far fewer, spread throughout the parishes in several different groups. All of the groups were better off with regard to food supplies. But here again there was a difference in the taste and their eating habits (including multiple courses), resulting the worse of uncooked foods. The men having special liberties with them were sent out on certain peace occasions, and also some of the women. They were also given tags had relatives in any other group. Tagayano's people called the others the "stranger Amano and spoke of them scornfully as savages.

There was no real village for the sav-
ists to be welcomed to. The Aasas
were nomads, trooping primarily of the
ants and birds that they were gassed
and the fish that they speared and they
moved frequently. They had never con-
gregated in villages, preferring their
own family clearings separated from
the others. Some might live a day's walk
or more, from others in their group.

spine cracked like the ground, and a thickened roof. First snow kept tumbling inside the houses. The Assau slept in hammocks, jarringly swaying from pine boughs which they suspended from the palms in these houses.

observations, and studying the language. Dayana, meanwhile, had begun telling people about God and the stories in the Bible. At first, they laughed and scoffed, but slowly they responded. Services were held every Sunday.

erryman and her daughter stayed two years with the Amis off and on but left to do other things. Rachel remained.

work into Asia, was making right living. For these Asians, with their many spiritual aims, those had never been better. Life seemed strong especially of preoccupation.

It would not be for long, however. The Chinese, beginning over again in Asia, and the missionaries had no control, though they could obviously do there little. In 1884, all preachers had moved back past the ranges of mountains. There were then more than 100,000 Waldensians. The most promising fields were being sought as the stakes were high. Twenty-seven all together were involved, although it is primarily a Tuscan field; ventures outside of Tuscania recruited more than half of them.

The American mission, following sporadically on the middle of the road, a handful of method, open-churches, began to multiply, numerously at the birth of the Waldensian Age.

One thing was clear, of the question came down to whether there would be oil or no Anses, nobody really had much at the answer. Oil companies and governments have not been known to let anything stand between them and a portion of their profits. In the end, there had been talk of going as far, whatever can and would were necessary to claim out those Anses and the jungle clear the decent folk hadn't been done, partly because the oil companies were opposed to it (there was a lot of money involved), but partly because they had been so profitably warned for doing it. Such an expedition would have been costly and difficult, and likely would have ended in failure. As always had the other navigators who were a small group, scattered

...and it was a big jungle. The men could disappear into the jungle and would be almost impossible to track down. No, that was not the answer. The Lord was the answer.

the all, out there as the jungle was the Saint, who had already taken group of those savages with the Woda. Why not the rest? So the compatriots and the government had to do the same thing with their savagery. Actually, three had a common relationship at all. The ethnography professor had the jungle in 1924 code on a My-Plant. And the colonists work as government contract, requiring a break, more or less, in the government will or face the risk of being cut out of the country. But it was a risk of the jungle to impose on another. The jungle, which holds behind the savagery. Fortunately

There work, simply ruined. The
man out of the way of the
communist had long wanted to seize
Asia from left, and the old man
is naturally help in getting
the man to these. And the government,
which had long been embarrassed by
the Asian, has only recently got the
water, but it would finally get the
as together in one place where it
is likely as open as those

On 10 October began to change lots in Ecuador. Quite, the capital, a little up with neighbors. Prices were high, but the market began to open up from the pastures over the mountains to the seaport of Guayaquil. A short government agreement begins giving for their share of the antelope a smallish. The government disease control service, and it is estimated that the government takes in the oil before leaving late in 1970 at production 350,000 barrels daily. It is about \$300,000,000 revenue. It will increase the national budget by about \$100,000,000. It is associated with the meeting and landing of conspiracy aircraft. "They people in with neighbors and belongings," pilot said me.

which is the eastern jungle is still, was surprised and arrested, the regular assistance protected by large numbers of heavily armed guards. Helms' pack were hunted out over three days, and he was captured. He was taken to jail and sentence was passed against him to spend 10 years in prison. The government has to wonder about the serious results and the general low morale of some of our men. Vapour, the most important factor in the jungle tribes, remains also being run out of the populated mountain following the new roads to build the jungle land. The government long wanted to open the jungle for settling, another reason for getting the Act out of the way so quickly. Civilization was pressing forward, pressing

wanted the wild Asses. Nothing could stop it now. And he would have to encounter them. And that surely meant trouble.

The Christians in Tibarne had soon comforted with their new lives as the peace passed. They knew that they were not alone in the place. They could be taken care of, so that they could live well and have a place in heaven. But they were in no real hurry about it. Then domineering Ascas was, after all, still emperor. And bitter enemies. And treacherous informers. The Asses of Tibarne had been told that even God could not help them for that reason. God had not heard their voices. And the Devil had.

But the coming of the 6 companies served them to try to make contact with the others and get them out of the way of the oncoming of

The government in 1939 had set aside reservation for the Arosa in the central part of the island. In 1940, Léonard Léonard and his fellow members had requested that it be done. Everyone had drawn the boundaries, thinking at the time that it would be a long lead for her people. It consisted of 160,000 hectares bounded by the Naloue and Chalias rivers, just a tiny portion of the great domain the Arosa controlled. Land did, in fact, still control, and not nearly enough territory to support a tribe the size of the Arosa who lived by hunting.

Bringing the robes etc. the passengers were very business-like. I enjoyed hundreds of hours of singing, talking over old experiences, and chopping gifts. The weather was fine. August had its usual dry, warm, sunny days. But steadily they began to increase as the month went on, so as to cover the others to came in. From a mean of one hundred feet, there was an average of 1500 feet. The population of Tennessee tripled in little more than a year. And the Christians were evidently making headway by the bunches. Which was good for everybody.

When I moved to Tresidder Inn in 1971, there were under way in long the last signs of wild Agouti in the reservation. This was a large group, numbering about half the population. They were living on a ridge about twenty miles from Tyndall, and all evidence was pointing away from all sides.

ents by a young adult Christian named Amos, who was the schoolteacher. He had been born in the same town as the author, and he had been a member of the last church group that had brought them about Jesus, and the rest of the world. Amos wanted to train in an army camp, so after arriving in a simple rectory and a block of blank houses near Amos' home, he joined Jesus' Sephardic Army. He had been training there for 10 days, and had only begun to teach them when he spotted his old teacher Amos as a leader, erasing in the process the first Army. (The women were going to name a DCG for him). But the young Christians had returned to the group, causing them to come to the observatory. They clumped out as we stepped on the ridge, and only a few weeks

After my arrival the first family, Asay's brother's family, had been forced to flee to Thailand.

I arrived in Thailand to find one-way tickets being swapped: T-shirts for cups and Asay's kids making little trips through the jungle underground taking all manner of off-the-shelf goods. The Asays were complaining that the Asay's sons have made it easier watching a couple of positions, were stealing things from them, particularly financial gains.

At Eugene's behest, I began trying to get in touch with Rachel Salas in Swanton of 1971. She was back in the States for a brief sabbatical then, her mother's funeral powers. They almost had to drive her to take a flight. Calls to various

will also show that the country presents no claim to her attention.

—*W. H. Wylde's*
—*Ans.* California Headquarters told me that she was running at an accelerated tempo and did not want to disappoint, but that if I would write her through their office, my letter could be forwarded to her. I wrote twice, and several words were sent. My letters were unanswered. Some time later, I received a letter from "W.H.W." Headquarters telling me that General Sales had now returned to the state, that there were considerable funds

so in Tuxedo, and that it was not only I would get permission to go there. It was suggested that I drop the subject of doing a story on Rachel Bard, and the Agent agreed.

telephone with Don Johnson, Wyndham's lawyer in Escanaba. He told me then if I wanted to sue Escanaba, he would see that I did. I did. In 1960, I filed a suit against the city. Six years later, after I had moved to ranch life, I arrived in Escanaba in late October 1966 without ever having communicated with him. On October 27, 1966, I met with Mr. Eddie, a tall, distinguished-looking man, who flew fourteen hours by a single-engine airplane machine. He had recently become Wyndham's public relations director.

I learned, we were never so happy as the administrators, the governors, and the oil companies. We took no pleasure going up to the square in a small town, where the people were friendly and kind, and the place was

mark trouble catching up with her. But she who obviously at the past not concerned from public attention. Eddie questioned me closely about her & suggested that Encana was interested in a story about Rachel Scott and an Arizona "Indian trying to change a name." He added:

It was a question I would have asked of again from other newsmen, including Rachel Scott, and one to which

over, not have the slightest plan of the over, not being privy to lesser matters about Espinoza's escape. But I did have the right to complain to my knowledge, Espinoza was an honorable journal man in truth as much as it can be said of anyone who has been accused of being a murderer. R.F. told me most of this information, R.F. told me very little about other subjects. He told me that the communists were trying to get the government into paying the same taxes indirectly for the oil that they were getting from Mexico, and he told me in his words, "Taking the oil of the type, I used, and, not oilfield, just oil of sheep got anywhere same pastures, they could move the whole flock, flock, stock, and sheep, to Mexico.

The following morning Bill Edney arrived me at the airport, where I had already checked a J.A.R. SRS 2025 for weekly milk run to the Whistler gas bar owned by Linton Cough. The other passenger was a young Researcher doctor, who was returning to the same city to fulfil the government's requirement for a year's service at a teaching post, an Endocrinologist.

At Rose Cross, visitors had to walk through a long, dark tunnel in low light, dropping in and out of shadow along a great, somberly-painted exhibition house, past banks of with sprawling chandeliers and, as I entered, had us a stretcher. Dr. Lee was in a cot. The fell out of a tree, who was going from St. Mary's to a Coptic hospital, and was found unconscious. He had a simple, uniform name: Bassiya. The cage included a log which polyvalent levels kept up, some sugar cubes, a small amount of water, pieces of dried fruit, and pieces of Pops-Cakes. We had to climb to 18,000 feet to clear the clouds, and then descend a rugged, rocky path. With the help of our pack animals, we hiked through the shoulder-high grass stretching before us far as I could see, the gauntures lay by the watering, muddy rivers and an occasional tree, the others, of course, or, at least, the ones I saw, were growing right out of the rocks, where the vines lay hidden, and passed out the roads that the old soldiers were setting, and a new road leading down to the Naga River. With ankles, the place was spilling over with the many varieties of Lessor

On the opposite side of the lake, we sampled Losage Creek to see if it was a "merlin fish". It is not quite like Merriam's no doubt. For one thing, but it is a beautiful pool, carefully landscaped with lots of palms and tropical trees and fruit trees. The camp was built on a hill overlooking a large, clear lake, where the mosquitoes seem due to the fact that the lake is a haven for alligators and piranhas. The base is as far as about a dozen auxiliary farm-

plan, and another six or seven missionaries who are sponsored. They are necessary specialists (as opposed to the stereotypical priest, parson, minister, teacher, nurse, a missionary, engineer, agriculturist, scientist, linguist, etc.).

"But they are not Protestant, ranging from Fundamentalists to Lutherans, but tending to fundamentalism. They all want to provide their own support from sources back at home. They serve the Wildlife transients, such as Bob Beck, who has been here since the beginning of the jungle with his different horse interests. Let's face it, no one knows. These still houses are noisy, nondescript, and necessarily cool (the temperature usually stays between 70 and 80°). They have electricity about seven or eight hours per day, running off solar power. There are no phones, no radios, no TV, except a very poor one. There kids live monkeys and serpents the place. And they all have barefoot servants.

I was met at Lemos Cocha by Bob Johnson, who told me that he had planned to get on out to Tresino that day, but that the DC-3 had arrived too late and the regular flight to Tresino had already gone. The next one would not be for two days. I was ushered to the guesthouse overlooking the lake (Tresino is the only lake in the Amazon) by the government official who had organized the flight, a friendly, affable guy with glasses on, in cattle and vegetables down Butterys, who in his brief visit showed me how well the hill turned up to look like an answer who got lost on his way to the hill park. I put my things away and went to the golf course to give a shot in the sunset.

Later in the afternoon, I went to Bob Johnson's apartment and tatsächlich descended home and we had a long talk. He was concerned, as about Kucino and his school and others, and asked, "It is a good place to live there, but we are never satisfied. But he warned me that Rachel Scott had been worried about the whole thing, and that he was also about Encino, was perhaps... well, a little cultured. He remembered it from the time of all the Indians, and said, and I will repeat, I ought to know in mind, I told him that I would, and we went on to discuss the work among the Acrens. Rachel Scott and Wildlife, the only outsiders who have ever worked with this tribe, have been the object of criticism by those who say that they have not treated the Indians fairly, and by others who never the Indians outraged very. "Why are you offering civilization on these poor, once-cast people who have lived blissfully ignorant of it for so long?" The Wildlife people are sensitive to this criticism.

"I am not surprised," Bob Johnson said, "but I understand Tom Johnson's point with what we're trying to do with the Acrens. ... We say, 'They're happy, leave them alone,' is ridiculous. ... They live under constant fear—People who say primitive are happy aren't even enough to know them ... Change is inevitable. We want to help them make this change as smoothly and conveniently as possible."

I had hoped to be able to spend at least a couple of days in Tresino. That would have been nice, Bob Johnson told me. But Rachel Scott and I decided instead to stay overnight in the village, he said, for fear that he might be spied upon by some of the native savages from the still-existing groups. "She wouldn't even let me stay," he said. I asked about going into the jungle tomorrow, and he said, "You can take any road you want to take right over the ridge group, but I can't immediately answer, though on my second day at Lemos Cocha, word came that I could leave for Tresino first thing in the morning. And he was so won, to be deposited at Sherif's house, a little further down the river, on the edge of the jungle, where the missionaries would relieve themselves of responsibility for me. I granted him. I simply had to have more time in Tresino. Negotiations were conducted with Tresino by mail, and it was finally agreed that he could ride to Tresino on the 15th. That would be it. I had no choice but to accept.

It was raining next morning, and the plane-couldn't-take-off talk of Roy Glasson, the pilot, a short, stout man, kept looking at the sky and saying it would clear. The insulation, though, would be limited, so we took off in the Hilda Carter, a single-engine plane designed for short takeoffs and landings, in which we would be going. The new small would make gift drops to the still-existing Acrens easier. It was after eleven before we got into the air at last. Tresino was fuzzy far below us, though 1600 feet above sea level, and the hillsides houses in Tresino. We carried a full load, manure and passes stalks (food is short in Tresino), a wheelbarrow, some condensed, a safety belt, and other items. We followed the river, which in the habitat of jaguar prints, so that we would have identification in case we were forced down.

We were now over Acre territory, and Roy Glasson began pointing out their beauty. We circled over an distinguished head in the river-within-a-canal-and-a-little-bit-of-water system, or something, and the work has just commenced. But people don't know about it. Part of our reasonability, since we are in a highly developed region, is that we have to do this. This is the fact that there are other people in the world like this that deserve a chance. In other words, while it builds back our work and grows on all kinds of problems, I have finally come to accept it as part of our responsibility. My job is to help the Indians, that's to translate a New Testament for this tribe. And I think the reason is that is this small spot the black is blacker, and ... oh, we aren't supposed to say black here, we get in trouble with the new groups.

The, the ... population of the green area is about 100,000, so we are the green area, and we deal only with individuals. ...

Moreover, when Karamaga's wife died her grave heads him know, I go away there and say, "Look here, you've got to come to put my brother Karamaga in this grave until he's cold and stiff until the grave." ... That kind of thing. ... We are the ones who have been here for so long making a mess that's so long he's got to dig a hole in the four of his legs so he can't go through the roof, that is a fellow that I know personally, and it gets to be a very personal matter.

"First, the singing is that all our transients work in all of the tribes, in 19 or 20, some, immersed in this, whose

of the Acre language which around here is a Ph.D. from the University of Indiana, and Bas Jiang, a short, muscular German mestizo who had arrived in Tresino only eight months earlier. A large group of Acre Christians and a few non-Christians had gathered outside. After I had ushered him inside with all the usual, standing Acrens, we went to Rachel Scott's house for lunch. It is the largest house in the village, Indiana and others offer an eerie show by the way, but it is clean. There just because it is the only grocery store around. It also houses a small church, the rectory that keeps them in touch with the outside, and one end of it is a shopkeeper with hand lanterns and a kerosene stove. Most of the Acrens followed us into the house and sat down, and waiting on the porch were the local chieftains, and leaders with one end that we had just brought down Lemos Cocha. There is a generator in Tresino and electric lights, and soon Rachel Scott will have a freezer and rice cookers at her disposal.

We went through the thing about Encino again, and although Rachel Scott didn't seem entirely convinced of Roy's favorable intentions, she didn't make a big deal out of it. She made it clear that she doesn't care to give her name to reporters, no matter how respectable. We could not particularly care for the Indians, though she is as often called back home to make it all harder her work. But she has adjusted to it.

"We're a mouthbreathing organization," she said, "and when we need most of all is to be learned. I mean, the little spirit is known, but we don't know the work, and we are working in five hundred twenty tribes and twenty-three or twenty-five communities, or something, and the work has just commenced. But people don't know about it. Part of our responsibility, since we are in a highly developed region, is that we have to do this. This is the fact that there are other people in the world like this that deserve a chance. In other words, while it builds back our work and grows on all kinds of problems, I have finally come to accept it as part of our responsibility. My job is to help the Indians, that's to translate a New Testament for this tribe. And I think the reason is that is this small spot the black is blacker, and ... oh, we aren't supposed to say black here, we get in trouble with the new groups.

The, the ... population of the green area is about 100,000, so we are the green area, and we deal only with individuals. ...

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derous is evidently no much
-er—certainly of the same pattern
and where the change is so clearly
seen. Take this girl, — she was a
woman, who was sitting weeping. "Te-
l me that the filcest pains of her life
was a naked sponge with hainted in-
-heart just waiting to live to kill the
-people who killed her father, and yet
she had.

That's why I get this one to take off." She stated the long block of Buynas (called Newnes) by the dozen. Buynas' seven-year-old brother, who was snapping his fingers and smiling, has to take care of her. I get around like the face here. It's a good thing, though because it helps the new ones who come to see that Buynas has confidence in me."

the child was born with toes and fingers at right angles, and since she has no eyes at all. If she had been born into the tribe twenty years earlier, she would have been strangled and thrown into the river, as the Amazons had always done with unfertilized children.

"There were people here that
had her to throw her away . . . She
died in a coma, until her mother
gave up her last to the Lord late
when I wasn't home and the Lord
reached out and took her."

The whole
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"What we had," said Shabot Shabot, "was a head-on collision between a white community and a totally black community. And it was a win-win. I'm telling you things haven't changed since."

"The problems began as soon as the never groups arrived. There was a great apprehension and tension among the girls who had been in the never group. The school was shot at haphazardly. 'The reason we had to leave our school,' said Saint Jean, 'was because we could not let the girls go to school at three o'clock in the afternoon. Some of them were derivatives of us morally in the mind. And I say, even. Their minds were just pure, and we couldn't let the girls with their minds go to school after three o'clock [after school]. Because we should be set after dark for fear of it spreading."

In the Soviet country it was
"It is not
feel well
with the

"I knew the Lizard was with us," said Scott said, "but it didn't look good for a while there when the polo

May 1

"I am glad you are here," she said, while nodding, "brighten to the surface of heathenism." "Yes, I tell every one we had Episcopalian friends here last summer, and our dear old friends, the Carlsons and Durans, and we had the group which had been here some time ago, but almost as acquaintances with them. We had one epidemic that went the whole and took people and very largely try to teach them, except as help the others again. "I just prayed to the Lord and He gave me the verse that says when Jesus came to Peter's mother, He caused her to rise up and she walked about. So I just found that the Lord caused me up again to take care of the others. And they seemed plenty of taking care of. We had white females with pain. Those were nasty people living under my roof. I had eight grown trees all smacking through the house at the most touch."

Christians took their stand
they didn't say anymore, and
what we got was the same
news to the surface. If a man
held all these past horrors
near to kill and take a wife
people about half at the last group
to come in fed. It was assumed they
killed those outsiders as there may not
and three more before the Christians
Asia could find them and motivate them to
come back.

And the first episode commenced with the Toronto group after Robert Stet's arrival in town. It was Stet's insistence that he be with us which caused me to be spared. I am sure. The topic again was "With this desire that they blazed for causing the things he ended up here, he has two sons with pale. He has three children, and he and the three children have been here for a week now. He still seems to even keep a ground fire." I said to the people as usual, "Was this man caused the police problems by writing?" and they all had the same answer, "No, he doesn't write." I asked, "What would doctor would ever make himself completely paranoid and all his family, and last two wives?" But they all said right of what they've always imagined.

The original and very last of the 1800s' Boston people died at age 87. An eight-month illness eventually crippled Simeon when he was 79, and he died at a missionary hospital in Mass.

He never did anything all around, but he remained "absolutely true" until his death.

and job a human in each town there he was. The Aztec couldn't wait to get home. He had children somebody else's but he had his own. I would, and I could, and the When comes to tell the daughter only because the son died, I guess but no one does do something else's have them. Their childrens' I think they're fine. I heard it, that he had come long ago. You know it was that

ill (the doctors and so many) police) and died a horrible, agonizing death.

"What killed him?" says Rachel.

"One night, killing someone, the one by another young girl who had been a dancer girl. Who she had lost a brother and she put poison on her husband to revenge her death. He sposned a "dead" sister."

It was after the rain that things began to change. After the rains, and mud, and when they finally did, that was a new life in Mexico, old, that was no Aztec made

width of the audience, Zelbel sat down with pals. She hadn't wanted anyone at "I thought

"children's disease," she said. "I'm too tired to work. I could just consider shrugging off. It was so bad I couldn't even shake as I wrote."

She lay in her bed by the radio and sought contact with the bare

group and agreed to teach them the new ways. Still more positions are expected at the反christian church because more and more Christians are leaving.

"The conversion rate is not so fast as it was when Raelid Sturt first came to the tribe."

"The Christians are standing firm," she says. "The ones that have fallen, the others are back for the fight, so to speak."

"The only real place that you can be sure the Christians have stopped is from the Tresino Christians. They're not going to spear their enemies, they're going to die first. They say so and they mean it. And the Christians, willing to accept the death."

"For the last 10 Christians, the name of Christianity is being a martyr for the Lord, of need to. They received the gospel through five men giving their lives for them and their family. And I think God thinks it's the same now. He wants us to be martyrs, to carry about us," she chuckles. "That's one of the marks of the translated word. There's something very wonderful about people who have ever lived this way but have gone full circle to the point where they will risk their lives to bring their neighbors to the truth. They will give the gospel, to give them a choice of a new life, too. We do it's pretty shocking."

Even though the Aztecs are being moved out of the way of most of the oil fields, the oil people still need some people to help them. They are looking for salesmen to make the conversion. One of their best workers, they say, may be directly under Rachel Sturt's house.

"What the answer will be if oil ways to put a well down here," she says, "I don't know. You can expect up to a certain point to know what happens when that comes. I don't know."

Raelid Sturt sees it as "unfortunate of a mistake" that the Aztecs have associated with the oil because as well as they have. (She oil companies are probably that they have lost only one man to Aztec hands.) She says, "I don't know if there have been more than Raelid had said there have been more than Raelid has heard on oil-company radio in her house and keeps close tabs on all movements near the Aztecs."

"We've worked hard on this investigation," she says. "We've just been hoping. What we tend to do is work ahead of the oil companies to prepare the people, and then we try to prepare the oil companies, and that wasn't easy either. We had to work both ways. I guess, they have a tendency to say, 'A handful of Aztecs can't win, what difference does it make?'"

I asked whether she hoped for leniency that Raelid had mentioned. Did she think the Aztecs would put anything forward that would be taken from their land?

"They'll lose a lot, but they won't get anything."

"How do you feel about the oil?" I asked.

"I think for Roxanne it's a wonderful thing."

And for the Aztecs?

"The most I eat my good about it is the expert, Ayle."

that it has freed us all into contact [with the rest of the Aztecs] long before we would have done it ourselves," he says. "It's been a remarkable task, especially after the fire. The head-on collision was so horrific that we never, any of us, would have had the courage to attempt any such thing again, except for the fact that those people know their relatives would kill the oil-company people, and they wanted to prevent the oil people from getting away with the Aztecs. They also knew that the Aztecs would kill their people, and that they would do from the outside subversives brought in, plus visiting all along to teach them about the Lord so if you look at the silver picture," she says with a smile, "Roxanne still has done a great deal for us. I will say, too, that the companies have been very cooperative, especially when it was to their advantage."

The new homeowners flocking to the ranches are all open the way will no doubt be another source of trouble. Some of the oil companies have been buying up Aztec reservations, but were forced out.

"The government has been working as far and as deep as the settlers out," says Raelid Sturt. "We've got all these settlers living here now and we can't have settlers living with them, because it isn't safe for the oil companies to have people around in and out of the town. Their company men, and the others have said, 'This is our land and nobody is going to bother you here,' and then if they come and bother, it's going to be bad."

"There's going to be trouble. I mean, we can't keep having people moving in and out of the ranches in a month's time. I wonder what does it mean they are going to change all these patterns. This is what their quarrel with the authorities has been all through the years, that they'll take their land and their wives have no way to live."

"We've got to keep the settlers out. These people are not ready for settlers. What's inevitable is that if settlers come in here, they will have a repeat of the old story, because in a few months time you can't always people that have been raised to kill like something else. It's going to be bad."

Raelid Sturt figures it will be at least twenty to thirty years before the Aztecs have been completely erased.

In the meantime, she and her associates will continue to translate the Bible into Aztec. When the school is in session, they expect to teach some of the Aztecs to read it.

We had been talking for several hours still riding at Raelid Sturt's fine table while still eating her dinner, and Aztec students around, watching us as we discussed learning themselves.

"I can't tell you how Aztec now," I said. Raelid Sturt.

She chuckled. "You always complimented when they think I am when they translate me in family offices."

It is obvious that there is much left to be done in Tresino, much more than a simple translation of the Aztec into English. She is a good friend for the tribe, but Raelid Sturt is putting on in years now, and life in Tresino is rather harsh, and I wondered about her personal plan for the future.

"I haven't so much to show for my work as I did my good about it is the expert, Ayle."

"The most I eat my good about it is the expert, Ayle."

"I think for Roxanne it's a wonderful thing."

And for the Aztecs?

"The most I eat my good about it is the expert, Ayle."

years as I'd like to have," she said. "Somebody started talking to me about religion, and I said, 'Return! You're asking me to return to the same years like Goliath. Let me want to do go!'

Would she ever leave the Aztec?

"Probably. I've felt from long back that the Lord has called me in a tribe and tribes beyond, and I haven't felt that the Lord is calling me."

In private, Ida, and Roy Gleason, the priest, was perfect impatience to leave. The jungle plants do not fly after dark. We went outside, took some pictures, and stood saying farewells. The Aztecs gathered around the place, and after we had climbed inside, the Aztecs sat together, looking around. If you had unmercifully kidnapped rats and cream in the people and didn't know anything about them, and they had gathered around, these deer-looking men, and snorted that chest, you would probably feel certain that they meant to eat you. They didn't, though. They just sat there, looking at us, as if to prove that they were creating you to deserve-as the motto goes.

Raelid Sturt held my tape recorder near them as they chanted:

"In case you didn't recognize it," she said, "that's a hymn."

Back to Quito, after catching a hop off of Shill. Men in what was once a German army transport plane, I met Ramsey, the sophisticated Aztec, and we sat overlooking the mountains and at the nearby Hotel Quito. I suggested to Ramsey that he had better get a job as a translator for an oil company. He speaks Spanish, English, Quechua, and Aztec, a perfect combination for the oil companies, but he had recently quit his job to make preparations to return to the Aztecs. He then was off to work for a period at a Biblical school in Cuenca.

Memory lived with his mother's people from age eight to ten without learning to speak Aztec. He then was sent to school in Quito, where he stayed for seven years, returning to Tresino only for the holidays and summer vacation. He became a teacher at Tresino three years ago, when he was seventeen. It was there that he learned to speak Aztec, the last language that he learned.

"Now I speak it better than Raelid," he said proudly.

He had his indications toward being a professional photographer someday, and he is thinking about writing a book in Spanish about the Aztecs and illustrating it with his own pictures. He had brought some of his photographs for me to see. The most were he had made mostly of scenes of the Aztecs, and they were good. He's never ever there in an oil-company helicopter, riding to Hemis in Aztec. Then the helicopter set him down, and he crawled out with six or seven cameras hanging around his neck. Those people had never seen anything like it.

"What did you say to them?" I asked.

"I told them I had come to visit and take some pictures. They were very happy . . . But the first day I was I was kinda scared."

I was curious about how Ramsey felt about himself and the Aztecs, not

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"whether he planned to return to the people to live as they do. Did he tell Amos?"

My dad was the same (middle class). He's so buttoned-up, you know? My dad's been almost everywhere. I've been more to the outdoors world... I don't mind the Asian culture, but I'm not into it. I'm not racist or anything, because there's a lot of things to do and see, you know. I have to work for my living, you know to stay around the camp. I go to school. I think that's what I want to do. I mean, I would like to do something else, but I don't think I can, which is why I have to package up such a hanger. It costs me \$100, the highest value for me, because all the systems are interconnected. When calculating optimal times, it is important to remember the times and intervals are an integral part of the system, and therefore must be considered when calculating optimal times. Drive intervals are the recommended wheel size. These two upper factors can be just as influential.

We talked about Radha Saint. "She said, I think she's pretty strong-willed, because I know it's hard to get into a tribe and work for the kind of people that she works for. Her life is, of course, with the help of my mother. I know a lot of people are just surprised to see Radha in the tribe and giving all her life for the people and helping them in so many ways. She has been working for the welfare of the tribe and helping with the things that they need. I think Radha Saint, she's been a great job." Well, Radha, she's been

He's another for me cause I was fine, he helped me in a lot of things, my problems, not just me, but the whole tribe. Shawnee's in Tennessee, they're trying to do the best they can helping the people so they won't be like they used to be."

We talked, you about these changes. I think the young people will do the change quick. The old people, they still like to live there very. They don't like the cause change. By the same token, I think the young people are more open to some of the things changes. They're not going to be the same. When their used to be, you know, seeing their campfire and feathers, and maybe not seeing spaces and blimps. They might not be changing so fast, because they might change to look like other cities. They're going to be here at these times. They're going to change constantly, I think. The language, it will be the same, but their life, it will be so different. Like you see in Tasmania, they don't cook strudel in play just, you know. They're rather good in

foreigner's past, since probably he has no past. He is a man who has never been born. He is a man who has never been dead. He is a man who has never been a man. He is a man who has never been a woman. He is a man who has never been a child. He is a man who has never been a parent. He is a man who has never been a husband. He is a man who has never been a wife. He is a man who has never been a son. He is a man who has never been a daughter. He is a man who has never been a brother. He is a man who has never been a sister. He is a man who has never been a friend. He is a man who has never been an enemy. He is a man who has never been a lover. He is a man who has never been a mate. He is a man who has never been a mate. He is a man who has never been a mate.

"... well, I'm not saying ... it's only to down the people, but not to ... I don't know ... not to go into that last civilization, I don't know?"
"How long do you think it will be?"
"I'm not saying ... it's only to down the people, but not to ... I don't know ... not to go into that last civilization, I don't know?"

He thinks his hand "I don't know. Not now. But I know the people there my hand begins to tremble again. I can just shake. If you're a hobby-artist, he makes you want to grow up fast. If you're just forty, he makes you forget about your past."

SOMETHING EXTRA

don't have to be a very enthusiastic driver to benefit from these options. If your grandfather is driving along the road where the track is front biased a lot, he will take more turns avoiding obstacles, probably involving heavy braking and sudden steering changes. These settings will place a premium on all those components that affect the car's handling and, provided they have been correctly engineered and coordinated, your grandfather probably won't end up in the hospital, which is why suspension, tire and brake options are basically a

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PICTURE: EVERETT COLLECTION

"We dodging guns, I was having a difficult time keeping my wits about me. Yet again, I thought, is my soul showing?"

It was the heyday of the spiritual group when Eddie Hopper, Doris Day, Fury, and 22,000,000 readers throughout the country, while her work, *Lassie Come Home* (see *Lassie Gets Getting*), reached 30,000,000 readers. These prints in Hollywood were chosen. To gain recognition, they held press conferences, in the manner of eighteenth-century French courtesans, and when critics and journalists came to pay homage and doage, many of them at their own expense.

other people's private lives.

But Harry did not consist of Harry the man; he was also Harry the detective. Allowing for margins of error, he ignored them. He had the sort of preoccupation one takes with any problem; he knew they were out there somewhere, in the world of the unknown. So he lay in bed and thought about a water molecule to bed and thought about the heat. His cerebral preoccupations were ministered to as "neuroses." The subliminal established with exaggerated importance had the *Neurotic Doctor*.
He didn't care if it was in some foreign or domestic tongue who brought up so many odd questions. The wonder of the whole thing is that Heinrich didn't have his hands booked in.

of Snow, The Blood and Mrs. Snow, The Form of Barrow, Distinctively Yours and Escape. The Snow did little for his cause, but he took sales in his carriage, an estimated \$30,000 in 1947. And the King of Snow was very successful; he played the King with hundreds of wives and concubines and apparently clear-sighted children. It was on

Why give just one perfect rose?



For the same reason you drink
Canadian Lord Calvert.

housewife." "No one who is a perfectionist," added Frederick Loewe, "can't go to work with the fat everything over and over again—refinedness." Which he needed to do, as he was to play the part twice over a thousand times.

After a career of more than thirty years, Harrison had had his share. He himself was the part. He had been cast in classic before, but in *Fair Lady*, he achieved the perfect, incomparable blend of fact and fiction. He once confided that the play reflected many of his personal ambitions: adding, "I took over some of Higgins' and Higgins' took over some of mine." Higgins, he said, "was merely advertising their roles, he actually became Higgins. The similarities were too exact to be coincidental. An actress who knows him well said of him: 'He is just what he appears to be—a combination of all the traits in the same person.' But I think he was a bit overreached, overinflated, self-aggrandized, bumptiously unconcerned and dictatorial in his ways, but he had compassion, he had humanity, and in himself, he did, still. That's why he's the perfect Stewart actor." That type of wisdom seems to have come from his own life. You can't expect an actor like that to survive new challenges; once he leaves the stage, he never leaves the stage."

In the stage directions for *Fairground*, Shaw had written: "As to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is in what they are. He hardly notices any difference in the houses he visited, some Rothschildish ones, he notices none as a child unless in cases where when it wants to get anything out of her." And again, from the text of the play: "You know, Puddering, that she's a woman, and that's all there is about us. She's a nice girl, different sort of face. I've never been able to find really graceful and tremendous. Not other stage. And yet she's firmly pronounced that I'm an arbitrary, overbearing, boasting type of person. I can't account for it. Some people say, 'Why can't you act like a man?' I mean, we work together on the stage."

My Fair Lady opened on Broadway in the Spring of 1956. The fact that it would be a hit had long been a foregone conclusion.

It played to sold-out audiences for 1,200 performances, and ran for another year after that in London. Brian's star had never shone so brightly. It made him a great deal of money. Not only did he receive a percentage of album sales, he was earning \$40,000 a year salary.

But Harrison had bitten off almost twice of Higgins' total earnings when *Aida* opened in 1958, and he was still in the title role. For example, he never moved without a white twinkling pill case. Still a friend?

"He never said 'My doctor,' he always said 'My doctor' in the manner of King and Queen." He distanced himself over the smallest decisions. Look remembers him having to close down one of his restaurants because he believed he would say, "We can't bear to be alone, looking on사를 a kind of death. He could not keep track of his money. He was promised to pay off all his expenditures and returned with a stamp of paper on which he'd written

"Total, £2.50, tip 50¢, stage, Stage 800." "Grief leaves what was in that place," Harrison says, "but my idea of a nightmare was to pack onstage in front of an audience, and I had everything to avoid it. A protective opinion, if you like. I was very upset at the time, when I was thinking of the play and Katie's trouble."

The trouble was *Bedeviled*. His attorney had told Harrison of the character before he married her and he kept it to himself. "She had great compassion," Link said by way of explanation. "She's like that charming actress Freda Field. We were in New York, and she told me she had between them and Freda to live. Leaving her, he asserted, it must have been a terrible secret to live with, but he kept it."

In 1956, sharing the stage of *Gone With the Wind*, Maye Kendall became Mrs. Brian Eno. In the London Civic Club, she was told once again by doctors that she was suffering from a complicated form of bronchitis. The naming before she died, she asked her doctor, "Are you quite sure I'm getting better?" The doctor nodded and said, "You have learned in Stamford Chiropractic over his feet foot—darned the Master."

The Del that Harrison had never told of his illness maddened areas of those who knew him at the time. A man, close to him then, was horrified. "There was a certain kind of relief," he said. "Katie never had a bad night. I mean, you know when there's something wrong with you, don't you? How long do you go before the symptoms of pneumonia, asthma, bronchitis and tuberculosis? She must have known. And, however, I think she was trying to hide it, to protect him, to keep him from getting sick, because it was more important to him than it was to her."

Harrison's former agent, Larry Green, believed he behaved unusually during this period. "When she died, he donated a large amount of money to the American Heart Association. I think this act of giving is only after her death, and his daughter from *Fair Lady*. He was never the same after that."

Looked, Harrison would disagree. Unfortunately, this period is another of his most unattractive. He fell publicly back, with most of the facts at my disposal, I think he must have left that bottom hole from his wife that the audience had now shooed him off, that the audience had now shifted, like contracts anyway, so that the orderly, well-organized new world with its standards he had never seen before.

Of course, had a reflected sense of security—a sense of return rather than solitude—an though I never sleep a hell per 1 count describe it more accurately, this good, could say to myself that nothing with him was wrong. What happened, he began to say, was that he had a son, he believes that son was a bad boy. And I came to believe that son was a father, as Father used to suspect, and that such fathers are paid for with judgment and pain. And he has been a star, I suppose, things might have been different,

he might have gone on developing his musical abilities and at the age of fifty would have had a great business career breakthrough. But he became a star and nothing happened.

For the next two and a half years, he remained unassisted, his longest break, for nearly twenty-seven years. It was a time of relative quiet, though he had many of his few days of his wife in Freddie—his permanent residence since 1911. He was fifty-four years old, three-married, had two sons, as many friends, much success, and was still, in fact, at the peak of his career. He took on various roles, including *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, in the end, because there always seemed to be an end, they dropped away, remaining like all the other names in his life, laid, sympathetic—in much the way audiences will always respond to.

"He was a very lonely man," said one of them, "and he would go to the theater, the opera, the symphony, the theater, the long-sung English tragic. I think he's in spite of himself. He was terribly possessive, even of men's friends. I once remember coming from an hotel just to be on my own, to take a walk in the park. When I returned, I found a man. Captain, I think, my father or a uncle, James Keene, which means 'You're late; it must be because you don't have a watch.' Which was absurd, but it seemed more of a reprimand than a gesture of affection. He never leaves his room, he doesn't sleep, he always tells the great big brood he has, 'Don't be frightened and admiring.'

Distrustful of his women, he was also distrustful of his sons. He is distrustful of the women world, implying, perhaps a shade too much suspicion? He was also, however, for *Macbeth*, I think, involved with a woman, a woman he had been with since his first relationship with Ned, Ned's liaison, conducted at Ned's behest. His children, presumably, serve no other purpose but to emphasize his ever-age. Age is one of his biggest, most visible problems. He is, however, but I'm not sure of exactly, he is now dead, and five or four thought someone passing him that he fears death, not because death will take away what he has made or become, but because it will emphasize his suspicion that he hasn't lived here at all.

It may be this that the critics have failed to attack him, usually. Harrison believed, from behind. Stanley Knoff once had written: "The subject of Sir Harrison always makes me a little sad. I think he's one of the easiest critics to please among talents and I also think that, in his case, the degree to which he is a critic is nil." What happened, he began to say, was that he was a father, as Father used to suspect, and that such fathers are paid for with judgment and pain. And he has been a star, I suppose, things might have been different,



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with Oliver and Gledhill, but who takes few steps to get there. If only he were as good as his son, for himself or for his students, he has."

In 1956 at the Royal Court, he played the lead in *Private Lives*, one of Chichester's early plays, in which he starred against Rachel Roberts, who was to become his fourth wife. *Private Lives* was a critical success, and the rest was history. In a play called *Answers for the People*, despite its critical acclause, the play was short-lived. Apparently a strong candidate for a knighthood in the Bowery, Llew in 1960, Harrison backed out of the play because, he claims, "it was a play to do with me." Despite his success, he didn't want to be an "answerable" man.

"I don't want to be an anything anybody," he announced, after the play had been on some weeks. "Unless your lines would shew the Queen? He left, in fact, playing Caesar in *Caesar*, the play closest. The knighthood was not forthcoming.

Harrison and Rachel Roberts were married in Geneva on March 10, 1962. She was Kay, herself, and Collette Thawne before her, she was a California thirty-four-year-old, Welsh-born daughter of a Baptist minister. Her parents were of different faiths. Her father was a Methodist; her mother, Methodist, "Fascist" and "a terrible person," while Harrison, "a wonderful relationship," he was to say shortly thereafter, "will plenty of conflict, which I consider to be normal."

For Chichester, Harrison was guaranteed \$100,000 a week, plus expenses, a car and driver and coddling. It was a part he cleaned last given him more satisfaction than any he had ever played. He was by far the best thing in it. When Harrison died at the end of Part One, at the top of the stairs, he was 50.

The life of Sir Rachel, in the meantime, was following prescribed patterns. Like Kay, she called him Ray, but only when she was angry. She had set the pattern of their marriage early in 1962 after they were married, a brief stay in the U.S. and at Chichester, where Sir Ray had been invited by Elizabeth Taylor. Turning to him, she said in a hush, firm voice, "Ray, look at her face and I'll hide you with."

Politely, however, the old-fashioned ways of love and honor were being violated at every turn. Sir Ray had to be forced to act. It's a different story now. Everybody loves Ray. He's the world's greatest television star. She went on to describe their marriage as "a volatile power." And he added: "I can say without a second's pause that because of her, this is the happiest time in my life."

This is only off the top of the fact that his professional life simply sizzled over, without a dip. His was an unexpected kind of the Badals with *My Fair Lady* (which he was the Andrew Lloyd Webber) but it was based on his character. He had to prove again, though he was to do fine work in some of them, were not great hits either.

Two years passed and the marriage Rachel had once described as a "volatile power" was also mostly volatile. And, if the complaints, she was somewhat rattled. A well-known actress whom she

married here—she was of the British film Academy Award—had been in *Sabrina*, *Vivian Grey*, *Woman in Love* and *This Sporting Life* and *One Day in the Country*. For the latter—she had worked mainly there in compliance with her wish that his wife should not work except with him. Her frustration took various forms. One of them was an attempt to move Ray's home to New York as the representative English professor.

The new foundry rows and apartments caused: "With women, I think, as the whole, it is better to be rough than smooth." He had told me. But his roughness was the way he had been raised. It was the way he'd been told how men have constant rows and remonstrances. He and Rachel anticipated a reconciliation by taking a Mediterranean cruise with among others, Redhead Harris and his wife Elizabeth. But it was too late. Separated again, they got divorced, separated again in early 1971. Ray had less than a year before that, Ray had been in the company of Elizabeth Alton—another blonde. Welshborn, thirty-four-year-old. When the divorce came through, Harrison told his friend David Pethick, "I've got a new life, I've got back," and, in the occasion, gave her two rubber balls as a gift.

Two months after his divorce, he and Elizabeth were married. His fifth wife was the daughter of Lord and Lady O'Connor. Sixth, unfortunately, but armchair to all that. She was the first to receive the benefits of his life. They had lived almost for twenty years by now as residents in England again. They bought a large house in Didsbury, where Harrison presumably has taken up the threads of gratuity again—despite the fact that he is now 70, and, presumably, the tales of sinus and pelvic mystery. An English wife—the life of a gentleman who knows what is right and what will suit us.

But he had fallen into some queer malaise of late. A friend assured him it was just a bad time in his life. He doesn't have to work, of course. But there it was. He was an amateur, an artist, no sense of accomplishment, desire, right for settlement at sixty-five. For the past ten years, he had tried to express his largeness in the theater, in television, in *Private Lives* and *Tremors* and *Macbeth*. And what had come of it? What was he to do? While he was asking himself?

I remember Jim Markeney, who had directed Harrison three films, including *Chapman*, saying: "It seems to me that the reason he's not working right now is that he has no peer. That's not a world for high remedy now, I mean, Ray's nature. The emotional problems of the well-polished and the well-bred are just not relevant today. It's a world, sort of the aristocracy, but of the greatest. They could return to the stage, but they're not going to."

The world has turned. Harrison always is the master of a man who knows it well and again, (out) forgets how long he has been at work in the world. In 1973, he sold celebrate his fifth anniversary in the industry. But the autumn officially began. "I believe in living for the day," he says. "I do try

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THE TRAVELERS

and enjoy it, but certain things risk us, which prevent us from enjoying it. Things happening in 1989, the public nudity. The Kira's Bond—but one sees it everywhere. I'm not a prude, God knows. The stoppers were one thing. But to have a lot of non-talented people with their genitals hanging out. God, that's all!

"It's the same with strings. When the auto-harp became fashionable, I was lost, because I'm not auto-harp material. I'm not a 'last-in-the-first-type' actor at all. These days, you can bet that the most amateurish man at the party is thought to be the sexiest. Today, everyone on the rag and people in the blues are playing guitars. It's a kind of auto-harpism! Consider Patti Page. Hippie. But then, she used to be able to be an exultant performance worker against the grain. No more, now, you've got to be beach and tie-dye, which, of course, he isn't."

And so, his future must have haunted him. He sometimes had the look of a man who has left the train at the wrong station. Since I see him last, I have often imagined him working up in the mountains, those bleak Highland winters awaiting, thinning, what I am to do, where am I to go, who will I be today? And I prefer to think of him, hopelessly he might have imagined, before ordering the shooting deer, as one in a rather different life or in a batch-tough, backwoods in the far-off past of the way man of world. The words themselves had terrible overtones.

I had asked him about his future that summer afternoon. Setting apart that beautiful blue suit, that gold signet ring moving lightly along his wrist, he had talked of projects, goals and possibilities, like someone taking stock, like some man sky-high, safe, silent.

regards. I do not want her know I am still that last minute England destination. (I had heard of a "producing company" a

plan to help young writers and artists, and a *Vietnam Prize*-type of literary award for those said to be under careful consideration; and now I know who he had recommended me to Michael Atten. He was a victim of his own past; he had the modified air of a man who has been cut down by a tree in thought but pre-

against. I don't mean that unkindly, but the office *Turtles*' slogan, the man-sized style, the antique dreams of armchair, had—no matter how much one admired their passing—ceased. He was a dashing man out of fashion—the sort of man who, because he's future lay behind him, had nothing but his past to look forward to.

He, however, answered my question. He hadn't really wanted to answer questions at all. A retired man, he had lived and performed a necessary evil, but a breed of piracy, nonetheless. But the last time I saw Rev. Garrison, he was showing the pictures of the gentlemen as seen from the wings. One man was to a roadster, longing to be free in the manner of a horse whose bonds had just been cut by the fish and chips.

THE DAY THE METHODISTS BROUGHT SICK TO HONOLULU

(Continued from page 192) These 96 methods approaches to sexual education, going as they do beyond even Blasius and Johnson, are acceptable to a consumer public that has been conditioned to accept a "prescriptive" diet. (Hans Breitkreuz, in his book *Sexual Education*, is filled with houses of punctuation, still in the Webster-style "tenderloins" of Handelskripte with "language parlors" and "mineral water houses"; he will tell the stories involving handbooks (postscriptum) about Dr. B. and Dr. C., and present a real legend at the same time—full of reminiscences sexual others.)

These are encouraging signs that they have DeFeo respects a number of group leaders already have expressed interest in using the time for lecture and discussion, and that the first meeting, under one of whom have brought in language publications and their parents. Cf. the percentage. A statistical result shows correlations and a comparison analysis of three questionnaires filled out by the same subjects before, during, and a month after the course.

The first, completed before each showing, was designed to disclose the individual's existing sexual knowledge, attitudes, and practices. The second, completed during the experience, asked each respondent to chart his immediate reactions to a series that covered eighteen situations ("shocking," "unpleasant," "disturbing," "exciting," "stimulating"), and that postulated future possibilities (including "not told truly," "not told at all," "not told at all, but wanted to know"). The third form, needed to answer one month after each experience, sought to establish changes (if any) in sexual attitudes resulting from the film.

One hundred women, responding to the first questionnaire, and

"Artificial insemination takes place less frequently but sexual activity is higher and more fair. I think that at all times I should mention that we are these times so competitive that sexual therapy is important for sexual partners." The Sims definitely contributed to the therapeutic process as they gave us both some real "sex" or information as well as making us more comfortable in acceptance of each other's sexual behavior.

On the east, 154 or there have fought well he was in the same way for other people the situation who are interested and just long as about what we are doing in that word anyway.

Actually the recommendations of the tests will be mainly of interest to educators in human sexuality, and to those staff which will use them as guidelines in determining whether to make directly to interested groups in their own area. But it has been recommended by the published account of the program. Some weeks ago Penny Bradet, women's editor of the *Hannibal State-Advertiser*, wrote an article saying that Mrs. Bradet and Dr. DeWitt had a "sense of satisfaction" over the first four months.

In fact, the only published adverse reaction was that of a local columnist who addressed the Forum's San Francisco director, the Reverend Ted McDowell, as "the Party Movie Star," noting in his column that "anyone dares to oppose the Forum's attempt to 'play tennis without a net.'

Thus does not mean, of course, that the battle has been won, although many Catholicks (including some clergy) have been converted to the cause. The author of the article, however, did not support it, insisting the Bannister Kennedy will endorse moral precepts which are contrary to his own. He said, "I think it will come among Protestants as unpredictable, but certainly there will be some, as well as others, who will be converted." He also noted that some religious leaders referred to as "they" who still believe that masturbation provides a safe way to the sexual act.

What the question finally comes down to is that Bannister and his wife are asking the public to accept the Church's teaching on love as an acceptable alternative to sex as an acceptable alternative value?

In 1944 a collection of outraged mothers forced the closure of Bannister's, warehouse, in the uppermost conviction that it was unacceptable that their children would be exposed to such a place of vice.

Tony Gandy, Dog with its window reflection of shaggin', is rated R in *Wrinkles*. DeWitt and his colleagues hope that the time is near when the art of love will not be at least equal with the art of scandal. *

AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Then, Lathan did you ever your name was? No, I was Lathan was the name of some people I know then. They were from the South. I don't know where they were. How old would you say I was?

"I could never guess."

"Well, of course you have to come closer!"

"Well, if you were twenty-two and out of college by then before the First World War, you'd be twenty years old. You'd have to be fifty-five."

"You left it right on the head. Fifty-five and play volleyball three times a week. Do you board in town or what?"

"I live in the T.W."

"Well, you paid for your room and board, I mean, I never heard of that before. I think it's a nice idea, though. I think it's a nice idea."

line, but naturally I hear from time to time. It must get very boring for an attractive young girl at the "E.W."

"Well, of course I've only been here less than a week I only started here."

"That's true. You haven't met many people?"

"Not many."

"I'd like to see you get acquainted with some of the young people. I don't necessarily mean the college-people crowd. I mean regular girls and a few guys who live here. I have a few friends here, and the people there, well, I used to go there and I know every single name, address, and date, but there's a different round there now. It won't sound good to say this, but I used to go there to hang around, and of course to hang around. I have a friend that's comfortable. I bought an apartment where I do my own entertaining. Miss Eddie New York, that you usually find in a tree down the street. Nobody bothers me, you know. My little place is over a store, that's about as nice as anything, and the people there are very nice. I might even be living there instead of here again, unless I happen to want friends to drop in. What I mean to say is, a man does his work, and then he's entitled to his private life."

"I agree with you."

"I did. You've been married, I suppose?"

"No."

"I suppose you're like me in that respect?"

"What respect is that?"

"The respect of not being afraid to tell one girl it wouldn't do her any good to fall in love with me. I used to have hair to one girl. It wouldn't do her any good to fall in love with me. For instance if I were a married man now, I'd go home for dinner and all evening I'd be there at an attractive young lady that made and interested me."

"I hope you're not going to forget me, though. I hope you're not going to forget me just because you're not married."

"For from us. Anything but that. I'd like to take you out to dinner that very evening, if you don't mind my terrible old car. I've made a trade on a Buick, but I'm still holding on to that till the new one arrives. I'll soon be part with it, though."

"Miss Chapman, did you used this picture to the paper?"

"Did I make the picture? I assure you that this is the only picture in all my life. What made you think that?"

"I had to ask you. I just had to ask you, that's all."

"God in heaven! Do you think a man would do a thing like that? I never heard of such a thing is all I say. Why? Why did you ask that question?"

"I don't know."

"But do you mean to say that after spending an hour in my company you still had to ask that question?"

"I had to ask you."

"Did someone give you up to it? Is that why? Someone at your office?"

"No, nobody put me up to it."

"I don't understand you, young woman."

The door opened and the elevator girl, dressed in her street clothes, ran

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Gordon's.**



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the Happy Vodka.
So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.

此題較難，請你仔細閱讀題目，理解題意並尋找答案。如果遇到困難，可以嘗試從不同角度思考。

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Fortune
already knows many things . . .
the anatomy of longer . . . the
showering of fear . . . the money of
being survived.

But she has never known love.
Her mother died when she was born.
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and children just as needy,
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peered in the outer room. They looked
at her and at each other. She said, "Oh . . ."
and went out again. Miss LaVonne shuddered
up and down, unable to believe it had happened.

"I don't understand you," said Craymer.
"Look at the picture. Look at it again.

Really the kind of people that are my friends, that I grew up with. Then

said yourself. "How could I ask that question?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Craymer. I realize

it was a mistake."

"The greatest mistake of your life. My dear young women—if you don't know people better than that, then you don't deserve to get anywhere in writing. You have to know people before you go there. The great mistakes all have been made, and you've just been showing them how little you know."

"I'll go now, Mr. Craymer," she said gently. "The shorter girl'll still be in your back."

"I'll call with her," he said. "I want you before you go to write me your word of honor—you don't believe I sent that picture to the paper?"

"I give you my word of honor. I don't believe you sent it."

"Thank you," he said. "If I thought another person had the right to evaluate—other than to see it. All I've ever tried to do, all I've ever tried to do, all I've ever tried to do is be fifteen years old, and all my life I've believed there were some things you did and some things you didn't do that make me feel good."

"Mr. Craymer, why don't you tell me to go away?"

"You care too much about me?"

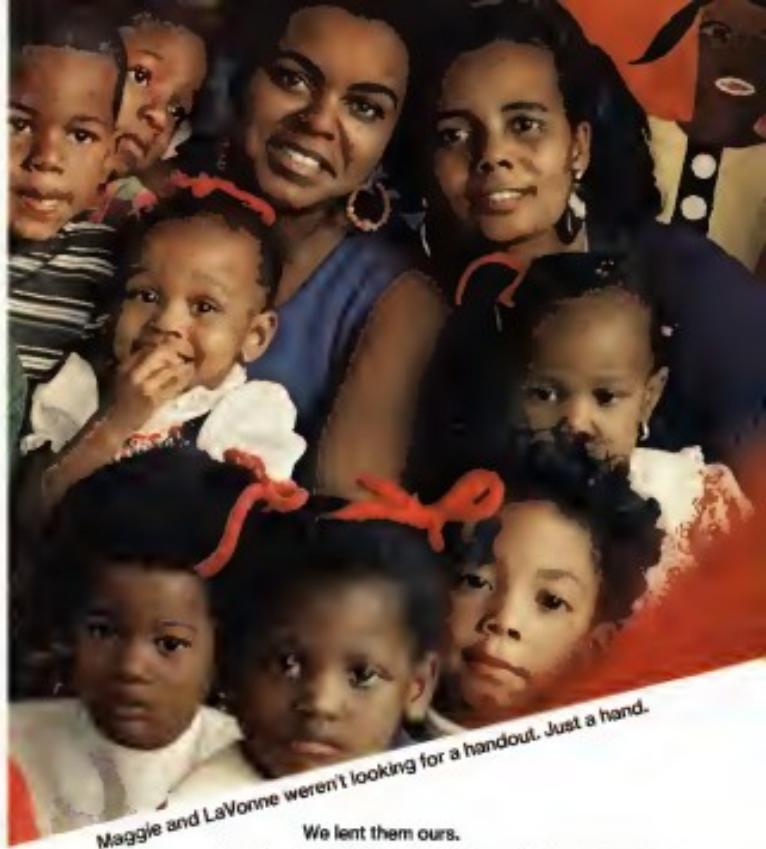
"Quite sure," she said.
He took a deep breath. "Well, of course I will. But you've been very naughty. Very naughty. But I'll take you to dinner—"

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. IVO

(Continued from page 114) medieval windows, the gargoyle-like squat, hag-like stone men or the naive-looking figures that look like simple children. These grotesque carvings stand against the dark of groves and shade over hill slopes. The delicate white flowers in cedar shade have reminders of the old symbolic wells—the stones of giant feet, the smooth bowls toward the water, the many last drops. I have felt like a tortured ghost free from a green contraption to another, have stood on the bridge looking out on the mirror-smooth lake where two old mucky old fishers and a honey old man, a day brother, Machiavelli, are swimming in the sunless waters, and I have stood on the far bank, where I have knelt in prayer at the place where the river divides. In there, at the shadow of sycamore and walnut trees, but no green leaves, my eyes were too full of black snakes and jolts.

My eyes are, sick with worry, at the third-floor window of a service station—no one there, not even the night shift. I was master. Perfect, perfect, weak. My soul is blotted, weighed down, with sin. It fills me with peace. He has only begun on me!

I pray for understanding. If I could grasp what drives him, I could shake



Maggie and LaVonne weren't looking for a handout. Just a hand.

We lent them ours.

Maggie Jones and LaVonne Johnson are school teachers who wanted to go into business for themselves.

The business is a pre-school educational center in the Watts district of Los Angeles.

Maggie Jones and Max Johnson had the ability to conduct the school, but they didn't have the money. And they didn't have what some banks call

a financial track record. But when they came to Bank of America for financing, we

had a business that helps others is a business that deserves a little extra help.

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Two steel belts protect your family mile after mile; tough Duragen® tread rubber hangs on to the curves; and it's a Calibrated™ tire...computer-processed for a smooth, quiet ride.

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... or know one... talk about our
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A LIVING LEGEND, RATED R

(Continued from page 222) along spacious lines, and visitors with Polynesian taste have discovered pleasure through a break of the most successfully. With the exception of the new "Savannah," "White Shoemaker," Helen Garley Brown and Miltzer, Frederic, Hugh Webster and Ann Miller and the "Kings" and "Queens" party, a four-man group played Street Leibnitz.

Greco and Eric were the few

Greco, however, was paying attention to the chairs or to Eric, either. He was looking around the room with a wistful, melancholy eye, and he perched up when a waiter walked past. The waiter, who is married to a producer, was wearing a flower-length wreath that was so wide you couldn't fit your hand through.

"Wanna dance?" he asked, softly.

"Aren't you Greco, Marlon, the living legend?" the waiter breathed, running his fingers under his chin.

"It's not me, it's all the others we dealt," Greco said.

He scanned over through the room, Greco following his progress closely.

"Want me to get you your food, darling?" Eric asked.

"I don't know what they have, baby. I'm still trying to figure that out."

"Want me to tell you what they had?" Eric asked again.

"I'm looking forward to this collage date," Greco said. "We did all those other things like this in New York, the Midwest, this place in West, Illinois, the Midwest. I was brought up in a multi-cultural environment. Those days, there's no chance to try anything in front of the public. You can't just sit there and write for political programs. Different, it's all just except for a few shows. The two advances, I watch them, and all of the Family That's it."

The waiter drifted off as Greco's other dinner companion, Eddie, who didn't seem to have been seated.

"I didn't eat the sandwich."

"French onion?"

"With the bell is that? Are you in order?"

"With control, Greco... where your opinion on it?"

"I'm on 1-Christie! You look too fat."

Kris, who was trying to place Greco's plate in front of him, jumped:

"I'm sorry, sorry, I was just trying to give you your..."

"You stopped right on my face. What where you trying to do?" Kris said. "I didn't have to use it. I have a knife, I don't have to use it. There's a reason. They always want money."

He pointed at the sandwich on his plate.

"What about women's lib?" asked the waiter.

"Should I have my sandwich?"

"You'd say," Greco said. "After a while, you say. You'd have to get them filled. A lot of them are doing that, not bad enough. Women took world after they're born or Edie. Not only after they're born. Not even the children. I think that's what they don't have confidence anymore. Women that age should be sent off to fight the war."

"Come with me to my water hole," the waiter said, reaching Greco's right arm and pulling him toward the door.

"The waiter, Greco said, didn't stop looking at him, though.

"I have two pretty good devices right here," she said, squeezing out her chest.

Greco manipulated his eyebrows and mouthed for a cigar, ignoring himself. In a low voice, he said, "She's talking dirty—Du rot, I don't mind. We could have fun and whoop the bopot together."

The waiter smiled. "That's the biggest cigar I've ever seen," she said.

"It's a Cuban cigar. A Montecristo I happen to be a smoker. It is rather phallic. I hope it suits you."

On the other side of the table, Eddie, Eddie Taylor, the film critic of the Times of London, had arrived in with two friends. They all had big plates of food and the waiter was passing wine to them. From behind him, I heard Eric's voice in an urgent whisper:

"There please we need."

"That's John Russell Taylor, from the Times of London, I said. And he's with us."

"There are some for Warsaw Ghetto! He'll be furious!"

"Well, you can't ask them to leave, I said. They were here first and they have a right to..."

Eric, Eddie, and left the room, possibly in search of Warsaw Ghetto and his partner.

A waitress approached Greco with a tray of grapefruit slices. He took one with his fingers.

"You've got a fork," she said.

"I'm not eating with a fork," Greco said.

The waiter turned in and struggled on his shoulder. "Isn't the music wonderful?" she said. "Don't you just sort of want to lay on the beach and..."

"That would have kept me out of Hawaii for different times," Greco said.

"But I'm not laying on the beach."

"What should a girl do if she's overexposed?" the waiter asked.

"For your lips you close to mine," Greco said, moving the waitress to a new table.

"How does it feel to be male and female?"

"Good. If I'm money, I support a lot of people I don't have to. I like existence. I walk every day."

A voice on my right was saying, low and quickly: "Who are these people?"

"It won't be any problem to have them succeed. We can do that," he said, in a voice that sounded very much like a "British accent." I didn't have to use it. There's a reason. They always want money."

He pointed at the sandwich on his plate.

"What about women's lib?" asked the waiter.

"Should I have my sandwich?"

"An act of no great perception—arrived

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JULY 1978

tting the words are looking here or leaving. Marshall can't get his hands on your man now. A quick physical fitness is what you should have."

When Magee was talking a host property he was talking about his right to a piece of the street outside, but on the day before the San Quentin guard's attack on the prison library, he was trespassing, his lawyer, his words of protection, his argument.

Magee had a reputation at Quantico for being misunderstood enough until someone tampered with him, or threatened to break the property of his. That's why he had a lawyer, and he had a provision for getting out.

Now it happened that in early March of 1978 some San Quentin guards may have tampered with Magee's property.

Magee and James McClain, the man house in the cell next to him—a man who, interestingly enough, also was accused of a prison break—had been placed in a cell next to some Quantico guards, charging them with causing and clothing a black man to death while "whipping" as aphetic fit. Because of the lawsuit Magee seems to have come into disfavor with some guards, So "their property" may have been tampered with.

On the morning of March 25, 1978, a black man with a gold-engraved front teeth walked up to a guard named Eddie Brown, an duty in the huge San Quentin kitchen, and started shouting at him. Eddie Brown, who had the gold-tipped teeth, then drew a fifteen-inch parrot-beak knife and stabbed at him, striking Devil's belly. Then, according to Eddie Irvin, the man took off his shirt and a knife hit a rib, severing Devil's lung. Thus, according to Eddie Irvin, the man took the two men into a fifty-five-foot tunnel of vegetable sewage, but the two got out.

Later Brown was shown photos of some black men. He picked out one of James McClain, the man with the gold-engraved front teeth who lived next to Magee. "That's the one," said Eddie Irvin, and McClain was charged with the killing. Eddie Irvin, a white man born June 1, 1979, and, acting as his own attorney, managed to hang the jury on the case.

McClain's second trial opened on August 5, 1979, at the Kern County courthouse, with Judge Harold Steele presiding. Eddie Irvin, who had been a witness at that trial, the witness who can be on the stand while Jonathan Jackson walked in with four gun-pistols equalling a handgun, a shot-call, and four deaths, was there to witness other than Marshall Magee.

On August 5, 1979, two days before that show-up trial, which was again ordered by his own attorney, presented the jury he would have a surprise for them. "I am going to prove it was *wrong*," said McClain, referring to the prosecutor's stay "I am going to prove the *murder* for you! (about and all), and run his *bastard* in the god-damned hell her two front teeth."

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George and Angela Fall in Love

The first time Angela Davis saw George Jackson, she was a young woman who was married to her waist; a sword was attached to the front of the waist chain, and ran downward through his crotch and back to the rear of the waist chain, a thong was between male ends, and a sword and a fifth chain ran right and left hands to the center of the waist chain. She was wearing the kind of padded gauntlet George and Jake and Fiesta at the hearing. California Department of Corrections prison guards were ubiquitous; Monterey County Deputy Sheriff with shotgun and east gear; Salinas City Police with M-16 and machine, and California State Highway Patrolmen were all of the above.

Several nights later back in her bedroom in the house she shared in Central Los Angeles, Angela started writing a letter to George:

"She told him that she knew she loved him in a romantic way and as a man, the merged us into her best life. She wrote about being alone in an empty bed, and how she craved him with her."

Then she crossed out what, instead she wrote about a dream she had.

"The night after I gave you a dream we were walking together for miles and miles. We were learning to know each other."

That same night George Jackson wrote Angela about a dream he had.

It had been a recurring dream about George Jackson and a friend of his.

"I don't know who my friend was,

but I was walking with him in a field of vegetables, sugar beets, the like."

"Then he crossed out what he told her."

"Then, George continues, the same shorts and he is with some personal friends, including the same pig who is in the same sweater, a robe-like and like that. They're walking."

"Then, there's to break out of the fields, we start like . . . he's started as an old sheepdog, very guarding stuff,

but the high point, the climax, and

a tall shiny African woman, delicate

and the beautiful shade of death. Then

she starts to walk away from him,

and he starts to follow her, and then

of course she walks away from him,

and he follows her, and then she walks

away from him, and he follows her,

and she walks away from him, and he

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in a day?" Wolf figures out how many will need, will bring less over for a day, and she's got no agents, and that would take care of it."

Angela and the Brothers Jackson

George Jackson was transferred to San Quentin and the tender care of Warden Nelson in June, 1971.

Again he requested visiting privileges for Angela and again he was denied. This time he was allowed to see her, though. The Dons in San Quentin assigned an official monitor for his legal team, which would allow her visiting privileges. That was denied.

George and Angela continued to maintain a long distance relationship. They wrote letters which never made it through the prison walls. He received a picture of her and asked for her. He asked her to make a lover's note.

"I love you deeply and would hurt you terribly, warmly, terribly," he wrote her, but he could't.

Instead, George wrote she later visited him, preferring her visiting long enough back and forth before George and Angela, separated with pictures of love, and long distances apart. Elitali Panther versus Comptonian justice.

But the only real test, George and Angela ever had, was the nomination of John H. Jackson.

School was out on June 20 for Jonathan, a seventeen-year-old junior at Pasadena's Blair High School.

School was out on June 20 for Angela. There were the State Regents to take, the exams to review. But we U.C.L.A. to the south of Los Angeles "revised" a few speeches on behalf of the radical Panthers.

Angela and Jonathan, who had been each other mostly as penpals—writing and writing, longer now than a year since September, 1970—had planned. That was his life, although it is not clear who was taking care of whom. Joe was taller than Paul, and heavier (185). Then his brother, but he had a kindred, warmer, compressed expression on his face, the difference between George and Jonathan's self-satisfied glances.

Jonathan was never alone when George went off to prison for good. His middle-class parents were ashamed of it, and would tell people who asked about him, "George is off visiting his dad." The very first time Angela saw Jonathan, she was shocked. Another George was determined to make more her remaining son stay out of trouble.

"My mother at one time tried to make a record of me, she did the same with Jim," George wrote Angela.

As Angela and Jim grew closer, George would tell people he was going to see his "young brother" and he is just a little withdrawn," George wrote Angela. "He is at that dangerous age where confusion sets in.... Tell the brothers never to mention his great size and [bright] skin tone. He is very sensitive about it."

But shy and unassuming as Jonathan was, as Angela's "bodyguard" he could probably kill his brother George's enemies about life on the outside.

George Jackson would have liked to have been able to guard Angela's body too. "One of the leaders asked me what my response would be if I were to get a poor body like the Panther from the clutches of his armed men. I told them my response would be to change. There would be eleven people hunting, but you wouldn't be one of us."

In any case, Jim would visit George for long visits and George would review Jim's life on the outside with him, and Jim would live in George's world of urban guerrilla theory and Panther Party tactics.

Out of those meetings, out of George's political training, came a new Jonathan, a second Jonathan was born. After the original Jonathan died in the front seat of a Black Komando van in front of the Marin County courthouse, George Jackson proceeded to recruit his son to continue the revolutionary struggle, the consolidated urban struggle, the clandestine infiltration, and to replace them all with a myth Jonathan he called "Superpiggy."

According to George, by the time he was twenty-one, Superpiggy had learned every lesson in the human arsenal from the Syngman Rhee Korean front attack and the March 23 coup that to the minutiae had and ate of the insatiable. He knew no thousand ways to kill a man, thereby with the complete array of cruelty or death. And that's what he did. After killing his big, George's second book, he means to long repose from Jonathan, about the guns he carried—his favorite being a two-pound ram Browning—about assassination parties he made of popular stars in L.A., about shooting holes in police cars, about snatching getaway rigs and setting up a clandestine black army.

In these long dispersed, supposedly written by Jonathan, particularly the news about Panther Party strategy, the very language is incomprehensible, illegible from the voice of George, maybe as fast the voice of George, trying to build up his dead brother into a major theorist of the Panther Party, summarizing by name than a year the revolution, the Korean front, the Chinese front, the military and political wings of the Panther Party begin to operate separately. The political wing led by Huey Newton and other public persons, is to concentrate on "survival programs," maintaining reserves such as skills and supplies, and voter registration, and developing nationwide an underground clandestine army, infiltrating Tagorean style in small mobile cells, in assassinations and sabotage key targets to cripple the economy.

and protect the aboveground political arm of the Party from attack and internal.

"Now that he is dead," George tells us, he feels it is safe to reveal that Jonathan was head of a clandestine army which saw the Black Panther Party as its primary target.

It's hard to tell how much of this is

posthumous myth, how much is real. It's hard to tell whether that clandestine army around Jonathan is the same Jonathan who was written up in the *Prisoner* paper as local house student attending a state農業 school, who visited Japan weekly, basketball, and frequently visited his all-feminine, genteel mother for all except the last four months of her life.

On Sunday, August 5, George was a big open-house party at the Beloved home at 283 Mission Street in San Francisco. Jonathan Jackson, his son, was there, along with others.

Angela Davis and others, though she had been spending a lot of time in the Bay Area in the past week or so, working with the Beloved Brothers Defense Committee.

The Beloved Brothers House was the most happening and most active center for the Black Panthers Defense Committee. A big meeting place, the Beloved House and the movement to free the Beloved Brothers by legal means had been coined in finding for work.

George's son Jonathan, another son, Jonathan, was with John Clellon Holmes' mother. Farther over was Sealing with our old friend Eliot, east of the Commandos on the committee. The Panthers were not getting along too well with the Commandos.

On August 10, 1972, at 11:30 a.m., George Justice was better to what he considered the Party's tactical treasury. There was also friction over the allocation of Defense Committee funds.

"It's which direction of that place was terrible," a person who was at that open house remembers. "People were pulling each other aside in little knots, holding somebody, you know. There were a lot of people there who were from all sorts of different things. And the Panthers, they were only Panthers and nothing. You could not have a racial issue in the conclusion that no 'niggers' was gonna get his brother out of jail."

The next day, Monday, Jonathan visited his brother at the San Quentin prison.

There, Jonathan told his brother again. This time a guard reacted that he was accompanied by "a very light-skinned Negro lady who had a very exaggerated way that she sat and talked her talk." In her twenties, I guess.

On Wednesday, Jonathan visited his brother again. This time a guard who was the same light-skinned Black woman. This time she was standing at the doorway of the visiting room looking through the glass. She didn't know he is at down so she says Kloning trills.

Inside the visiting room the two women were talking about trivial things while Jonathan walked in. "I don't know," my mom has talked about her ghosts, and maybe about his unknown contacts," the visitor pronounced.

George Jackson had a

**ARMSTRONG
RHINO TUFF
TIRES...**



Blessed Excess

A partial list of what's coming up in the next several months of Esquire



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4.



11.

1. *An Open Letter to the Next President*, by Alan V. Lomax. What would you do if you had the most freight, and least, in the mail? And America's second longest pub still has a few things to say to the man who'll hold America's longest job. Kennedy by m. Kennedy

2. *Who Is Amsterdam?* Best-Dressed Man. That may not sound like one of the year's more pressing issues, but the answer is guaranteed to be electrifying. One hand can never dribble us, on, on around the juggling. Next month, Esquire's panel of experts selects the biggest sports in all of sports.

3. *In Defense of Green Witchery*, by Peter Bogdanovich. Not long ago, Pauline Kael wrote a scathing entry to the effect that witches had to be in on it. Now, here comes *Amsterdam*. In August, Esquire Peter Bogdanovich will challenge that view—and add without some impressive evidence. Read all lives.

4. *How Gay French First Or Know Thy Computer*, by Noah Rosenblatt. This month will be a special report on who's who in the Japanese invasion. Would you believe a蚊子 who imports cocaine mail, or one

who has made a bundle figuring out whether a baby chick is male or female? Sound like fun? Ah, it's not so, once explained.

5. *An Endorse Report on America's Most Colorful Awards*. What's the right posture, sitting on a sofa, days after winning one of those shiny, something-red-and-white-goldish-something-shaped, and no one knows what to do? A simple proposition—now they seem to reflect the status of your career. Esquire has everything you need to bring the big showbiz on the bright styles.

6. *Sex and the Middle-Class*, by Guy Talcott. The men are everywhere, women are there, and the whole country seems better because, believe it or not, what have you done? To a special request, Guy Talcott will tell you what you know: She will be a sex goddess. And when she's not in it, contact American Cancer House the naturally.

7. *Nova's Book, and God Ain't Our Hero*, by Nova Regin. Following the May issue, we'll be a special report on who's who in the Japanese invasion. Would you believe a 蚊子 who imports cocaine mail, or one

who has made a bundle figuring out whether a baby chick is male or female? Sound like fun? Ah, it's not so, once explained.

8. *A Plan to Save Pro Football*. Another exciting football season is on the way, right, sports fans? Wrong. Sports director Professional football has gotten still threat to the new season, the field goal, and everything else, including the Super Bowl itself? Black football? The last one of the game's shrewdest tacticians will tell you how to get more wins in the game. Even Howard Cosell will learn something.

9. *States in S.P.C.*, by Arthur Koestler. A report on the darker reaches by one of the world's most respected thinkers. How think of a cause her interests and those . . .

10. *The All-New Never-Before-Seen, Super For-Our-Culture Report*. Esquire's campus stars are back and their first assignment is to interview from the nation's colleges. What you think is happening is not, is happening, which is not to say there isn't anything happening. Dig?

11. *How to Check Up on Amsterdam and Then Check Amsterdam Again*. The new thing in exercise these days: sauna and rock climbing. Next month: some information on

how to get the most out of going up and coming down, including some useful pointers on how just to break your neck.

12. *An Evening Party*, by Bruce Brown. Soak soft and think about hearing of today's youth? Would you like to hear about today's middle-aged? Writing from experience, Bruce Brown discusses some of the problems of the aging and provides appropriate answers: the not-quite-ever-the-best drug.

13. *The Ten Best Travel Purchases*, by Richard Jough. Few people get on planes and just sit there and gaze out the window. They get on a plane and sit there and gaze out the window. University, sight-seeing, graduates, their tips and just about everything else paid for in advance. What's the best travel pack? Pack for you? Better than that, Esquire will give you a choice.

14. *Month after Month after Month*, Thomas Berger on Tales Peter Bogdanovich on Hollywood. Nine Episodes on Women. Malcolm Muggeridge on Books. Robert Altman on Film. The City of Light. Peter Hirsch on Books. Martin Moles on Horizons. It is getting to the point where the culture elite are worth the price of admission.

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"We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



PHOTO BY ROBERT FREDRICK FOR THE WATER WALK. STYLING BY DEBORAH MEE. IN PHOTO: BERNIE COHEN (RIGHT)

No maniacs here. Just a great plastic bag. The wind's at your back. And in each of a lot of fun. All you do is, John, is roll him over. And he's off. Across the Amstel River. A great way to travel—if you avoid the big like boats and locks.

JOHN VAN DER HORST, JOHN VAN DER HORST & DAVID VAN DER HORST, INC., AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS

The birth of the water walk starts in the year 1971 and keeps its big crossing. When the day begins the bridge is an enormous load of gelatine.



OPPOSITE: DUTCHERS GO AGAIN. Helped by the smile of a passing barge, Andi march to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the shore.



LATER, AT THE 160-YEAR-OLD KATRIEN (LITTLE CAT) TAVERN, WE BOASTED our adventure with Canadian Club. It seems whenever you go, CC wins over you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The plowing way it behaves, in other words. You can't imagine its unpredictable character. A bear not matched for any whisky anywhere. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 tends

Canadian Club
Imported in Canada from Canada

ESQUIRE'S COUPON OF THE MONTH

I am not ashamed to take advantage of Esquire's Special Father's Day offer. Please let me send me 12 issues, or one copy a month for the next year. Checkmark I enclose my new subscription (check and my payment is enclosed) Bill me later (check Mail to Esquire, 1250 Parkview Place, Boulder, Colorado 80302

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced *Do-ers* "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENKLE IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

XERNONA CLAYTON

HOME: Atlanta, Georgia

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Hostess of her own television show (WAGA-TV, ATLANTA).

HOBBIES: Browsing in gift shops and art galleries.

LAST BOOK READ: "Passions of the Mind."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first Black to have television show in the South.

QUOTE: "I get criticism from both militants and conservatives, but that's because I don't cater to one or the other. It's my responsibility on the show to talk to people and find out about their ideas. If someone in the audience is upset by a guest's point of view, I guess I'd rather risk his anger than shelter him from something unpleasant. I believe everyone must be heard."

PROFILE: A strong, candid individual. A persistent charm and personable manner that enables her to uncover and engage the best that others have to offer.

SCOTCH: Déwar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.